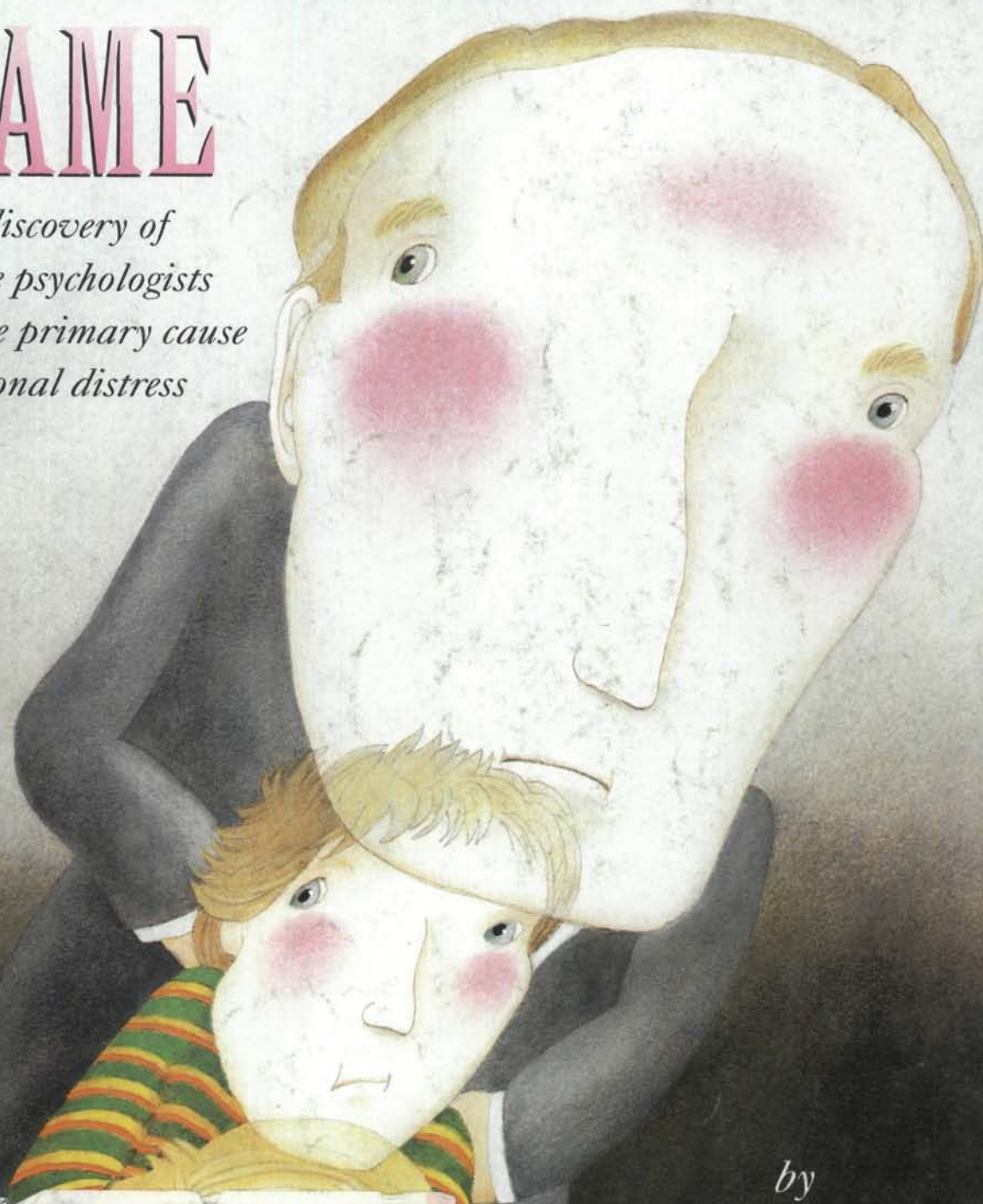


The Atlantic

FICTION BY WENDELL BERRY / KENNETH BROWER IN BELIZE

SHAME

*The rediscovery of
what some psychologists
regard as the primary cause
of emotional distress*



by

ROBERT KAREN

2.95



AMBA
#6690976
5-DIGIT 75755
4B
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
LIBRARY OF THE
ROY HAMMER LIB
PO BOX 111
BIG SANDY
TX 75755-0111
FEB 93
ED00
#7802
TX 75755-0111



If you find it difficult
to talk about, write:

How to talk about AIDS
P.O. Box 303
Hartford, CT 06141



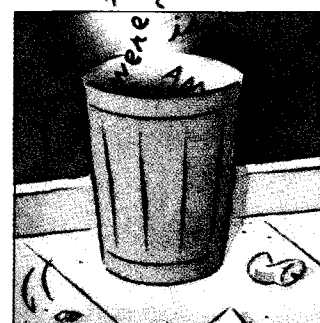
A policy to do more.



Page 28



Page 86



Page 18

REPORTS & COMMENT

- 18** NOTES:
"TO BE" IN THEIR
BONNETS
Only a handful of people speak or write in the language known as E-Prime, though any English-speaker can understand it.
by CULLEN MURPHY

- 24** WASHINGTON:
GREEN PASTURES
This year may see the largest turnover in the House of Representatives since 1974, when many Republicans went down to defeat in Watergate's aftermath. The reason: a tempting loophole in campaign-finance laws.
by WILLIAM RENFRO

- 28** ITALY:
NO BLACKS
NEED APPLY
The arrival of nearly a million immigrants from Asia, Africa, and Eastern Europe has caught Italy unprepared—and prompted a backlash that has on occasion turned violent.
by ALEXANDER STILLE

HUMOR, FICTION, AND POETRY

- 73** A JONQUIL FOR
MARY PENN
by WENDELL BERRY

40 SHAME

From Freud's day on, the idea of guilt—that is, self-reproach for harm, real or imagined, that has been done to another—has dominated psychoanalytic thought. But what of shame—the sense that one is somehow simply not good enough? Until recently shame was psychology's neglected stepchild; now, the author writes, it is seen by some as "the master emotion," the unseen regulator of our entire affective life." The new theorists believe that shame looms large in a host of psychiatric disorders—addictions, obsessions, narcissism, and depression among them—and argue that the practice of psychotherapy needs to be revamped.

by ROBERT KAREN

86 BIG IDEAS AND DEAD-END THRILLS

Science fiction has never been more popular than in the past fifteen years, the author writes: in Hollywood, *Star Wars* and its various offspring have raised the genre to the level of "big-bucks extravaganzas," while book publishers have "pioneered the SF equivalent of franchise merchandising." But many of the more sensible writers have left the field, says the author, and the genre is dwindling ever further into adolescent silliness.

by THOMAS M. DISCH



- 80** THE NUNS OF
CHILDHOOD:
TWO VIEWS
by MAXINE KUMIN

- 95** ANGST
by GUY BILLOUT

BOOKS

- 100** HOW WISE WERE THE
WISE MEN?
A Preponderance of Power: National Security, the Truman Administration, and the Cold War, by Melvyn P. Leffler
by JOHN LEWIS GADDIS

- 103** THE EXTINCTION
OF DARWINISM
Extinction: Bad Genes or Bad Luck? by David Raup
by PHILLIP E. JOHNSON

- 107** BRIEF REVIEWS
by PHOEBE-LOU ADAMS

ARTS AND LEISURE

- 96** TRAVEL:
OF REEFS AND RUINS
With its fabled reefs and cayes and its lush tropical rain forest, Belize should be overrun with tourists. Fortunately, it isn't—yet.
by KENNETH BROWER

OTHER DEPARTMENTS

- 4** 745 BOYLSTON STREET/
CONTRIBUTORS
- 8** LETTERS
TO THE EDITOR
- 16** THE FEBRUARY
ALMANAC
- 111** THE PUZZLER
by EMILY COX
AND HENRY RATHVON
- 112** WORD WATCH
by ANNE H. SOUKHANOV

*Cover illustration by
Etienne Delessert*



You want to see everything. Maybe bring something back
so you remember it all. Now if you could just find a few nice stores.
Ah, there's one. And another. And...

THE CARD.
THE AMERICAN EXPRESS® CARD.

Call 1-800-THE CARD, to apply.

Put The

—■■■■—

Anti-lock braking system

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Pedal To The Plush Carpeting

Driver's-side airbag SRS

8-speaker, 180-watt audio



The Atlantic

Editor
WILLIAM WHITWORTH
Washington Editor
JAMES FALLOWS

Senior Editors
JACK BEATTY, C. MICHAEL CURTIS,
CORBY KUMMER, BARBARA WALLRAFF

Managing Editor
CULLEN MURPHY

Art Director
JUDY GARLAN
DEBORAH FLYNN-HANRAHAN, *Acting*

National Correspondents
KATIE LEISHMAN, NICHOLAS LEMANN

Associate Editors
PETER DAVISON (poetry),
SUE PARILLA, MARTHA SPAULDING

Staff Writer
PHOEBE-LOU ADAMS

Staff Editors
ELINOR APPEL, AVRIL CORNEL, STEVEN CRAMER,
ERIC HAAS, AMY MEEKER, LUCIE PRINZ

Art Staff
ROBIN GILMORE-BARNES, Associate Art Director
ELIZABETH URRICO, Assistant Art Director
GILLIAN KAHN, Art Assistant

Assistants to the Editors
LESLIE CAULDWELL, ANN LEOPOLD,
KAREN SONTAG (archivist), KATHRYN SYLVESTER,
LOWELL WEISS

Editorial Promotion Manager
SARAH FINNIE ROCKWELL

Contributing Editors
ROY BLOUNT, JR., FRANCIS DAVIS,
GREGG EASTERBROOK, SEYMOUR M. HERSH,
TRACY KIDDER, MICHAEL LENEHAN,
CHARLES MANN, JAMES ALAN MCPHERSON,
CONOR CRUISE O'BRIEN, THOMAS POWERS,
WILLIAM SCHNEIDER



Chairman
MORTIMER B. ZUCKERMAN
Vice Chairman and Chief Executive Officer
FRED DRASNER

President and Publisher
IRA ELLENTHAL
Circulation & Consumer Marketing
CINDY J. STILL, Associate Publisher
PETER WATT, Circulation Business Manager
KRISTEN EIMILLER, Circulation Promotion Manager
ADRIENNE ISELHART, Assistant Promotion Manager
MICHAEL P. PRESTO, Director, Retail Marketing

Advertising
JAYNE YOUNG, Associate Publisher
JAMES SHERIDAN, Vice President
DONNA PALMER, Vice President, West Coast
FRANCES V. BROUDY, Advertising Director
MEREDITH WELCH, Marketing Director
DEBORAH B. FARNHAM, Promotion Director
TAYLOR GRAY, Research Director
EDWIN COOPER, Marketing Consultant
MATTHEW BARBA, SARAH BENENSON,
MARA HART FILO, LINDA NIEPOKOJ SHAUGHNESSY

Operations
KIMBERLY SMITH JENSEN, General Manager
JAN MORRIS, Production Director
JOSEPH O'CONNELL, Production Director Emeritus
MARTHA JEVSEVAR, Business Manager
KAREN WESOLOWSKI, Special Projects Manager
MICHAEL DRNACH, RAYMOND FORD,
AMY GROSSMAN, DEBORAH HOFFENBERG,
MICHAEL JONES, DAN O'KANE, LIAM O'MALLEY

Editorial/Business Office
745 Boylston St., Boston, MA 02116, (617) 536-9500
New York Advertising Office
599 Lexington Ave., N.Y., NY 10022, (212) 326-5350
Chicago Christopher Schuba (312) 482-8099
West Coast Donna Palmer (213) 479-4729
Detroit Mara Hart Filo (313) 353-4000

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



EDUCATION CRISIS

Daniel J. Singal ("The Other Crisis in American Education," November *Atlantic*) accepts uncritically the decline in the percentage of students scoring above 600 on the verbal SAT, but attributes the rise in SAT math scores to recent Asian immigrants. Wrong. The curve for SAT math started to rise before scores for Asian students started to rise.

Incredibly, after noting the influx of Asians, Singal says that "the composition of the test population has not changed in any way [since 1970] that would dramatically affect test scores." Wrong. The percentage of minority SAT takers has more than doubled since 1970. Asians may score high on the SAT math (530), but they do not on the SAT verbal (411). Although minority students have been gaining in recent years, their scores are still well below those for whites. Overall, more SAT takers now come from low-income homes than in 1970 (an SAT score alone tells you more about socioeconomic status than anything else). And a majority (52 percent) of SAT takers are now women, who, for a variety of reasons, have scored lower than men as a group.

How on earth can Singal say that one cannot "attribute the drop in scores to a change in the size of the test population"? Since 1972 the percentage of seniors taking the test has risen from about 30 percent to 43 percent. Increases in percentage of SAT takers are associated with lower averages.

More important, the number of high school seniors has declined every year since 1977, but the number of high school seniors taking the SAT has remained virtually constant in this period. Digging this much deeper into the talent pool is bound to lower averages. As the Baby Boom passed, colleges had the choice of cutting positions or recruiting "non-traditional students." Guess which they chose.

Singal's highly selective presentation ignores the fact that in the past decade, scores on the Advanced Placement examinations have dropped hardly at all (from 3.16 to 3.05 on a five-point scale), in spite of a large increase in the number of test takers.

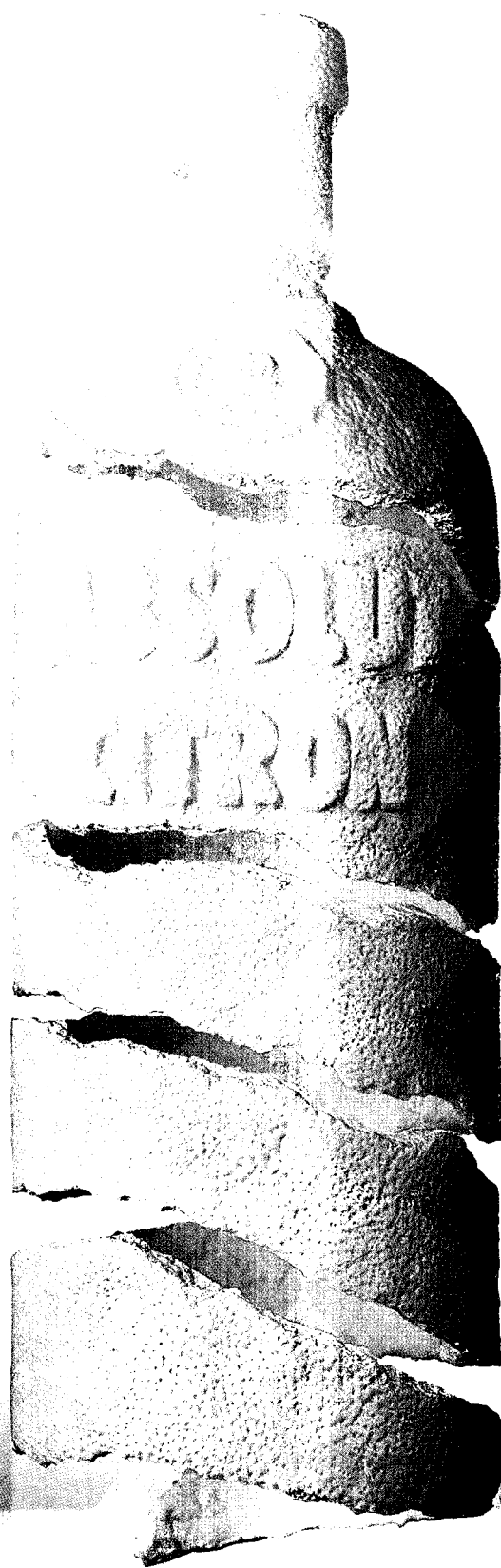
Singal decries the low scores on the National Assessment of Educational Progress and the fact that the percentage of students scoring high on the reading assessments has declined, though not by the horrible amounts he implies. Further, students have not scored much better on any NAEP test since its inception, in 1969. It is hardly the disaster Singal paints, and many recent studies have disputed both the loss of international competitiveness and the idea that we face a skills shortage in the future.

GERALD W. BRACEY
National Education Association
Washington, D.C.

Daniel J. Singal has defined a real problem. Of San Francisco's fifteen public high schools, for example, seven reported verbal SAT averages for the 1990-1991 testing in the 200s, six in the 300s, and two in the 400s. The academically select Lowell averaged 492, a score that would have been considered disgraceful at the (public) Boston Latin School, from which I graduated in 1963.

Singal implies throughout that changes in students' academic performance must be explained by changes in school policy, but I fail to see the logic in this. If U.S. society at large and youth culture in particular have become increasingly miseducative over the past twenty years, then most or all of the decline in school learning will be explained by these factors, and little or none by in-school factors. The "dumbing-down" of curriculum and pedagogy is itself an effect (though with its own consequences, of course).

JEFF ZORN
San Francisco, Calif.



ABSOLUT APPEAL.

PRODUCT OF ABSOLUT VODKA. ABSOLUT VODKA IS 40% ALC/VOL (80 AND 100 PROOF). 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. © 1990 CARLSON VINEYARDS, LTD. TEANECK, NJ.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Academic theorists and reactionary hysteria aside, the current state of public education in America owes little to the cultural ferment of the 1960s. Though Daniel Singal claims otherwise, he fails to precisely identify any connection between his horrid incubus and the current dysfunctional nature of our nation's public schools. Just what were the theories responsible? Who were their proponents? What were their programs? Where are they now implemented?

In truth, the answers to these questions lurk not in the 1960s but in the 1950s, when the nation was persuaded by an avalanche of criticism from—you guessed it—the academic community (joined by a phalanx of Marxophobic alarm-mongers) to fix an education system that wasn't broken.

These critics—who included Robert Hutchins and Mortimer Adler, Albert Lynd and Rudolph Flesch—shared a concern that the progressive education theories of the first half of this century discounted individual excellence, shied from the intellectually rigorous, and failed to provide students with a proper appreciation for our nation's literary and ethical heritage. Their criticism was the same that Singal makes, and with the same suggested solution: a return to traditional, academic-styled pedagogy.

The result was a shift in the classroom from the progressive involvement of students in actively developing basic skills to the traditional inculcating of a canon-like body of knowledge passively in students. How to Read (and recognize a great book) was replaced by What to Read (the so-called Great Books). In effect, students were no longer taught how to fish; instead, they were offered the pedagogical equivalent of fish sticks. The first generation of students to comprehensively suffer these "reforms" hit college twelve years later—and the results, as Singal is aware, speak for themselves.

Overwhelmingly, today's public schools do indeed operate on traditional academic principles. That is the problem. Teacher-centered lectures, teacher-instigated activities, regimented classrooms, a near-compulsive obsession with student management, ceaseless quantitative assessment, five-paragraph formula essays, and rote memorization are, sadly, the order of the day.

This is not to say that many teachers do not find themselves well suited to traditional methodology. All teachers should teach from their strengths. But to succeed, traditional pedagogy requires its teachers to possess uncommon authority, articulate intelligence, charisma, self-confidence, and a deep, preferably graduate-level grounding in the subject matter.

At today's pay scales it is not reasonable to demand such qualifications, and so, not surprisingly, most teachers lack them. As a result traditional pedagogy founders on the shoals of human and economic limitation, and most "traditional" teaching has become babysitting with workbooks.

GEORGE G. HRUBY
Athens, Ga.

Given the empirical data correctly reported by Daniel J. Singal, one must wonder why students come to college less well prepared than their predecessors yet achieving higher grade-point-average scores. Could the answer be that the dumbing-down legacy of the 1960s has also infected academe? Have professors been so overwhelmed by their students' inadequate preparation that they have geared down their expectations? And what function in this diminishment has been served by professorial concern with another legacy of the 1960s: evaluations of instructors by students who continue to expect facile reinforcement of their self-esteem and who are prone to apply the empty standards of the Age of Celebrity?

WILLIAM J. SCHEICK
*University of Texas at Austin
Austin, Texas*

Daniel Singal proposes requiring more reading and placing students in appropriate ability groups. The mistake here is attempting to use a practical solution in place of a philosophical one. For example, I live in a state that recently had a much ballyhooed commission study how to improve self-esteem. Imagine what they would say about the plight of a student not placed in the top group or unwilling to complete the reading goal. The new philosophy is that everyone must succeed! Singal also wants to attract more bright people into teaching. Well, the unions have the answer for that, and it is better pay. They fight tooth and nail any

other attempts to improve quality, such as requiring teachers to pass exams showing minimal literacy skills. Allowing non-credentialed people to teach is virtually sacrilege, evidence of the benefit notwithstanding.

KENNETH M. ROSE
Sunnyvale, Calif.

Daniel Singal suggests four remedies for restoring excellence in our public schools. One is to "institute a flexible program of ability grouping." I think that any such call to institute a specific classroom practice is wrong. I stand with those (including John Dewey and the consortium of schools of education known as the Holmes Group) who hold that there is no one best way to teach; that our schools will thrive in an atmosphere that supports many instructional techniques and approaches to learning. My teaching experience tells me that many instructors would be hamstrung if they were forced to follow Singal's grouping proposal; after all, not all good teachers teach in the same way.

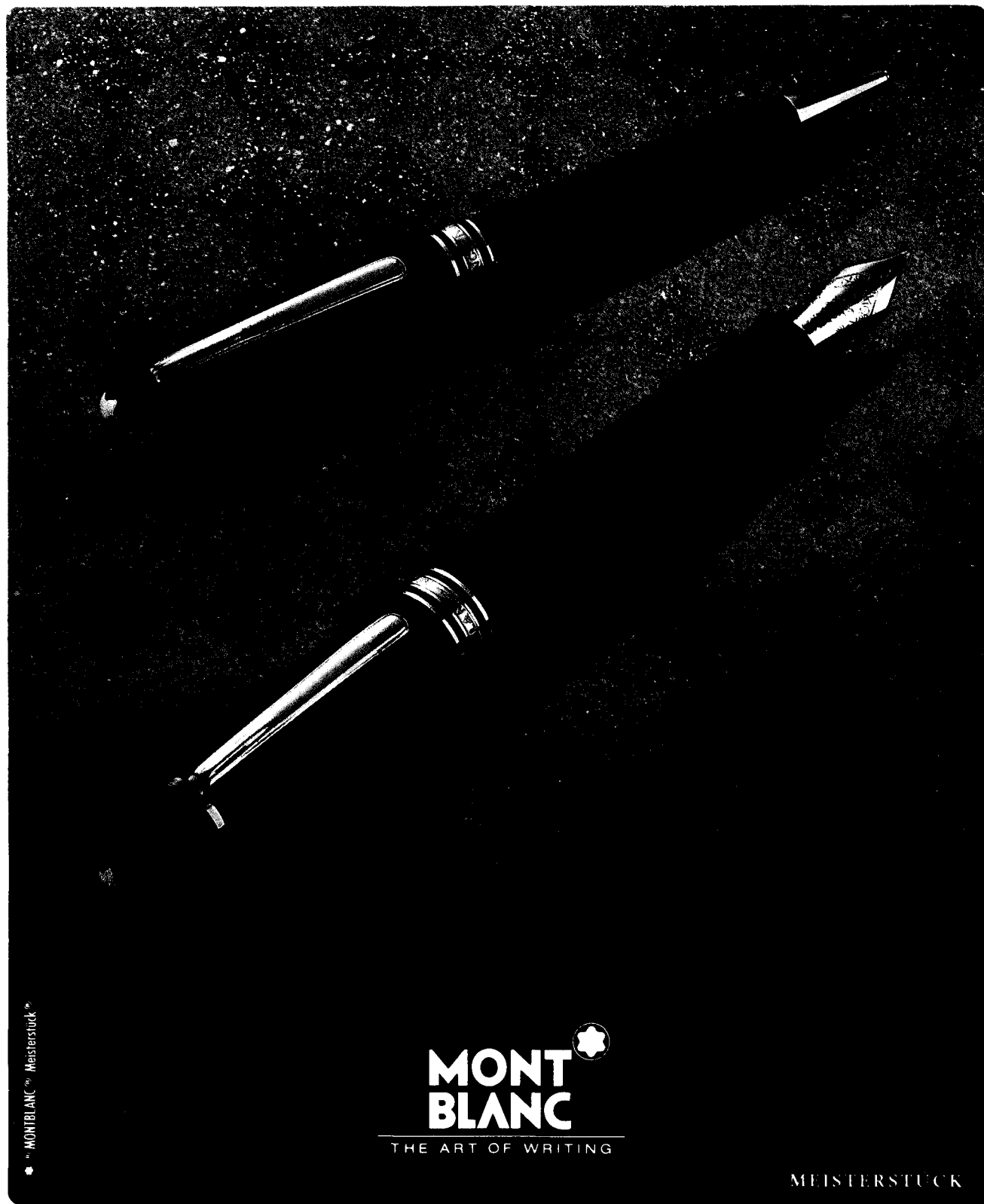
ROBERT FRANKEL
Lexington, Mass.

Blaming the perennial culprit "the sixties," Daniel J. Singal bemoans the fact that "drills on grammar, vocabulary, spelling, and diction are infrequent these days." However, countless studies have demonstrated that such reductive drills do not contribute to the writing, reading, and reasoning abilities that Singal would like to see in his students.

Singal also blames the deterioration of student writing on the overuse of "personal narrative" assignments in high schools. My experience as a college English teacher suggests otherwise. Too often, students enroll in freshman English having been exposed primarily to the five-paragraph essay and the ten-page research paper. These persist as the most prevalent—and damaging—modes of expression in pre-college English classes. The simplistic introduction-body-conclusion format of the five-paragraph theme may be useful in teaching organization in the early grades, but many high school graduates assume it is the only acceptable formula for essays.

KENNETH M. AUTREY
*Francis Marion College
Florence, S.C.*

CHOOSE YOUR PEN AS CAREFULLY AS YOU
CHOOSE YOUR WORDS.



★ MONTBLANC Meisterstück

**MONT
BLANC**

THE ART OF WRITING

MEISTERSTÜCK

ALFRED DUNHILL



As long as the higher-education industry is happy to accept four years of tuition payments from eighteen-year-olds who are unprepared for college in order to turn them into twenty-two-year-olds who are unprepared to be astute citizens of a modern republic or productive participants in the modern economy, it will lack both the practical leverage to reform American education and the moral stature to complain about it.

WILLIAM VOEGELI
New York, N.Y.

Daniel J. Singal replies:

Gerald Bracey's contention that the drop in SAT scores can be attributed to changes in the test population ignores the fact that virtually all the decline came between 1970 and 1977, a period during which the characteristics of students taking the test remained stable. In those critical years the percentage of minority students in the "SAT pool" rose from roughly 12 to 16—hardly enough of a jump to affect the average national scores—while the percentage of high school seniors who took the SAT stayed essentially the same. The decrease in the total number of high school seniors since 1977 is likewise irrelevant, since that change also occurred after the scores had plummeted.

According to an official at the Educational Testing Service who is responsible for administering the Advanced Placement program, Bracey's comparison of mean scores for AP exams over the past decade or so represents a "misuse of statistical data." Among other reasons, the program makes no attempt to calibrate the tests in different subjects in a given year, so that, for example, scores in physics are not necessarily comparable to those in, say, American history. Also, exams in new subjects have been added recently, further skewing a long-term comparison. Even more important, most of the exams include essay questions. Since grading essays necessarily involves a degree of subjectivity, it is impossible, in my view, to keep the AP scoring system truly consistent over a long stretch of time.

As for the NAEP, its 1989 summary report concluded that "only some of the nation's students can perform moderately difficult [academic] tasks and woefully few can perform more diffi-

cult ones." That may be good enough for Mr. Bracey, but it is not good enough for me.

Let me assure George Hruby and Kenneth Autrey that I do not favor education based on "formula essays" or rote memorization; quite the contrary. I want far more reading in substantial, challenging books, more analytic writing assignments in which students are asked to develop their own thoughts, and stimulating class discussions designed to acquaint students with the pleasure of using their minds. Hruby is correct that such high-quality "traditional pedagogy" requires a high-quality teaching staff, which is why I called in my article for a better system of recruiting and paying new teachers.

I fail to understand Robert Frankel's point that ability grouping would hamstring teachers by forcing them all to teach the same way. If anything, teachers in ability-grouped classes have more freedom to try new techniques, because they don't have to struggle to meet the needs of a diverse array of students.

Finally, I couldn't agree more with William Voegeli that colleges should raise their standards. Everyone should.

ADVICE & CONSENT

Craig M. Carver and the editors of the *Dictionary of American Regional English* might want to be aware of the word *dither* (Word Histories, September *Atlantic*) as it is used in the specialized language of computer graphics.

Dithering is a method of making computer images more attractive and, often, more realistic. The pixels (the smallest units on the display screen) are limited to specific resolutions, but *dithering* helps computer-graphic scientists overcome this limitation. To simulate a resolution (say, a color) that is not available on the computer, scientists place the pixels closest to that resolution in the area where they want to simulate the intermediate color. Putting the slightly lighter-colored pixels and the slightly darker ones together tricks the human eye into seeing the color in between.

One computer scientist has defined *dithering* as "the exchange of spatial information to obtain an apparent increase in brightness resolution." In simpler terms, we can think of it as

pointillism on the computer. The computer vacillates from the higher to the lower pixel intensities (from the darker to the lighter color): thus this technique is undoubtedly named with our modern definition of *dither* in mind.

MICHAEL HAGGERTY
Staff Editor
IEEE Computer Graphics
and Applications
Los Alamitos, Calif.

Regarding Norman Ornstein's well-taken observations on the self-destructiveness of the tabloidesque media frenzy over the private lives of public figures ("Sexpress," October *Atlantic*): I cannot believe, given the public silence about so many truly scandalous events in the past several years, that the distinction between professional journalism and gossip rags is even an issue anymore. Having become cynically accustomed to "disinformation" of all types and from all sources, the public watches passively as true horrors are carried out in its name. I am sure I am not the only one who thinks our country would actually benefit enormously were we to be left, as Ornstein dourly warns we might be, "with a pool of candidates for electoral office consisting of Ralph Nader and domestic versions of Mother Teresa." Sounds refreshing to me.

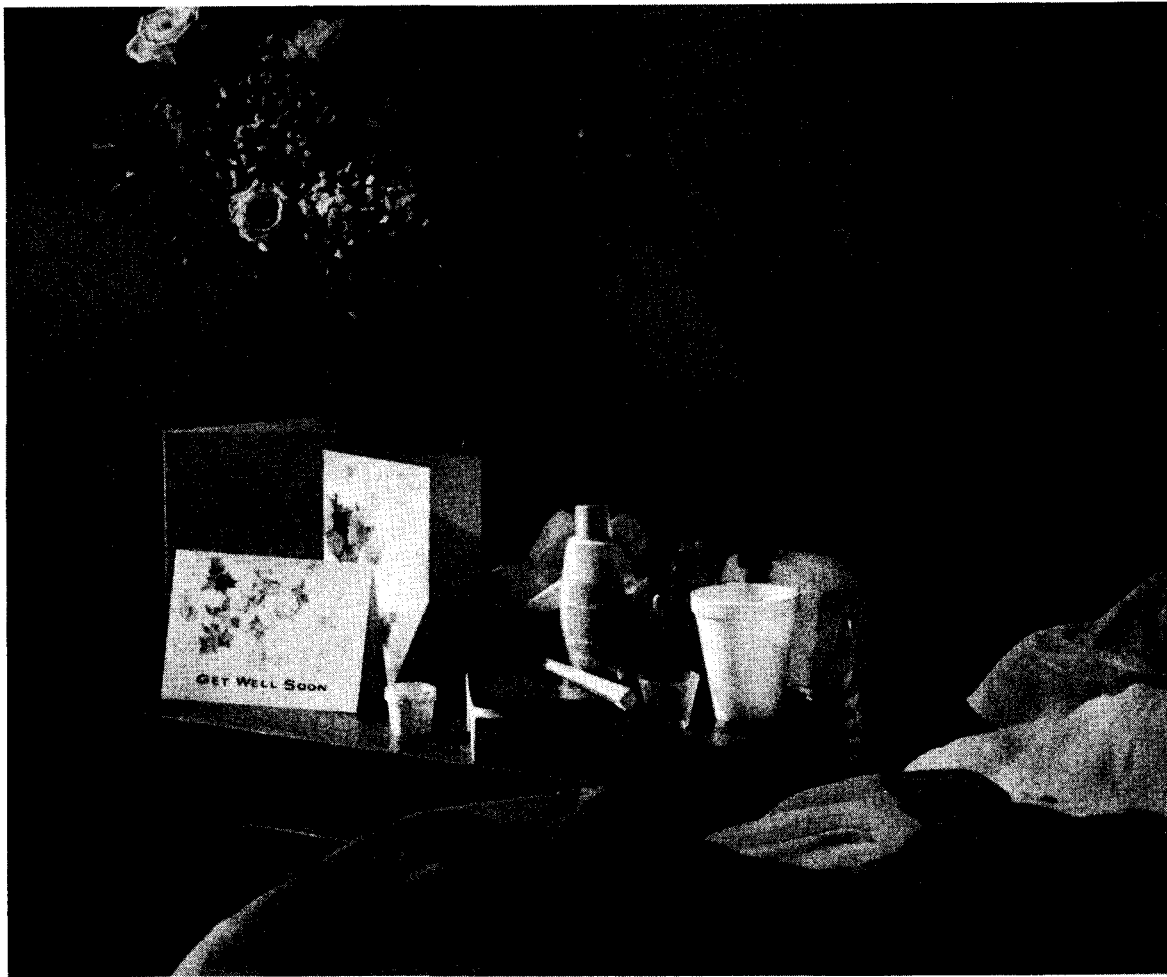
RUTH E. MALONE
Oakland, Calif.

I like the poem by Robert Morgan, "Honey," that appeared in the September issue. I'm not sure about a lot of the poetry that I read in magazines like *The Atlantic*, but this one seems to create the honey it describes. Thank you for publishing it.

GAIL JENSEN
Sacramento, Calif.

It is difficult for me to comprehend the problem of the "Condimental Divide" (Letters to the Editor, October *Atlantic*). My mother learned from her mother, and we learned from our mother, that the easiest way to coax catsup from the bottle is simply to put a table-knife blade into the bottle and pull it out; catsup will flow easily to the exact amount desired. Once is enough; the catsup flows easily from that day forward.

M. LAURIE CRAWFORD
Arlington, Va.



If she lived 30 miles down the road, she might have had a baby someday.
Instead, she had a hysterectomy today.

Among doctors in her city, surgery was considered the best possible treatment for her condition.

In the next town, however, doctors would have prescribed far less radical treatment. Which could have led to a full recovery. And a much happier ending.

Unfortunately, cases like this are all too common. Because for many medical conditions, there are no nationally accepted clinical guidelines.

That's why The Prudential supports a system of managed care using practice guidelines based on clinically proven treatments. It's a plan that would help

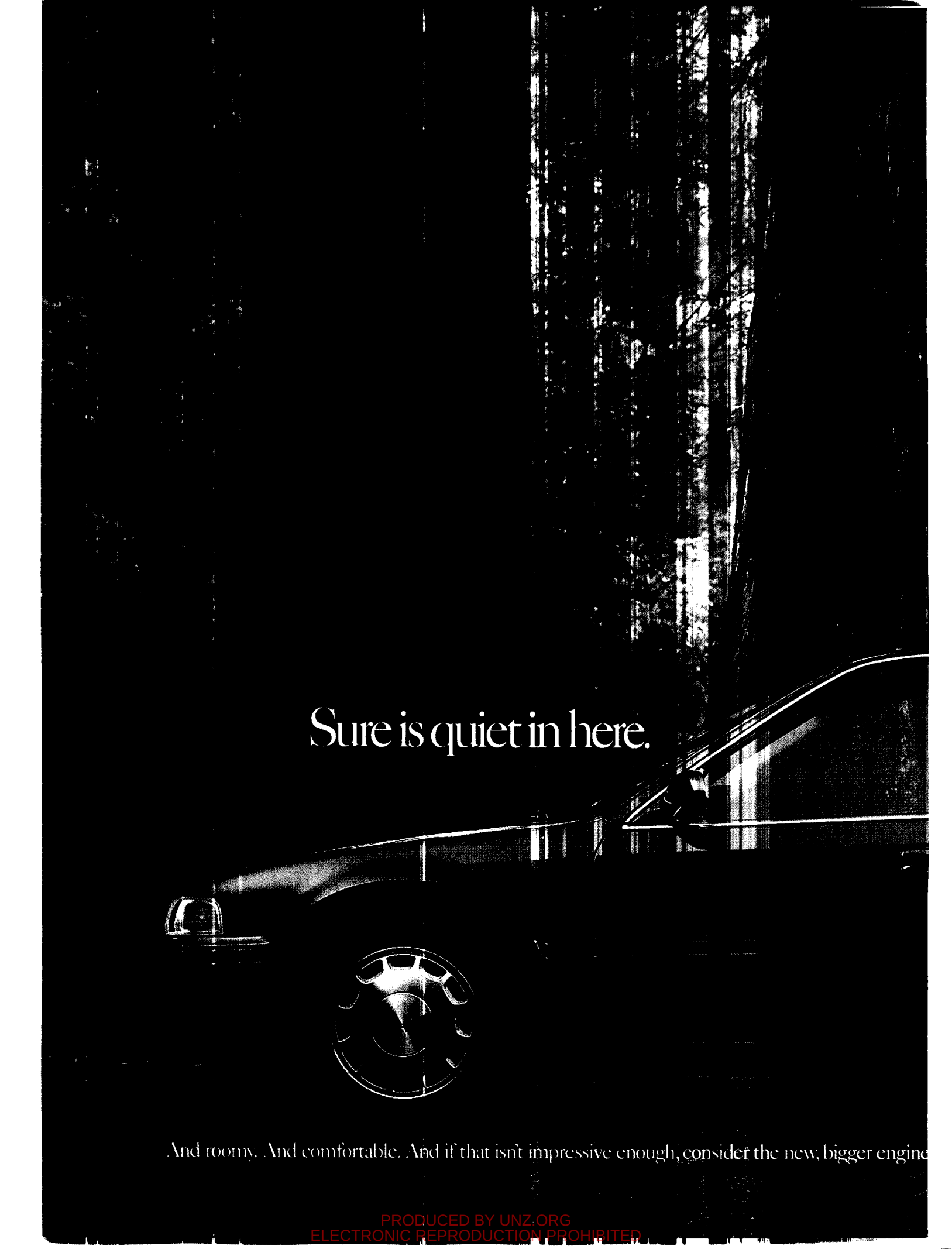
doctors serve patients better, while lowering the incidence of malpractice suits and reducing the cost of health care overall.

We think reform in this area is long overdue. Because when treatments vary so dramatically, it's the system that needs treatment.

For more information about this subject and other ways that The Prudential is working for health care reform, write: New Approaches to Health Care, The Prudential, 751 Broad Street, 16th Fl., Newark, N.J. 07102-3777.

ThePrudential 

© Copyright 1991 The Prudential Insurance Company of America



Sure is quiet in here.

And roomy. And comfortable. And if that isn't impressive enough, consider the new, bigger engine

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



anti-lock brakes and driver's side airbag. Now doesn't that sound nice? The Accord EX.  **HONDA**

THE FEBRUARY ALMANAC

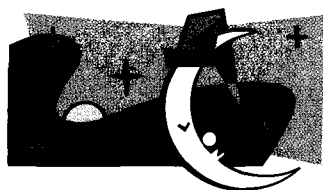


DEMOGRAPHICS

February is one of the most meager months for births (January is another)—except this year in the nation's military hospitals. The effects of some 500,000 soldiers' having returned from the Persian Gulf mostly from March to May of last year began manifesting themselves in early winter and are now in full swing. As many as twice the usual number of births are expected at some military installations. Among the busiest: Fort Bragg, Fort Hood, and Fort Stewart. To accommodate the increase, retired doctors will be contracted short-term, some military obstetricians may be temporarily relocated, and some babies will be delivered in local hospitals by nonmilitary doctors. What will these babies be named? Lieutenant Colonel Edwin Schoonover, a family doctor at Fort Campbell, Kentucky, says, "Everyone in the Army has a great deal of respect for the leadership. I wouldn't be surprised if we see more Normans."

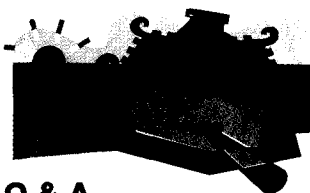
THE SKIES

February 3, New Moon. 18, Full Moon, known this month as the Hunger or Trapper's Moon. 29, Venus, the brightest planet, lies very close to Saturn on the southeastern horizon just before dawn. Jupiter, which has been visible all month in the evening, reaches opposition: it and the Sun are on precisely opposite sides of Earth, and so it rises as the Sun sets, the way the Moon does when it is full.



FOOD

Every day this month, on average, at least one shipload of U.S. agricultural commodities will arrive from New Orleans, Galveston, or Houston at a Baltic or Black Sea port—this in addition to processed foods and other relief arriving by air. Shipments of bulk commodities had virtually halted last fall (the result of indecision in Washington over the shape of an aid package). For the most part U.S. food assistance comes initially in the form of food credits, which enable the Soviets to obtain guaranteed loans—in practice, mostly from European banks—and buy bulk staples from U.S. farmers at market prices. Some 60 percent of these shipments are of feed, aimed at helping farmers maintain livestock herds through the winter.



Q & A

Why do so many flus originate in the Far East?

New flu subtypes arise when human and animal viruses combine, as in the 1968 Hong Kong flu, thought to be a hybrid of viruses from human beings and horses or fowl. Scientists speculate that new flu may be generated disproportionately in the Far East because so many people there keep animals in the house. Even more flus originate in the Far East than their names suggest. Because flus are named for the place where they are first identified, scientifically skilled and open states sometimes bear the onus for flus they did not spawn. The so-called Russian flu of 1977, for example, actually originated in China; not until it reached the Soviet Union, however, did it encounter a laboratory both capable of isolating it and inclined to so inform the West.



HEALTH & SAFETY

The busiest part of the year for cosmetic surgeons begins this month and lasts until the onset of the swimsuit season, in late spring. The number of cosmetic-surgery procedures performed has increased by almost 70 percent over the past ten years; 13 percent of all cosmetic-surgery patients are men. Liposuction and breast augmentation—despite questions about safety—are the operations most often performed on women; nose reshaping (rhinoplasty) and eyelid surgery are the most popular among men. The number of cosmetic surgeons has also risen; the increased competition among them has helped to keep the cost of operations fairly stable. The average price tag for a breast augmentation is \$2,400, while rhinoplasty averages \$2,590; breast reduction, another frequently performed procedure, averages \$4,040 for a woman and \$1,970 for a man.

GOVERNMENT

February 10, precinct caucuses in Iowa mark the official opening of the 1992 presidential race. 18, voters go to the polls in New Hampshire, which has a state law requiring it to hold the nation's first presidential primary election. 19, states that have not yet established water-quality standards for toxic pollutants and received Environmental Protection Agency approval of them will be subject to extensive new EPA regulations. 25, the public-comment period ends for the new food-labeling regulations pro-



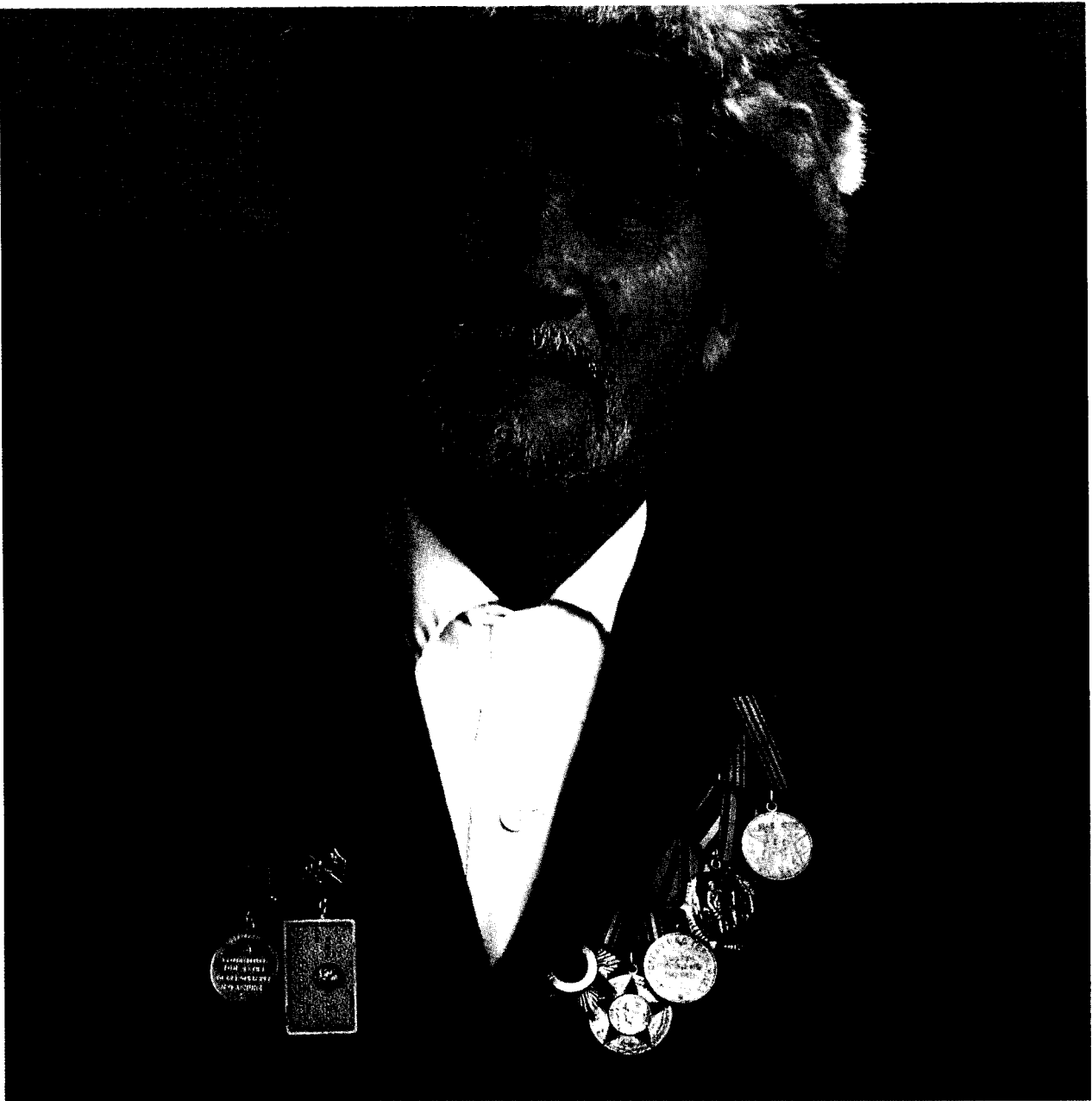
posed jointly by the Food and Drug Administration and the U.S. Department of Agriculture. The 2,000-page document containing the proposed regulations attempts, among other things, to define what consumers can expect from products labeled "fresh" (raw food only) and "light" or "lite" (has at least one-third fewer calories than the regular product). Other goals: standardizing portions, listing portions in grams as well as in ounces, and replacing the U.S. Recommended Daily Allowances established in 1973 with "Daily Values."



50 YEARS AGO

Arthur E. Morgan, writing in the February, 1942, issue of *The Atlantic Monthly*: "Statesmen and warriors seldom create issues. More often they seize upon those that are becoming dominant, and precariously hang on to them or ride them, guide or misguide them, through their later stages. There are few more alluring myths in all history than that social wrongs can be set right in one mighty effort directed by great organizing genius at the top. Neither the size and complexity of the task, nor the record of failure, has ended that romantic dream."

"The evil results of this myth appear not only in the rise of an Alexander, a Napoleon, a Hitler, but also in competition for power and prominence the world over. The mass of people are influenced to hold in low regard the self-mastery of their own lives, and to focus attention on great programs initiated in centres of government and industry. How often have the seemingly colossal achievements of such programs crumbled away by subsidence of the foundations!"



You're not about to wear your financial savvy and stability on your sleeve.
There are other places.

THE CARD.
THE AMERICAN EXPRESS® CARD.

Call 1-800-THE CARD, to apply.

REPORTS & COMMENT

NOTES

“To Be” in Their Bonnets

A matter of semantics

A FEW DAYS ago I opened up a recent issue (Volume 48, Number 2) of *Et cetera*, the quarterly journal of the International Society for General Semantics, and within a few minutes of doing so got a bit of a surprise. The surprise came from an article by Emory Menefee, a former president of the ISGS, which bluntly calls into question attempts by many society members to promote something called E-Prime, a form of English that has for years ranked extremely high among the interests of the general-semantics community. Advocates of E-Prime, for reasons that I'll come to, favor the elimination in English of every form of the verb “to be”—*be, been, is, am, are, was, were, 'm, 's, 're*, and all the rest. They not only promote E-Prime as a theoretical proposition but also try in daily life to erase *to be* and its inflections from everything they write. The most committed advocates use E-Prime even when they talk. Given all this, to see the E-Prime endeavor criticized in an official organ—to see that endeavor, indeed, termed “quixotic”—naturally raised an eyebrow. When I queried the International Society for General Semantics about the matter, the executive direc-

tor, Paul Dennithorne Johnston, assured me that the society never did, and does not now, regard E-Prime as tantamount to some sort of “party line.” Well, fine. But it has strong support among the *nomenklatura*, and I do not expect them to hold their peace.

GENERAL SEMANTICS originated in the work of a Polish engineer, Count Alfred Korzybski, who first spelled out his ideas about language and other symbolic structures in 1933 in his book *Science and Sanity*. Korzybski had come to the United States in 1915 and eventually became a citizen. In 1938 he established the Institute of General Semantics in Chicago. The institute moved to Lime Rock, Connecticut, late in 1946. (The field has two journals. In 1943 a student of Korzybski's, the noted semanticist and one-term U.S. senator S. I. Hayakawa,

founded *Et cetera*, which currently has about 2,500 subscribers. Korzybski's associate M. Kendig founded the *General Semantics Bulletin* in 1950.) Explanations of general semantics can become pretty elaborate pretty fast, but the basic idea sounds simple enough. Most of us think of language as something that reflects reality or at least allows us to express our perceptions of reality. Without denying this, general semanticists believe that the very structure of language can influence or distort our perceptions, and they contend that a failure to observe the many ways in which language can do this results in an inability to apprehend the meaning not only of other people's words but of one's own as well. This, of course, causes problems, the size of which can range from the most minor misunderstanding to complete metaphysical disarray, and the problems, naturally, spill

over into the realm of behavior. Korzybski himself took a grave view of the actual and potential consequences of “semantic damage.” Semanticists observe, tellingly, that the carnage of the First World War powerfully catalyzed Korzybski's thinking.

General semantics over the years has taken up a diverse array of subjects touching on language—for example, double-speak, logic, newspaper headlines, nonverbal communication, objectivity, cultural relativism, euphemism, metaphor—but through it all the verb *to be* has remained a core of concern. That many people in the field, including Korzybski, would zero in on this verb strikes one, in retrospect, as entirely predictable; after all, philosophers had called attention to its prob-



ILLUSTRATION BY GREG CLARKE

Hoffman & Somerset Co., NY, NY, Cognac Hennessy 40% Alc/Vol

IF
YOU'VE
EVER
BEEN

WRAPPED
IN SILK
YOU
ALREADY
KNOW

ESTD 1765
COGNAC
Hennessy

THE
FEELING
of
COGNAC
HENNESSY



lematic character at least as early as the seventeenth century, and their uneasiness had not let up by the twentieth. "The little word *is* has its tragedies," George Santayana wrote in 1923, in a passage that general semanticists quote frequently and fondly.

It names and identifies different things with the greatest innocence; and yet no two are ever identical, and if therein lies the charm of wedding them and calling them one, therein too lies the danger. Whenever I use the word *is*, except in sheer tautology, I deeply misuse it; and when I discover my error, the world seems to fall asunder. . . .

Santayana's complaint had to do with locutions like "Mary is a woman" and "Mary is cold," in which the verb *is* implies the tight coupling of equivalent things, whereas in fact in the first instance it joins nouns that have different levels of abstraction and in the second it joins a noun to an adjective that neither completely nor permanently qualifies it. Transgressions like these may seem trivial, but in fact they pose fundamental problems of logic, and they greatly bother critical thinkers.

To these sins of the verb *to be* semanticists have added many others. For example, the verb makes possible the widespread use of the passive voice, conditioning us to accept detours around crucial issues of causality ("Mistakes were made"). It makes possible the raising of unanswerable, because hopelessly formulated, questions ("What is truth?"). It makes possible, too, the construction of a variety of phrases ("As is well known . . .") that casually sweep reasoning under a rug. One also finds the verb *to be* pressed into service on behalf of stereotypical labeling ("Scotsmen are stingy") and overbroad existential generalization ("I'm just no good"). These issues aside, semanticists say, the verb *to be*, broadly speaking, imputes an Aristotelian neatness, rigidity, and permanence to the world around us and to the relationships among all the things in it—conditions that rarely have any basis in a dynamic reality.

Although Korzybski and others fashioned an indictment of *to be* relatively early in the history of general semantics, the idea of actually getting rid of the verb altogether dates back only to the late 1940s, when it occurred to D. David Bourland, Jr., at that time a Kor-

zybski fellow at Lime Rock. Bourland first used his writing system, which he eventually called E-Prime (E'), in an article, "Introduction to a Structural Calculus: A Postulational Statement of Alfred Korzybski's Non-Aristotelian Linguistic System," that appeared without fanfare in the *General Semantics Bulletin* in 1952. (He derived the term "E-Prime" from the equation $E' = E - e$, where E represents standard English and e represents the inflected forms of *to be*.) Bourland would later recall that writing this article left him with "an intermittent, but severe, headache which lasted for about a week." Strange as it may seem, a piece of text in polished E-Prime does not necessarily alert readers to the E-Prime aspect of its character, and Bourland continued to use E-Prime, unnoticed by the outside world, in his work. Indeed, he deliberately took no steps to call wide attention to how he wrote, lest, as he also recalled, "I become regarded as some kind of nut." Eventually, though, a few close friends prevailed upon Bourland to go public, which in a manner of speaking he did, in 1965, with another article in the *General Semantics Bulletin*, this one titled "A Linguistic Note: Writing in E-Prime." Since then E-Prime in its written form has acquired several dozen practitioners within the general-semantics community.

As for its oral form, those familiar with E-Prime point to an independent research scientist in Oregon named E. W. Kellogg III as perhaps America's most accomplished E-Prime speaker (the competition consists of three or four other people, including David Bourland), and I decided to give Kellogg a call. I expected to hear someone speaking in a slow and considered manner, as if picking his way uncertainly through a linguistic swamp, but he talked briskly and with what sounded like supreme self-confidence. Yes, he said, he halted a lot when he first started speaking E-Prime, in 1978, and a lot of sentences ended abruptly in the middle when he could see himself running into an *is*. At times he lapsed into a kind of pidgin E-Prime. The transition, in short, took some work. "I had to cope with all that backlog of 'is-pattern' English," he explained. "And I had to do it in real time." But Kellogg got the hang of it stylistically after a year or so, and he now strives in his speech (as he and others also do in writing) to effect

further refinements. These include ridding his vocabulary of instances of absolutism (for example, such words as *always* and *ever*, which imply immutability) and of many nouns made out of verbs (in particular those with a *-tion* ending, such as *visualization* and *procrastination*, which freeze ongoing processes into static events). Kellogg also hopes to reduce his reliance on *have*, which quite often can substitute for *is*, and on other crutches like *appear* and *seem*. "I aim at a more phenomenological ideal," he said. "I try to move toward a language that communicates the territory of my experience to myself and others as clearly and accurately as possible." As we spoke, Kellogg's voice at times gathered a certain momentum, clipped and commanding, comfortable in its fluency. As a salesman for E-Prime, he excelled.

Now back to Emory Menefee, who in his *Et cetera* article makes several arguments against E-Prime and in favor of what he calls E-Choice (a term that, as he good-naturedly acknowledges, "arose from the strained similarity between the term E-Prime and a USDA meat grade"). For one thing, Menefee notes, most general semanticists consider certain uses of *to be* unobjectionable—for example, as an auxiliary verb, or to convey the fact of existence, or to create metaphors. Why throw these uses out? (E-Prime advocates, in reply, make an argument for total abstinence similar to the ones heard with respect to smoking or drinking.) Moreover, Menefee goes on, most of the problems caused by the misuse of *to be* can occur in E-Prime as well, especially if a speaker hasn't internalized all the underlying logic involved; the bloody-minded human cortex can easily work its way around a little obstacle like the proscription of a few words. And in any event, Menefee observes, in the real world E-Prime can never hope to achieve a status other than its present one—as the plaything of a handful of enthusiasts. Menefee concedes, in the end, only that E-Prime may perhaps serve usefully as a "pedagogic tool to force extreme attention on the verb 'to be.'"

ANYONE WISHING to explore the E-Prime issue further can turn to *Et cetera* itself and to a new collection of essays, titled *To Be or Not*, published by the ISGS, in San Francisco. I myself, having seen the intensity

**Stocks go up.
Stocks go down.
But one thing is sure...**

AR...ET IN...
© 1991 The
Carlton
CARLTON IS LOWEST
**U.S. Gov't. Test Method confirms of all king soft packs:
is lowest.**

**With a taste
that's right.**



MENTHOL

TAR 1 mg.
NICOTINE 0.1 mg.

**1 mg. tar
0.1 mg. nic.**

**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking
By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal
Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.**

The Subaru SVX

For
the sports
car
enthusiast
with lots
of
friends.

(Which explains why we're only making 12,000 of them.)



THE CLASSIC sports car enthusiast tends to be a solitary creature. That's because most of their free time is usually spent alone trying to repair their sports car and when they finally get it running there's often little room or comfort to take anyone along for a ride.

Which leads us directly to the new Subaru SVX."

The Subaru SVX is a different type of sports car. For starters, it won't break down every other Thursday. It has room for more than one, possibly two emaciated adults. And it's also loaded with the comfort features and amenities you'd only expect from an obscenely-priced European luxury coupe.

Okay, let's begin with the reliability aspect of an SVX.

All we have to say is the SVX is a Subaru.* And 93% of all Subaru

cars registered in the last 10 years are still on the road and running today! (We like to think the other 7% are on blocks being stored as collectors items.)

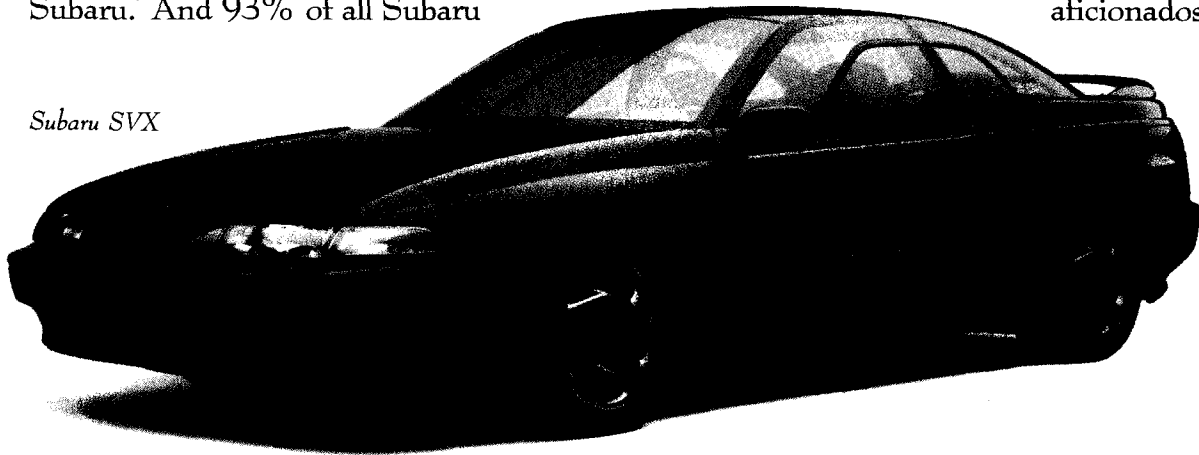
How about the room for more than two starved adults?

Well, the SVX has roomy back and front seats and over 85 cubic feet of passenger space in all. That's enough room for four adults who haven't been on a diet in years.

Lastly, the life-improving amenities. The SVX has a sunroof. A soft grain leather interior. All-Wheel Drive. A 6-speaker CD player. A 4-Channel Anti-Lock Braking System. Driver's-side air bag. A patented noise-reducing window design. And you can buy a fully-loaded SVX now for well under \$30,000*, which, in the overpriced performance category, qualifies as a remarkable deal.

The limited edition 230 horsepower Subaru SVX. It's designed for those rare well-adjusted, socially-involved sports car aficionados.

Subaru SVX



*Subaru. What to drive.*TM

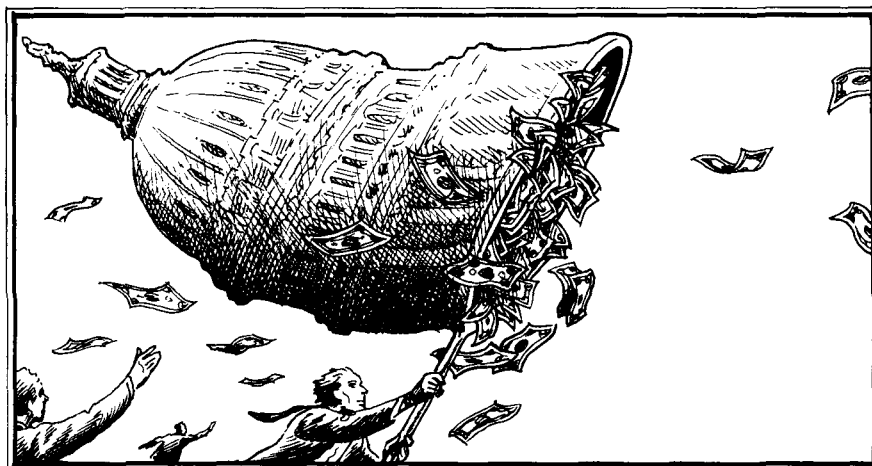
¹Based on R.L. Polk & Co., registration statistics. *Based on suggested retail price of \$28,350 for the SVX with optional Touring Package and Rear Deck Spoiler. Does not include dealer preparation, inland transportation, taxes, license and title fees. Dealer's actual price may vary. For additional information, 1-800-284-8584. See your participating dealer about the SVX Freedom Lease. © Subaru of America, 1991.

that general semanticists can bring to their work, have no intention of stepping cavalierly into the maw of this debate. Volume 48, Number 3, of *Et cetera* will, I expect, feature bloody reprisals. And yet, having used E-Prime for eight paragraphs now, I would venture to pray that the parties involved could find common ground on one point. Whether E-Prime deserves to become more or no more than a pedagogic tool, surely we can all hope that it might become *at least* a pedagogic tool. Almost all of us tend to overuse *to be*. E-Prime shows how we overuse it. It forces one

relentlessly to confront sloppiness, laziness, fuzziness, blandness, imprecision, simplistic generalization, and a half dozen other all too frequent characteristics of casual prose. As a self-administered exercise, this single restraint on style, with all the discomfort that may ensue, offers more real insight in an afternoon than can be gained from a year's worth of spoken precepts.

And the cost? In my case, a mere headache, severe but intermittent. I have reason to believe it will last about a week.

—Cullen Murphy



WASHINGTON

Green Pastures

For many members of Congress this year, the motto is "Take the money and don't run"

WHEN HE RETIRED from Congress, in 1988, Representative Gene Taylor, of Missouri, had a large amount of money left in his campaign fund. Taking advantage of provisions in the campaign-finance laws, he converted \$345,000 of the money to personal use. Representative Sam Stratton, of New York, after he retired from Congress in 1988, converted \$198,000 to personal use. Thomas P. O'Neill, of Massachusetts, the former speaker of the House, took \$65,000 after retirement in 1986. All told, members of Congress who have retired during the past decade have rolled over into their personal bank accounts some \$6.4 million in leftover campaign funds.

This practice is perfectly legal—a legacy of the 1979 amendments to the Federal Election Campaign Act, under which Congress, among other things, took tentative steps to bring certain aspects of campaign funding under some sort of control. According to the provisions of the act, members of Congress first elected in 1980 or afterward are forbidden to convert campaign funds to personal use. The sitting representatives and senators who actually voted on this bill in 1979—all of whom, obviously, had been elected prior to 1980—exempted themselves from the provisions regarding personal use of campaign funds, deciding instead to be bound by whatever rules already existed in the House or Senate.

The Senate's internal rules at that time had long prohibited both sitting and former members from converting campaign funds. Technically, the 1979 exemption granted to sitting members of Congress was meaningless to members of the Senate. The prohibition in the rules of the House, however, applied only to sitting members, not retired members. There are now 161 rep-

resentatives who are exempt from the 1979 prohibition on converting funds. They have among them some \$40 million in leftover campaign funds which they could take when they retire.

Not surprisingly, the fact that elected members of the House of Representatives can take large sums of money donated for public purposes and use them as a private slush fund after retirement has been regarded by many as an open scandal. Indeed, the amounts of money involved eventually became so large that Congress itself was shamed into taking action.

In 1989 the younger, non-exempt representatives joined reformers in the Senate to put a time limit on the personal use of campaign funds. The senior members of the House will lose their right to convert their leftover \$40 million if they do not retire by the end of this year. What this means, of course, is that members of the House elected prior to 1980 face a decision this year of great financial consequence. They can attempt to retain their seats through the 1992 elections—and, if successful, give up the chance to have unrestricted access to the money in their campaign war chests. Or they can bring their congressional careers to a close in 1992, and cash in. Dozens of members of Congress will no doubt see wisdom in Oscar Wilde's dictum that the only way to get rid of temptation is to yield to it.

THE CAMPAIGN funds that this year may lure many members of Congress back to private life are, ironically, the same funds that over the years have made the House a stagnant pool of almost unbeatable incumbents. Where once it was considered politically imprudent to withhold money from a campaign, ending a campaign with a lot of money unspent is today a major goal of congressional incumbents. The reason is obvious: a reservoir of campaign funds at an incumbent's disposal is a powerful talisman to ward off potential challengers. Since the mid-1980s, as incumbents' coffers have swelled with money from political-action committees (in 1990 PACs gave \$126 million to incumbents and a mere \$16 million to challengers), the amount of money left in the average legislator's possession at campaign's end has nearly doubled, to more than \$180,000. None of the thirty representatives who ended 1990 with war chests



If you're the type of person who thinks caviar
tastes better when it costs \$120 an ounce,
you'd probably like Cutty Sark better if it cost \$120 a bottle.
Let us know. Our price tag can be easily changed.

CUTTY SARK®



SCOTS WHISKY

UNCOMMONLY SMOOTH



A demonstration to protest racism, Florence. In Italy hospitality to newcomers has been replaced by hostility

ITALY

No Blacks Need Apply

*A nation of emigrants faces the
challenge of immigration*

A DECADE AGO only an insignificant sprinkling of immigrants (fewer than 100,000) lived in Italy—mostly Somalians and Ethiopians from the former Italian colonies in Africa, who moved silently and almost invisibly on the periphery of Italian life and about whom one heard almost nothing. Now Italy's feelings about other races and cultures are being put to the test by the recent arrival of nearly a million African, Asian, and Eastern European immigrants. Senegalese peddlers sell cheap sunglasses, cigarette lighters, and fake Lacoste shirts on the streets of Florence, Bologna, and Padua, and troop up and down the beaches of Rimini and Tuscany. Egyptians and Tunisians work in northern Italian fac-

tories, hotels, and restaurants. Pakistanis and Bangladeshis clean windshields at the stoplights of Milan and Rome. The August tomato crop and the fall wine harvest are picked largely by African labor. Housekeepers and caretakers come from the Philippines and Cape Verde. Without the long colonial experience of countries like France and England, Italy has been caught totally unprepared—culturally, bureaucratically, politically, and psychologically. And there are signs that the country's social fabric is tearing.

A week rarely goes by without some disturbing episode of racist violence, xenophobia, or conflict between immigrants and Italians. During one week last May the following stories were reported:

- Tram drivers in Milan went on strike to protest African workers' living in trailers in front of their headquarters. The mayor of Milan, after denouncing the tram drivers as "racists" and "fascists," evacuated the trailer camp.
- Police in Rome used violence to break up a demonstration of 400 Somali refugees, who were protesting their sudden transfer from a welfare hotel to a campground outside the city.

- Four Bolognese youths were sentenced to seven years in prison for the attempted murder of several Moroccans: they had poured gasoline over the cars where the Moroccans were sleeping and set them on fire.

- Two Italian workers played a "joke" on a Moroccan colleague by aiming a high-powered air-compression hose up his anus: the blast of air destroyed his intestines and killed him.

- Italian crowds in Asti (in the northern region of Piedmont) cheered as police arrested a group of Albanians who had staged a protest against conditions in their refugee camp.

During the past two years Italy has performed a remarkable about-face in its attitude toward immigration: In March of 1990 the Italian parliament overwhelmingly passed a liberal immigration law amid optimistic discussion of creating a multiracial society. But just over a year later a major public-opinion survey found that 75 percent of Italians favored closing the borders to all new immigration. It was hardly surprising, therefore, that the Italian government promptly sent home 17,000 half-starved Albanians when they tried to force their way into Italy last August.

The Albanian crisis was a watershed experience, a moment of national epiphany in which Italy took an important step toward defining itself as a country and its role in the world. "The Albanian tragedy forces us to look in the mirror, forces us to be without pity," wrote Giuliano Zincone, a commentator for the Milan newspaper *Corriere della Sera*. "We are not the America of the Mediterranean."

But while it was comparatively easy to turn away a mass exodus of Albanians, Italy is kidding itself if it thinks its new tough attitude has solved its immigration problems. The country's borders with Yugoslavia and France are highly porous. Ferries routinely cross the strait between Tunisia and Sicily; planeloads of would-be immigrants arrive from Manila and Addis Ababa. It is almost impossible to keep track of foreigners who enter the country legally with tourist visas and then decide to stay indefinitely.

FOR CENTURIES a nation that sent tens of millions of people across the globe in search of work and prosperity, Italy is having trouble grasping that it has become a rich country and a magnet for the world's poor. Italian workers enjoy the benefits and protections of a modern welfare state; they refuse to perform many ill-paying or menial jobs, but resent the immigrants who will. Italians are proud of being considered politically progressive and tolerant, and thus slow to acknowledge or deal with obvious signs of racism and xenophobia. "We have nursed the illusion that the Italians are different from the French, the English, the Americans, that we are good, hospitable people," says Monsignor Luigi Di Liegro, the head of Italy's principal Catholic charity, Caritas Diocesana, in Rome. "It's one thing to be hospitable toward tourists and quite another to welcome people who have a different religion, skin color, and culture. Instead, we have an attitude of rejection, of fear, and we are becoming violent toward those who are different."

To some extent Italy's current anti-immigrant backlash is a reaction to years of laissez-faire policy that permitted immigration to occur haphazardly. In the mid-1980s Italy made it easier than ever to enter the country—at the very moment when other European countries were becoming more restric-



ON A COLLISION DISCOURSE

They're contentious and contagious. They're The McLaughlin Group. (Clockwise from left) Jack Germond, Eleanor Clift, John McLaughlin, Fred Barnes, Morton Kondracke, and Pat Buchanan.

Made possible by a grant from GE.



THE McLAUGHLIN GROUP

Check your local listing for station and time.

We bring good things to life.

NEW RELEASE!



C L A S S I C
BOB & RAY
V O L U M E O N E

\$25⁹⁵* plus \$4.00 for handling & UPS delivery

Treat yourself or a friend to the wit of America's best loved radio comedy duo!

Not available in stores, this 4-hour, 4-audiocassette collection of original material from 1946-1976 has been remastered in Dolby sound and includes: Wally Ballou at a tranquilizer factory; Mary McGoon's Recipe for Frozen Ginger Ale Salad; Matt Neffer, Boy Spotwelder; "Grub, the Story of Food;" Biff Burns; The McBeeBee Twins and more.

This collection contains no material found on any other RadioArt Bob & Ray album.

For fastest delivery, use your credit card to order and call toll-free:

1-800-225-6565

*Take \$5 off each additional album you order. For gift orders, include name and address of gift recipients. Gift cards will be enclosed. Rush delivery available at additional charge.

NY and IL residents, please add sales tax.

For mail orders, send your address and check or MasterCard, Visa or Amex account number and expiration date to:

RADIOART, Dept. AT1, Box 7231, Bensenville, IL 60106

i Teach Yourself Spanish!

You **can**...with Audio-Forum's famous self-study audio-cassette course. Choose your own time, pace, and place to learn the language, and save hundreds of dollars compared with the cost of a private language school.

Our course was developed by the U.S. State Department to train foreign-service personnel. It consists of twelve 90-minute cassettes plus, accompanying text and manual. You'll learn naturally by listening to the cassettes (while driving, jogging, or whatever) and repeating during the pauses on the tape. By the end of the course, you'll be learning and speaking entirely in Spanish!

The State Department course comes in 2 volumes, each shipped in a handsome library binder. Order either, or save 10% by ordering both:

- ☐ **Vol. I: Basic Spanish.** 12 cassettes, manual, and 464-p. text, \$182. ppd.
- ☐ **Vol. II: Intermediate Spanish.** 8 cassettes, manual, and 614-p. text, \$152. ppd.

(CT residents add sales tax.)

Full 3-week money-back guarantee if not completely satisfied.

Phone orders call toll-free **1-800-243-1234**

Other Spanish-language materials available, as well as courses in 75 other languages. Write or call for free catalog. Our 20th year.

AUDIO-FORUM
THE LANGUAGE SOURCE

Room F 219, 96 Broad St.,
Guilford, CT 06437 (203) 453-9794



tive. Italy removed visa requirements for citizens of the Maghrib (Tunisia, Morocco, and Algeria), while France imposed a visa policy for everyone outside the European Community. Not surprisingly, much of the flow of North African immigration to France was redirected toward Italy. Immigrants were also lured by the siren call of Italian television, which broadcasts images of the *dolce vita* to nearby Tunisia and Albania.

Although the amount of immigration into Italy is tiny by American standards, and modest compared with that into other major European nations, the immigration has occurred in one sudden spurt: estimates vary, but Italy's Third World immigrant population is probably between 700,000 and a million, up from fewer than 100,000 at the beginning of the 1980s. Whereas France, England, and Germany have immigrant populations of about three million to six million, it has taken at least two generations to form them.

"We were totally unprepared," says Laura Balbo, a member of parliament for the independent left and the founder of a group called Italia Razzismo. "In other countries immigration was carefully planned, the fruit of careful analysis of their labor market and what kind of economy they wanted to develop. It included a housing policy, immigration policy, and cultural policy. In Italy we always fail to manage and plan the great processes of social change."

There are no mechanisms, for example, to match the kinds of jobs available with the people being allowed into the country. Until last year there were no funds available for counseling or housing new arrivals, no Italian-language or job-training courses. Until very recently no government ministry was responsible for immigration. And the newly created Ministry of Immigration has only a skeletal staff and an essentially advisory role.

In this unregulated environment, though most new immigrants have managed to find work, many are unemployed or hold marginal jobs. Some work in Italy's underground economy, at low wages and without benefits or union protection; others peddle contraband goods or sell without a vending license. Given Italy's tight housing market, many of them wind up sleeping in parks, train stations, and abandoned buildings or under bridges. For the first time since the Second World War, Italy has a homelessness problem.

"Things went ahead like this until 1988—by which point the presence of foreigners had become quite large—when racism suddenly became a national issue," says Mario Marazziti, a spokesman for the Community of Sant'Egidio, a charitable Catholic group that specializes in helping immigrants. "We conducted a poll among Rome high school students that showed that three quarters favored closing the borders, and all the newspapers picked up the story. Immediately

afterward episodes of intolerance and racism began to be reported in the news." A story was told in Rome of an Italian who forced an African woman to get off a public bus. In Florence a scandal occurred when a language teacher complained in class about the smell of African students. "Probably things like this had been going on all along, but they simply weren't being reported," Marazziti says.

These warning signs were generally treated as isolated episodes rather than symptoms of a larger problem. Expressing reservations about immigration was viewed at the time as inherently racist; thus no serious debate about managing the phenomenon took place.

Then, in August of 1989, Italy was shocked when a South African tomato picker named Jerry Masslo was shot and killed in the southern Italian town of Villa Literno. The natives of Villa Literno insist that the killing was a holdup gone sour, while the immigrants there describe it as a racist murder. "His death brought about a kind of national mourning," Marazziti says. Public outrage over the killing resulted in a national debate and a strong movement to create Italy's first comprehensive immigration law. The battle was led by the deputy prime minister, Claudio Martelli, a prominent leader of the Socialist Party, who spoke of the need to give full civil rights and social services to immigrants, grant total amnesty to illegal aliens, and create cultural centers and mosques for the immigrant population.

But after the sympathy for Jerry Masslo wore off, a ground swell of opposition to the "Martelli" law developed. Martelli found himself badly on the defensive and reversed his position: at the beginning of the parliamentary debate he was talking about creating a multiracial society, but by the time the law passed, in the spring of 1990, he was promising to call in the army to shut down the country's borders and expel illegal aliens. Opposition to the more liberal provisions of the Martelli law crystallized in the small, centrist Republican Party.

"It was our position that an amnesty would seem like an invitation to the Third World to come to Italy," says Riccardo Bruno, a spokesman for the Republican Party. "The Martelli law promises things it can't deliver. It cre-



A Moroccan immigrant makes do on an abandoned farm outside Milan



THERE'S A PLACE IN THIS WORLD FOR UNUSUAL PEOPLE.

ADELPHI.

Approximately 12.6 million high school seniors will be applying to college this year.

Approximately six or seven hundred of them look at this magazine every now and then.

Approximately fifty or sixty check out the ads.

And maybe four or five, at best, bother reading them.

Congratulations. You're part of that last group. This is an ad for you.

Being significantly different from the average American high school student, perhaps you'll be interested in a significantly different university:

A school that questions the value of a typical 20th century college education as much as you probably do, and a school that attempts to provide answers to your questions with questions of its own.

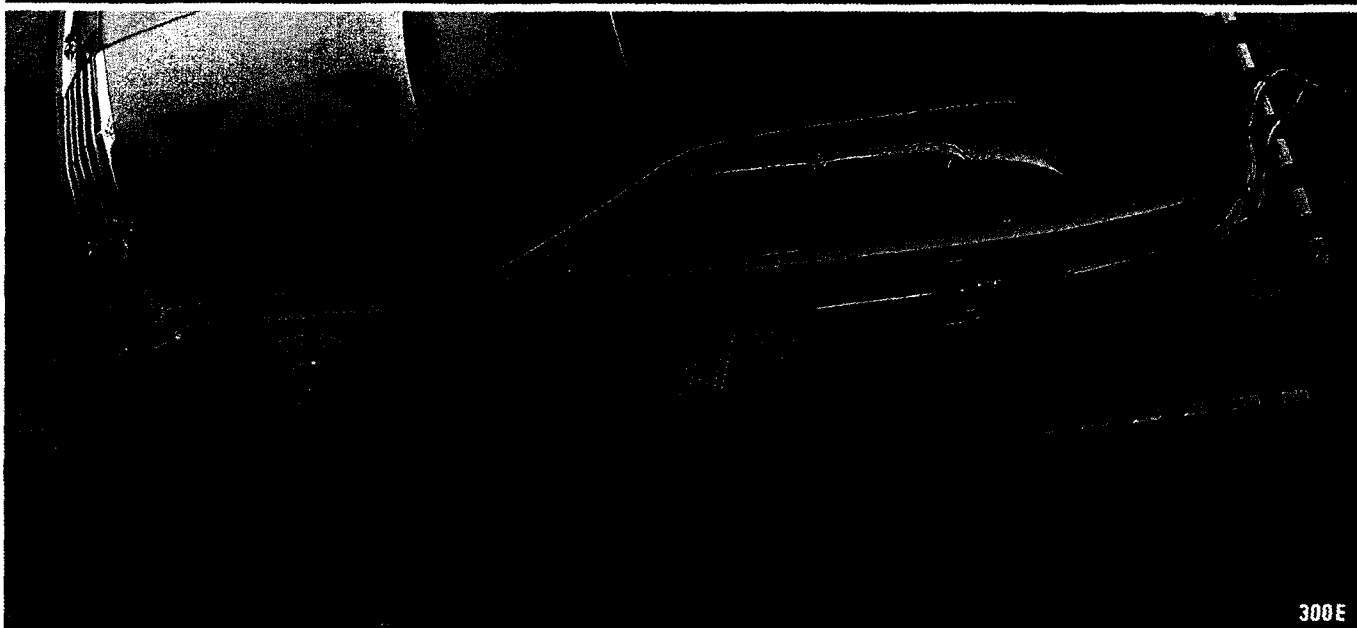
And a school whose ads, instead of blathering on and on, simply invite you to learn more by calling the number below.

We sincerely hope all four or five of you flood us with replies.

ADELPHI UNIVERSITY For more information call 1-800-ADELPHI.



300 SL



300 E



300 CE

© 1992 MERCEDES-BENZ OF N.A., INC., MONTVALE, N.J.
MEMBER OF THE DAIMLER-BENZ GROUP.

Simulated test.

The 1997 side-impact standard could save hundreds of lives every year. Which is why these cars meet it in 1992.

Side-impact crashes are estimated to cause 24,000 serious injuries and almost 30 percent of all American automotive fatalities every year.

According to the U.S. Department of Transportation, more stringent side-impact measures applied to all new cars could reduce that toll—by hundreds of lives annually.

Which is why the federal government's new dynamic side-impact standard will require all new cars to meet just such a standard by 1997 at the latest.

Based on preliminary Mercedes-Benz tests, the cars



ENGINEERED LIKE NO OTHER
CAR IN THE WORLD

you see at left substantially meet it today.

Mercedes-Benz has been working hard for over forty years to anticipate and address the safety needs of modern driving life. And will continue doing so—into 1997 and beyond.

For more information on Mercedes-Benz safety, call 1-800-243-9292 anytime.



A group of homeless Pakistanis settled in for the winter in a public square, Milan

ates the impression that Italy is an earthly paradise when in reality we have no housing, high unemployment, and a Third World transportation system. The Martelli law provides for expulsion of those who violate the law, but in reality no one is expelled."

IN SOME WAYS the debate over the Martelli law demonstrates the cultural immaturity of Italy on the question of immigration and race. The debate has been dominated by two extreme positions. The Lombard League (a party pushing for the regional autonomy of northern Italy) wants to keep immigrants out altogether, claims that there are no jobs for foreigners in Italy, sees immigrants as purveyors of crime, drugs, and disease, and views integration with other races and religions as inherently negative. The Republicans offer a more sophisticated version of this same position. On the other hand, many on the Italian left and within the Catholic Church believe that if Italians open their hearts and say no to racism, all social tensions attendant to immigration will disappear. One position greatly exaggerates the problems created by the recent wave of immigration, and the other prefers to pretend that they don't exist.

The opponents of immigration operate on a number of serious misconceptions: they believe that Italy cannot absorb all the immigrants it already has, that immigrants are not necessary to the Italian economy, and that immi-

grants simply take jobs away from Italian citizens. At the time of the debate on the Martelli law, there were no hard figures on the number of immigrants in Italy, and thus the country was forced to debate an amnesty for illegal aliens without any idea of how many people were involved.

"The opponents of immigration talked about three million immigrants, at least two million of them illegal aliens," Mario Marazziti says. Italy's national center for statistics later put the figure at 1,144,000 immigrants, 963,000 of whom were from outside the European Community. But the notion of millions of immigrants had lodged in the public mind.

In truth immigrants are necessary to the Italian economy. Population growth in Italy is zero, and the work force is expected to shrink during the next twenty years from about 24 million to 22 million without new immigration. "There is a real need for manpower, and it is not over," Paolo Pillitteri, the mayor of Milan, said in a recent interview with *Europeo* magazine.

In December, 1990, there were 23,000 foreigners on the unemployment lists; by April of 1991 more than 14,000 had found jobs. . . . In the coming years the service sector in the food industry will need thousands of workers. The bread industry is in crisis because they can't find people to do the late-night shifts. I can understand that in prosperous Lombardy some people

don't want to go to work at three in the morning. But I can't understand why they complain if immigrants offer to do it.

Italy has a serious unemployment problem (the unemployment rate is 10 percent nationally), but it is heavily concentrated in the south, where unemployment averages 21 percent. Because of the guarantees given by Italy's welfare state, the unemployed of the south no longer feel compelled to move north to take any job that comes along. As a result, immigration from south to north has come to a virtual standstill. The Italian Minister of Health, Francesco De Lorenzo, came under fire last spring when he announced that he would begin accepting applications from foreign immigrants to fill 6,000 low-level hospital jobs. In an interview defending his decision, De Lorenzo explained that the hospitals of northern and central Italy were having trouble filling 37,000 positions: "People say, Why not hire the unemployed nurses from the south? Fine, but all the attempts by hospitals in Milan or Turin or Bologna to persuade these nurses to move north have come to naught."

Nonetheless, the uncontrolled immigration of recent years has caused serious problems—and has given even tolerant Italians pause over what immigration is doing to the country. To cite one example that counters glib liberal generalizations about "good" immigrants and "racist" Italians, 15 percent of Italy's prison population is made up of immigrants, of whom 52 percent, many of them North Africans, are convicted of selling drugs. Although most immigrants have jobs and apartments, tens of thousands live precariously, without steady work or a place to live, cluttering Italy's streets and public spaces. In the late 1980s Florence's beautiful Ponte Vecchio, the city's oldest and most famous bridge, became almost impassable owing to African street peddlers hawking their wares. Florentine shopkeepers worked vigorously to keep the peddlers out of the center of the city. The growing tension led to violence in March of 1990, when a large gang of Florentine youths disguised in carnival costume broke into an immigrant dormitory with clubs and sticks and beat up immigrant workers. Florence has followed the same destructive pattern as most other major cities, allowing a situation to fester un-

END-OF-SEASON SALE. SAVE \$50.

THE OFFICIAL MILITARY ISSUE GENUINE LEATHER A-2 FLYING JACKET

ACT NOW!

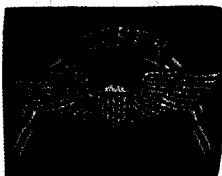
A piece of American History is ON SALE!

From World War II to Desert Storm, the A-2 Leather Flying Jacket is one of the most famous pieces of battle gear in history. During World War II, the brave pilots of the U.S. Army Air Corps relied on the A-2 for protection and comfort. The A-2, updated to current military spec's, was worn by our U.S. Air Force pilots in the Gulf War, too. Lightweight and comfortable yet "tough as nails," the A-2 identifies its wearer as one of an elite, brave breed of fighting men. And now, for a limited time, you can acquire the A-2 for only \$199,* that's \$50 off regular price.

Genuine Military Issue.

Not a Commercial Reproduction.

Cooper Sportswear was an original supplier of the A-2's worn by America's World War II flying heroes.



Now, after a 45-year retirement from active duty, the U.S. Air Force has recommissioned the A-2 and selected Cooper as the official Government contract manufacturer. Now, you can own the *very same* jacket issued to U.S. Air Force pilots. *Not a reproduction*

and not a look-alike copy — this is the genuine article! Available exclusively from Willabee & Ward.

Proudly Made in the U.S.A.

The Cooper A-2 is made in the U.S.A. using materials and production methods specified by the U.S. Air Force. Premium goatskin ensures ruggedness and great looks. Knitted cuffs and waistband and a spun cotton-blend lining ensure draft-free comfort. Details include regulation snap-down collar, shoulder epaulets, and roomy snap-close pockets. You'll also receive a certificate of authenticity stating that yours is a U.S. Air Force A-2. Battle-proven and built for long life, the Cooper A-2 actually gets better-looking with age.



Save \$50 Off Regular Price.

Payable in Convenient Monthly Installments.

The Cooper A-2 Leather Flying Jacket — normally \$249 — can be yours for just \$199,* payable in five convenient monthly installments of \$41.30 charged to your credit card. Your satisfaction is guaranteed. If you are not completely delighted with your jacket, simply return it in original condition within 30 days for exchange or refund. Take advantage of this remarkable end-of-season sale. Order today. Available in sizes 34-52 regular and long. Call about larger sizes (to 60) available for \$50 more. (For best fit, order one size larger than normal jacket size.)



SALE!
Only
\$199*

Accept no substitutes! This is the *one-and-only official A-2...* the actual jacket supplied to the United States Air Force.

Have questions about sizing? Call us — we'll fit you over the phone. Quantities are limited, so call now!
Phone orders normally shipped next business day. *Plus \$7.50 shipping/handling.

CALL TOLL-FREE: 1-800-331-1858 EXT. 636-215

© 1992 MBI

Willabee & Ward
47 Richards Avenue
Norwalk, CT 06857



Satisfaction Guaranteed

CALL TOLL-FREE: 1-800-331-1858 EXT. 636-215

Please send me _____ Cooper A-2 Genuine Leather Flying Jacket(s).

Size (Even sizes 34-52): _____ ☐ Regular ☐ Long

Charge each of 5 installments of \$41.30** to my credit card.

☐ MasterCard ☐ VISA ☐ Discover ☐ Am. Ex.

Credit Card # _____

Exp. Date _____

Name _____

(PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY)

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Signature _____

(All orders subject to acceptance.)

☐ I prefer not to use a credit card and will pay by check. Enclosed is my check for \$199 plus \$7.50 shipping/handling, a total of \$206.50.**

**Applicable sales tax, if any, will be billed with shipment.



Roman Legionary c.50 A.D.

The Roman Legionary shows the greatness of Rome reflected in her citizenry. Available in cold-cast bronze or in a limited collector's edition of 125 pieces, signed and numbered by the artist. Historically accurate. 11" high, including solid mahogany base.

Available exclusively from:

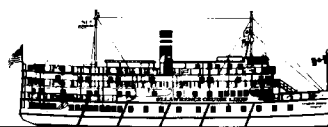
DAVIS & CO.

P.O. Box 3816, Portland, Maine 04104
Or call: 800.370.1066, in Maine: 780.1607
Satisfaction guaranteed.

From the magnificent "1000 Islands" through the International Seaway locks to the staggering Saguenay Fjord and picturesque capital of Canada

CRUISE CALM CANADIAN RIVERS

Board our elegant Replica
Turn-of-the-Century Steamships
for 3, 5 or 7 night adventures
on history-laden waters
steeped in breathtaking scenery



STEAMBOAT



Visit your travel professional or contact
ST. LAWRENCE CRUISE LINES INC.
253 Ontario St. Kingston Ontario Canada K7L 2Z4
1-800-267-7868

til serious racial tensions develop and then adopting a last-minute solution that only worsens them.

In Rome about 300 immigrants were allowed to take over and occupy an abandoned pasta factory called Pantanella. Despite a lack of heat, electricity, and hot water, the local administration allowed the population to swell to nearly 2,000, so that the factory became a kind of Black Hole of Calcutta in the middle of Rome. As the population rose and conditions deteriorated, fights broke out between immigrant groups and there were several killings. After nearly a year of government inaction the Pantanella situation became a national news story, filling Italian television screens on a regular basis. "Unfortunately, through the mass media, the image that many Italians formed of immigrants in Italy was of Pantanella," Mario Marazziti says. The Rome administration continued to promise to address the problem but did nothing. Then, suddenly in February of last year, during the Gulf War, the Rome police moved in at dawn and evacuated the building, in an action that played on public fears that the old pasta factory represented a terrorist threat. Despite having debated the Pantanella crisis for months, the Rome administration had made no plans for housing the immigrants after they were forced to leave the building. Hundreds were packed up on buses and sent off to various tourist hotels outside Rome. But the Rome administration failed to notify the towns where the immigrants were sent. The result was that there were not enough hotel rooms for the entire group, and hundreds of immigrants spent the night driving around from place to place. Furious at having Rome's problem dumped in their laps without consultation, the towns protested.

These kinds of half-baked solutions are helping to manufacture racial tensions where they might not otherwise exist, according to the sociologist Luigi Manconi. "The emergency measures adopted for foreign immigrants place the greatest strain on the weakest members of society, who find themselves competing with the immigrants for scarce resources such as space, housing, transportation, and health services," he wrote at the time of the Milan tram drivers' strike. For months the Milan government ignored the drivers'

complaints, until resentment reached the boiling point. "As a consequence, we are witnessing the 'institutional production of racism.'"

OFTEN IT IS difficult to distinguish in Italy between legitimate complaints and budding racism. "I see elements of xenophobia, of intolerance, but not racism," says Roberto Magni, who is in charge of immigrant issues for the CISL, one of Italy's three main labor unions. "If you place hundreds of people in a neighborhood and have them live in trailers without bathrooms, the neighborhood is going to object, no matter what race they are. All this talk of racism troubles me. Right now there is no real racist movement in Italy, but I am afraid that by attacking 'racism' and forming 'anti-racism' groups, we will stimulate a racist reaction." In fact many recent anti-immigrant protests are already tinged with racist rhetoric. At a demonstration against a tent city in Milan, for example, the Lombard League passed out leaflets saying, "If you like a MULTIRACIAL society so much, you can move to New York. . . . No to the invasion of people who by culture and religion cannot be integrated even after centuries!"

The Italians' ideas of other races, especially Africans, are naive rather than ideological. The wrappers of a popular brand of chocolates here feature a nappy-haired African with red liver lips. The famous Tazza d'Oro café in Rome had until a few months ago a similar logo on its wall, and a well-known clothing store in downtown Rome is decorated with a large poster featuring African cannibals, with bones in their hair and the usual caricatured features, standing over a pot. From lack of experience and exposure, many Italians have ideas of blacks that date from the Little Black Sambo era—or from the time of Mussolini's imperial adventure in Africa. Often these notions reflect ignorance rather than malice. Pap Khouma, a Senegalese immigrant, describes a revealing moment in his recently published autobiography, *Io venditore di elefanti* (*I, Seller of Elephants*): After he and some friends were arrested for peddling without a license, the Italian policemen tried to get the Africans to break dance. Khouma had to convince them that not all black people break dance.



You know where you stand. Your finances are under control.
With no revolving credit on bankcards. No more interest charge "surprises."
You take a different view. You're happy.

THE CARD.
THE AMERICAN EXPRESS® CARD.

Call 1-800-THE CARD, to apply.

WordPerfect® Videos Teach It Fast

Powerful Skills - 2 Hours or Less

Just Relax and Watch TV

SEE it happen . . . Step-by-step. Later, at your computer, press the same keys you saw in the video (the keys are listed on a printed sheet); and powerful new computer skills will be at your command.

It's Easy!

Thousands of satisfied customers. Used in universities, businesses, and government agencies across the country.

Clear Examples - Plain Language

Our video training has been recommended for purchase by *The American Library Association's BOOKLIST* magazine.

Five training VIDEOS now available:

WordPerfect Intermediate

(Two Hours) \$69.95 + \$4 Shipping

Most features are covered - from *margins* to *graphics*. Includes expanded section on **LABELS**. A single feature can save hundreds of hours of labor.

FOR 5.1 AND 5.0 (one video covers both)

Introduction to WordPerfect

(34 Minutes) \$49.95 + \$4 Shipping

For Beginners... The Basics In A Hurry Concise. For people with **absolutely no computer experience** (and no time to study). Gets the first-time user up and running . . . immediately!

FOR 4.2, 5.0 AND 5.1 (one video covers all three)

DOS•Lotus•Windows®

Lotus® Intermediate

(Two Hours) \$69.95 + \$4 Shipping

Zero or limited Lotus experience? Learn skills in a hurry! **Includes Graphs, Macros, Linking, @ Functions, etc.**

FOR all versions 2.0 and later (one video covers all)

DOS® Intermediate

(60 Minutes) \$69.95 + \$4 Shipping

New users and "old hands" will learn new tricks from this award-winning video.

FOR all versions of DOS (one video covers all)

Windows 3.0®

(60 Minutes) \$69.95 + \$4 Shipping

Basic and Intermediate Skills, Icons, Menus, Dialog Boxes, Clipboard, Documents, and much more.

Rush! - 3 Day Delivery - Add \$5 to Above Total
Send Check or Purchase Order to:
Video Projects, Dept. L3

P.O. Box 85

Salt Lake City, UT 84110

VISA/MC Call 1-800-847-3311

Orders Only (24 Hours) • Questions? 801-595-1246

30 Day Money Back Guarantee

WordPerfect and Lotus 1-2-3 are registered trademarks of WordPerfect Corp. and Lotus Development Corp. respectively. © 1991 Video Projects Inc. 5500 Amelia Earhart Dr., #155, Salt Lake City, UT 84116

Then, out of consideration for the fact that Khouma and his friends had had their merchandise confiscated, the police officers returned some of it. The episode is typical of the Italians' alternating attitudes of condescension and compassion.

Many Italians—including highly respected liberal intellectuals—have endorsed the idea that there is a biological limitation to immigration, that more than a certain percentage of people of a different race or culture cannot be introduced into a community without stimulating xenophobia and racism. Even a book that tries to combat racism, Fiamma Nirenstein's *Il razzista democratico (The Democratic Racist)*, dedicates an entire chapter to describing how rats begin to devour their young and deer succumb to disease when forced to share their territory with different breeds of their own species. The unconscious xenophobia betrayed by these zoological parallels has become increasingly evident in the differing treatment afforded Eastern European and Third World immigrants during the past year. Last spring Italy decided to welcome 24,000 Albanian refugees escaping the collapse of communism—even as it was doing its best to keep out new immigrants from Africa and Asia. There was a national outpouring of sympathy for the white-skinned Albanians. Prime Minister Giulio Andreotti suggested that Italian families "adopt" Albanians in order to bring them into Italian society. Certainly no one has suggested adopting Tunisians. To justify making an exception to the immigration laws for the Albanians, some Italian politicians (led by Giorgio La Malfa, the Republican Party secretary and the chief opponent of new immigration) insisted that Italy and Albania were part of a common Adriatic culture, which created special bonds and obligations.

But talk about the common Adriatic culture evaporated as Italy grappled with the tremendous problems of absorbing the Albanians. After months of sitting around in camps, the Albanians began staging riots, public protests, and hunger strikes, demanding jobs and housing. Paradoxically, Italians have discovered that they may have more in common with the commerce-minded peddlers from Africa than with the refugees from one of Europe's most oppressive communist dictatorships.

Many of the towns hosting the Albanians were anxious to get rid of them. The 17,000 Albanians who arrived in August were summarily sent home without a peep of political opposition. No longer was there any mention of adopting Albanian families.

THERE ARE a few signs of growing cultural maturity. Under the Martelli law, the government will decide on the number of immigrants to be admitted each year. At the moment that number is zero—except for those either joining a family member or able to show that they already have both a job and a place to live. A temporary moratorium on new immigration may allow Italy to absorb the immigrants already in the country. And some money has been appropriated to shelter homeless immigrants and to steer them toward jobs, training programs, and housing. The government has begun to gather and publish data. A mosque has been built in Rome. Emboldened by their new legal status, immigrants have begun to speak out. Immigrant groups visit Italian schools to speak to students. "There is a lot of prejudice and hostility initially," says Ahmed Salah, a Somali immigrant who participates in the school program, "but by the end they understand much more about why we are here." Moreover, at least three books by immigrants about their experiences in Italy have been published in the past two years—a sign of awakened curiosity in Italian society. "Now that the numbers are greater, there are more racial tensions but there is also more contact, more exchange, and more dialogue," Marazziti says.

"We are way behind other countries," says Laura Balbo, the member of parliament. "We have operated on the superficial idea that racism is a problem you can overcome with ideology and good intentions. The Italian tradition of the left and of the Catholic Church is to see immigrants as simply poor people, and you don't have to take culture and race into account at all. Having never lived through it, we will need some time to understand the extremely complicated psychological and social implications of integration." The deep Italian past is no guide as this nation of emigrants tries to cope with the novel social challenge of immigration.

—Alexander Stille



Nobody Brews The News Like Morning Edition.

If the daily roll call of disasters is getting a little stale, take a fresh approach to the news with Morning Edition from National Public Radio.

Morning Edition is a stimulating blend of the day's most important stories, news analysis, sports, business,

and features on science and the arts.

And with Morning Edition, you'll get the morning news with things you won't find anywhere else on the dial . . . intelligence, depth, and whimsy.

So get up on the Morning

Edition side of bed. Before long, you won't want to start your day any other way.

**morning
edition®**

Drink It In...This Is Radio News The Way It's Meant To Be Brewed.

Check local listings for your public radio station or call NPR at (202) 822-2323.

National Public Radio® News

For reasons rooted in the values of contemporary culture, the concept of shame had until recently all but vanished from discussions of emotional disarray. Now it is regarded by many psychologists as the preeminent cause of emotional distress in our time

SHAME

BY ROBERT KAREN

A MATHEMATICS PROFESSOR IN HIS FIFTIES, WHO LIKES TO THINK OF HIMSELF as dynamic and rakish but who is at the moment “between lovers,” stands on the subway platform eyeing an undergraduate. He sees that his gaze is making her uncomfortable. He feels a twinge of shame over this intrusion, but not enough to stop. He files his behavior under “manly aggression” and keeps staring. Then a searing thought enters and exits his mind so fast that later he won’t remember having had it. The idea seems almost to have been waiting there

like a hot coal, and after stumbling upon it and getting singed, he flees in panic. Feeling inexplicably crestfallen, he looks away from the young woman, buries his head in his paper, and seeks out a separate car when the train comes in. For the rest of the morning he feels listless and down. He doesn’t want people near him, and growls if they press. He works methodically, waiting for the unnameable discomfort to pass. The idea that scorched him was an image of himself, all too believable, as a hungry, unhappy loner, a man who had wasted his youth and was incapable of lasting attachments, staring forlornly at a woman who could not possibly be interested in him. The shame that that image evoked was too hot to handle.

Shame is an emotional experience that has until recently been so thoroughly neglected that it might be considered psychology’s stepchild. Professionals shied away from the word, one analyst writes, “as if it were somehow quaint or not quite appropriate.” Now the subject of much attention and debate, shame is suddenly everywhere in the literature and is seen by some as “the master emotion,” the unseen regulator of our entire affective life. Current research identifies shame as an important element in aggression (including the violence of wife-beaters), in addictions, obsessions, narcissism, depression, and numerous other psychiatric syndromes. Although cultural anthropologists once confidently labeled ours a “guilt culture,” in which shame does not play a significant role, many psychologists now believe that shame is the preeminent cause of emotional distress in our time, a by-product, some contend, of social changes and child-rearing practices that have made us unusually insecure about who we are.

For years the few theorists who bothered with shame

touched lightly on its many facets, never quite able to agree on its essence. They argued about whether it arises out of something you *do* or something you *are*; whether it requires the contemptuous eye of another or can be experienced solely within yourself; whether it serves morality or merely dampens excessive arousal; whether it is a more “primitive” emotion than guilt or equally appropriate to the emotional repertoire of a mature person. Today, as theorists rush to stake their claim on this newly opened theoretical continent, professional volumes on shame seem to come out monthly. Even so, the familiar questions persist: What is it? Where does it come from? When does it first show up in childhood? How should it be treated? Why does it exist at all? Meanwhile, curiously, the word has become unfamiliar to us.

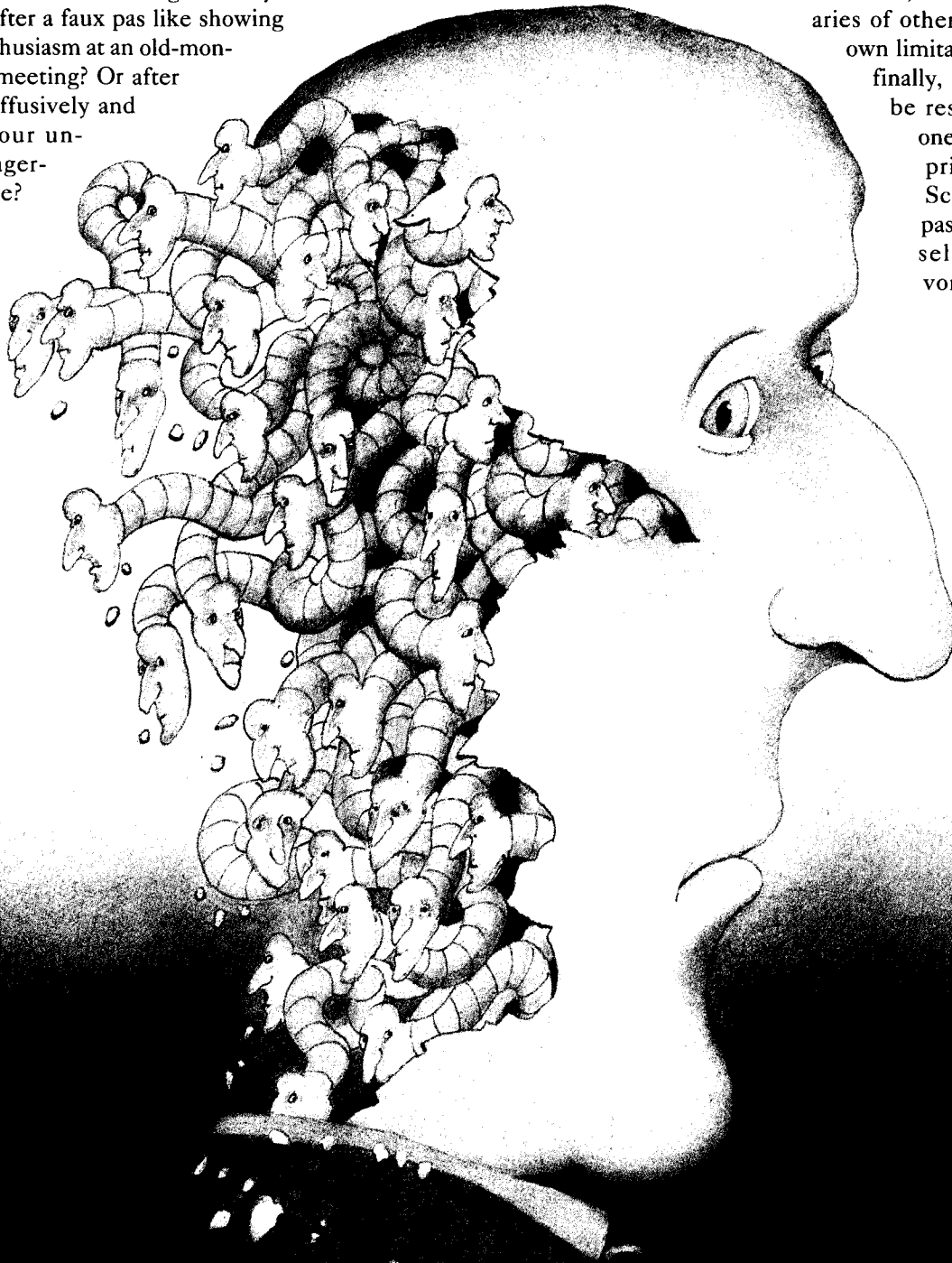
“Shame has gone underground,” the sociologist Thomas Scheff says. “In traditional societies people talk about shame. My Asian students tell me they talk about shame and disgrace in their families all the time. But they look at me and say, People here are strange about shame.”

Thirty, fifty, a hundred years ago, shame was a part of our common conversation. The literature of the nineteenth century, from Austen to Tolstoy, was full of it. Parents warned their children about anything that might incur it—adultery or illegitimate pregnancy, cowardice or failure, bad manners, laziness, dirty underwear. When shame struck, it was typically a feeling akin to being caught out in the open and desperately wanting to hide—as in those clammy dreams of appearing in public without any clothes on. One moment you are a decent, acceptable, self-possessed human being, and the next you are cast into confusion, your identity in disarray.

When bourgeois morality prevailed, shame could hardly be kept a secret. It awaited people at every turn; any act of immodesty, poor form, or incompetence could be the trigger for shame reactions ranging from mild embarrassment to complete mortification. Even today, though we have lost contact with the word and with many of the values once associated with it, we recognize the experience of our grandparents. Who does not know the shame that wells up after telling a joke that causes offense? After realizing too late that you've overstayed your welcome? After catching your heel in your hem, stumbling, and feeling ridiculous in the presence of people who might judge you for it? After failing sexually with a new lover? After a faux pas like showing too much enthusiasm at an old-money business meeting? Or after talking too effusively and betraying your unconscious eagerness to please?

The most trivial of daily activities can become suffused with shame if the context shifts in an unexpected way—such as stopping to eat a sandwich in a public place in a strange city only to discover from the stares of others that eating is not done here. Combine this with membership in a demeaned ethnic or racial group (“Ugh! One of those!”) and the negative charge that surrounds the self can achieve ferocious intensity.

In the past the capacity to experience shame was valued. To be capable of shame meant to be modest, as opposed to exhibitionistic or grandiose, to have character, nobility, honor, discretion. It meant to be respectful of social standards, of the boundaries of others, of one's own limitations. And, finally, it meant to be respectful of one's need for privacy. Carl Schneider, a pastoral counselor and divorce media-



tor who wrote a little-noted book on shame in 1977 (*Shame, Exposure, and Privacy*), recalls that "many of the best minds of the nineteenth century—Darwin, Scheler, Nietzsche, Havelock Ellis—wrestled with the significance of shame for our understanding of ourselves as human beings." But contemporary culture, he says, has tended to dismiss shame as the mark of a timid and unfree person.

Most languages have at least two meanings for the word "shame": one to denote the feeling, one to denote the healthy attitudes that define a wholesome character. This double view acknowledges that one does not have to be in a state of shame in order for shame to be at work within. Ideally, in growing up, one learns where shame lies, and inclines toward higher standards accordingly. But higher standards are not the only issue. The late Silvan Tomkins, an affect psychologist, or student of the emotions, whose early work on shame was long overlooked by the field, asserted that theorists over the years have been confused in their attempts to define shame by their failure to recognize that *anything* can evoke a feeling of shame. We can be ashamed of our likes, our dislikes, our assets, our deficits, even our genius or creativity—because of what we think such things imply about our character or because of the way they may seem to divide us from others.

The math professor has no trouble brushing off the shame that attends his intrusion into the young woman's privacy. The abandonment of civility can be seen as evidence of masculine confidence. But another source of shame, the largely unconscious belief the professor harbors that he is not the ladies' man he appears to be but a pathetic loner who's unable to love, sends him running. The belief is cruelly unfair, magnifying the negative and ignoring all his positive traits. But an unexamined rule, which seems crucial to his emotional survival, dictates that this feared "truth," this ugly self-portrait, must never become conscious. Otherwise he will drown in self-hatred and lose the love, respect, and acceptance of even those who are closest to him. Hidden like this, shame can stalk one's being, inflicting an unconscious self-loathing. For most psychologists, this is where things start getting interesting.

"Normal shame," Scheff says, "is just like breathing air: it's necessary. Personalities and civilizations coexist, even thrive, with normal shame. But unacknowledged shame is a pathogen. It kills."

As Scheff's comment suggests, much of the shame that therapists treat is repressed, defended against, *unfelt*. Like the math professor, most of us, most of the time, are able to dodge shameful encounters with our feared truths. But the potential to feel the shame is nevertheless there, often so heightened that it has become like a deformed body part that we organize our lives to keep ourselves and others from seeing. An overweight woman may burn with shame when she takes up a seat and a half

on the bus while others are standing, but more often she experiences a shame anxiety, like a distant beating drum. She may be anxious about how she holds herself and what she eats, fearful that if she puts too much food on her plate at the buffet, people will see her and think, "Fat pig!" This repressed but hounding shame, sometimes activated to the level of gnawing self-doubt, occasionally reaching the intensity of fully inflamed self-hatred, is common in emotional disturbance. The need to keep it repressed often drives people toward perfectionism, withdrawal, diffidence, combativeness.

"As with any problem that is severely repressed and unresolved," says Léon Wurmser (*The Mask of Shame*, 1981), a Baltimore psychoanalyst and shame pioneer, shame "forces us in ways that are outside our control to behave destructively to ourselves and to others." If you run from shame, he says, you may successfully avoid the humiliation you fear, "but you constantly sense this anxiety within yourself and you know you cannot escape it—it follows you like a shadow."

An unconscious feeling of unworthiness often crystallizes around some hectoring, negative view of the self: One is ugly, stupid, impotent, unmanly, unfeminine. One is phony, grasping, ignorant, boring, cheap. One is insignificant, immature, unable to love. Women are particularly prone to such shame-filled self-concepts—what we might call pathogenic beliefs—over unattractiveness or the inability to relate well to others; men over incompetence, weakness, or sexual inadequacy. Because of the pressures in our society to be independent, and the punitive ways this concern can reach a child, people of either sex (but perhaps especially men) may grow up with a wounding sense of shame over being needy. They experience their neediness as a grotesque infantile deformity for which they will be rejected, abandoned, or contemptuously dismissed by others.

Such shame-filled beliefs about the self have a peculiar relationship to the truth. They may be totally false: we see this in the woman from a poor, uneducated family who grows up believing she's stupid despite her obvious intelligence. They may be a convenient cover for some other, deeper issue of shame or inner conflict: a young man who is anxious about his receding hairline and spends considerable time arranging his hair to conceal it may be fighting off more fundamental doubts about himself. Or they may have an element of truth to them: many people are, after all, fat, fraudulent, selfish, mentally slow, overly dependent. The mere recognition of a flaw, such as excessive fearfulness or irritability, or of a harmless but maligned difference, such as shortness or homosexuality, does not necessarily warrant a crippling level of shame. People have creative ways of dealing with things like that, and sometimes they become stronger as a result. But the pathogenic shame belief seems to block creative avenues. It is crippling, because it contains not just the derisive accusation that one is a wimp, a bully, a runt,

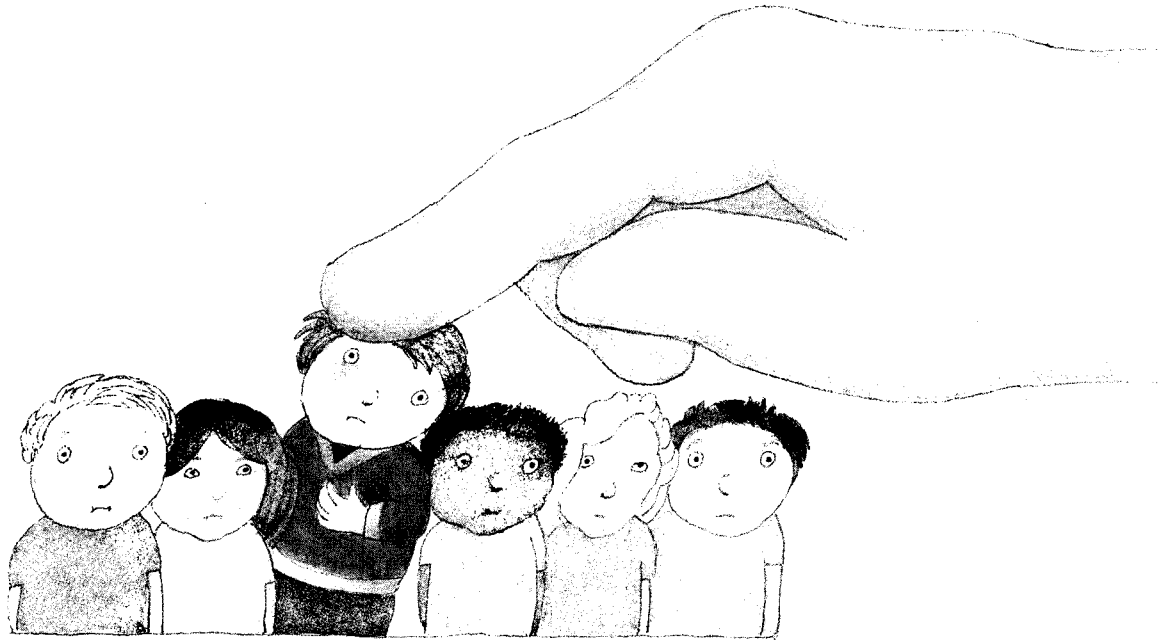
or a fag but the further implication that one is at core a deformed being, fundamentally unlovable and unworthy of membership in the human community. It is the self regarding the self with the withering and unforgiving eye of contempt. And most people are unable to face it. It is too annihilating.

Shame of this sort can be understood as a wound in the self. It is frequently instilled at a delicate age, as a result of the internalization of a contemptuous voice, usually parental. Rebukes, warnings, teasing, ridicule, ostracism, and other forms of neglect or abuse can all play a part. "A lot of parents learn that one of the best ways to bring about conformity is through shame," says Frank Broucek (*Shame and the Self*, 1991), a Kansas City psychiatrist, "sometimes by telling the child directly, That's disgusting, you should be ashamed of yourself. Or it may just be a turning away from the child, a shunning—it gets the message across." Many parents, because of their own unresolved anger, bitterness, or unmet needs, are unable to accept the child for who he or she is. They may want a child who's prettier, bouncier, smarter, more aggressive, more compliant, more charming. They may fail to give the developing youngster the appreciation and respect she needs, or they may create a climate of periodic rejection or pervasive disrespect that steadily erodes the child's sense of self-worth, making her susceptible to shame's ugly self-portraits.

Such problems can develop outside the home as well. We are born with widely divergent qualities and inclinations, and our environment does not always look kindly on various aspects of what we are. Feeling that one doesn't fit—like the kid everyone makes fun of and no one wants anything to do with—is a torment, regardless of the context. The identity of an effeminate or brainy boy can suffer in gym, at the bus stop, in a homeroom full of jocks, whereas a boy who gets his esteem mainly from athletics can feel subhuman in the society of intellectuals. The child internalizes the world's negative judgments, some part of him cringes in shame, and this sets off a whole series of defenses and compensatory behaviors.

Nothing, apparently, defends against the internal ravages of shame more than the security gained from parental love, especially the sort of sensitive love that

sees and appreciates the child for what he or she is and is respectful of the child's feelings, differences, and peculiarities. Nothing seems to make shame cut more deeply than the lack of that love. Parental attitudes affect the impact of the outside world in other ways, too. Some parents fail to prepare their child for the fact that others might not find him as adorable as they do. They may neglect to teach him good manners, may give him the impression that certain of his obnoxious traits are cute, or may generally assure him that he is the most fantastic



child who ever lived. They are, unwittingly, setting him up for shame.

The late Paul Frisch, a psychologist I worked with in the mid-seventies, noted that when a shameful self-concept is established, it is inevitably accompanied by imperatives and inhibitions, shoulds and should nots, that govern certain aspects of one's life and become complexly entwined in one's relationships. A boy who is ashamed of being needy may become a caricature of independence, unable to ask for help or closeness or even to feel those longings within himself without risking the disintegration of his self-regard. A girl who feels unloved by her mother may grow up with a nagging sense of shame about wanting and valuing others more than they want or value her and may establish relationships in which she is never the seeker, always the sought. A woman who secretly despises herself for being selfish may feel that she should not take, should not ask, should not calculate in her own behalf, and she may compensate for what she sees as her shameful self-seeking with rigid displays of generosity. No one must ever see that clawlike third hand reaching out of her pocket with "Selfish!" written all over it.

This phenomenon seems to affect everyone to some degree. Who can emerge from childhood without some susceptibility to feelings of defect, especially in certain

WITH THE COMING OF THE NEW YEAR, many of us resolve to find new and different ways to improve our lives.

Some of us decide to spend more time with the family. Others, to exercise a little more. But of all the resolutions you could make this year, none may be as challenging as finding a way to increase your spendable income.

For in these times of undeniable economic uncertainty (when short-term interest rates continue to fall), you need an investment that can increase your after-tax income and still provide you with an acceptable level of security. An investment not unlike the Tax-Free*

Value Funds of John Nuveen & Company.

The simple fact that our investments are free from federal tax means

you'll get to keep more of the money you earn. And we're now offering several new state Tax-Free Value Funds specifically designed to help some investors reduce their state and, in some cases, their local taxes as well.

We are also resolved to further increase your spendable income by carefully

researching billions of dollars worth of municipal bonds each year. Searching for those undervalued bonds that others tend to overlook. Not just because these investment-grade bonds

We all know
THE BEST
NEW YEAR'S
resolutions
are the ones
you CAN KEEP.

pay higher yields than bonds of a similar quality, but for the simple reason that they'll also help us provide you with a steady level of income in the future.

In addition, you'll find that we take a hands-on approach to managing our tax-free funds. Seeking to carefully select just the right combination of bonds in order to maximize your tax-free income over the long term, while still protecting your initial investment.[†]

So, if you have firmly resolved to increase your spendable income this year, ask your broker, personal banker

or financial adviser about the Tax-Free Value Funds of John Nuveen & Co. Incorporated. (Especially, our new

state funds that may be able to help you reduce your taxes even further.)

Or call us and we'll send you the information along with our free guide to the benefits of Nuveen Tax-Free Value Investing.

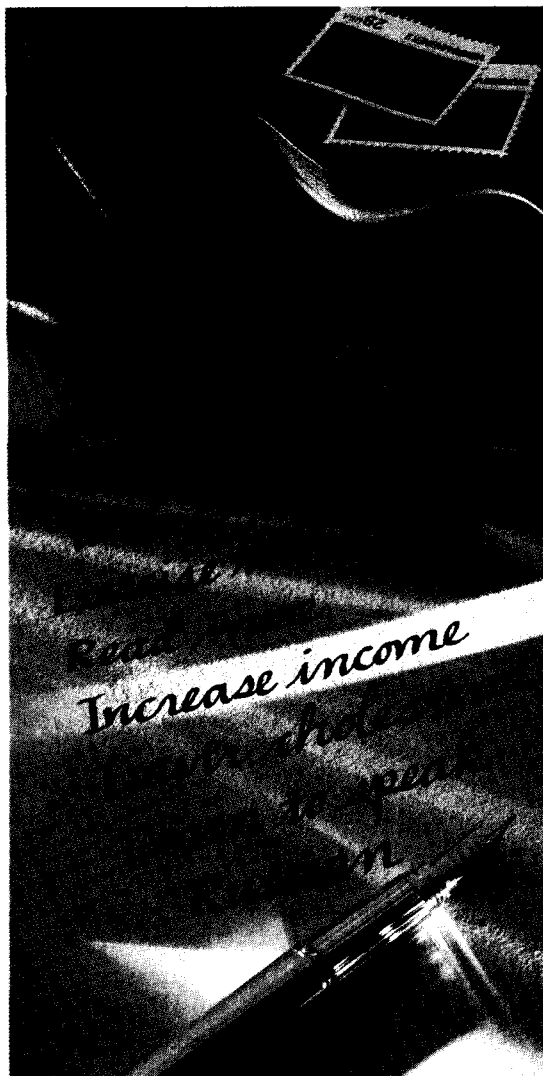
For more complete information on Nuveen Tax-Free Value Funds, including charges and

expenses, send for a prospectus. Please read it carefully before you invest or send money.

Call us at 1-800-395-7013

NUVEEN

Quality Tax-Free Investing Since 1898.



*Income may be subject to state and local taxes, as well as to the alternative minimum tax. Capital gains, if any, will be subject to capital gains taxes. †Investment return and principal value will fluctuate with the market, and your shares may be worth more or less upon redemption than the original cost.

threatening contexts? We all have shadow portraits of the self we'd rather not look at and habits of being we cling to in order to keep shame at bay.

The Mission

THOUGH THIS DYNAMIC IS PLAINLY CENTRAL TO emotional disturbance, as recently as 1982 a psychiatrist who considered himself an expert on the emotions could still find himself totally ignorant of it. "I had not had any training, anywhere in my life, that had anything to do with shame," the Philadelphia psychiatrist Donald Nathanson says. "No one in a case conference had ever talked about embarrassment or any of the shame family of emotions. Nobody was teaching this stuff." Nathanson, the editor of *The Many Faces of Shame* (1987), believes that a great many of his unsuccessful cases as a therapist were the result of his failure to understand shame and that many of his patients failed to profit because of his ignorance. He saw the same gap among the therapists he supervised. "Whatever we hadn't understood turned out to be shame."

Certain topics, when their time has come, seem to grip people with extraordinary power, all the more so for having been neglected. Andrew Morrison (*Shame: The Under-side of Narcissism*, 1989), a psychoanalyst in Cambridge, Massachusetts, describes the excitement of giving a paper on shame and seeing his peers' response. "There's something about it that captivates them and makes them think about their work in a new way. So it becomes sort of crusadelike for those of us who get it." The crusadelike quality can seem surprisingly intense: "I very much have a sense of urgency and mission," Gershen Kaufman (*The Psychology of Shame*, 1989), a psychologist in East Lansing, Michigan, says of his frequent lecturing and writing on shame, "because so many people have been crippled by it and it's been under taboo for so long. Shame is critical not just in treatment but in intergroup relations, ethnic relations, and international relations. If we are to survive on this planet, then we have to come to terms with shame." One of the first things Nathanson told me was that he was in the midst of a "jihad," his goal "nothing less than to change the whole culture of psychiatry." Nathanson feels so strongly about the rediscovery of shame that he believes everyone practicing psychotherapy should now be retrained. "Psychotherapy is like the automobile industry that has a major defect in its product. We ought to recall our product and retool in the name of shame."

What such a retooling would look like is difficult to say, since experts disagree as much on treatment procedure as on everything else about this suddenly compelling topic. The shame theorists represent many divergent views, and no single organized body of accepted ideas has yet evolved, with each theorist building methodically on the work of his or her predecessors. But where treatment is concerned, certain broad approaches seem to be favored:

a greater sensitivity to shame, which often lies hidden like a sore that the patient does not want to expose; increased care on the part of the therapist not to aggravate shame by using it as a tool to promote change; an effort to help the patient see the connection between shame and its ramifications, such as rage, obsessiveness, or overeating; and a more empathic, accepting posture toward the patient, especially when needed in order to make up for what parents failed to provide. One of the important results of such therapeutic adjustments is the creation of a safe haven where the patient is able speak the terrible "truths" he harbors about himself. Putting shame into words appears to be a critical first step in freeing oneself of its damning logic.

The shame theorists are now attempting to redefine diagnostic categories to take fuller account of shame's role. Narcissistic personality disorder is a major target. One of the premier diagnoses of our times, narcissism is a reflection not only of an apparent trend in mental illness but also of the strains and distortions in the lives of essentially healthy people. Although it has long been associated with grandiosity, self-adoration, and an annoying attitude of entitlement, many therapists now believe that the emotional fragility of the narcissistic personality is based on shame. Narcissists must be wonderful and adored or else they are less than nothing. No amount of success seems able to fill the inner void, except momentarily.

"Unless they control *everything*," the Chicago analyst Michael Basch says of people with narcissistic tendencies, "the old sense of shame gets reactivated. We see it in the winter: we read stories in the newspaper where when the car won't start, someone takes out a pistol and shoots his car! That's to compensate for the shame: I don't work. I can't make it happen. Or, if the kid flunks a course in school, the parent gets enraged, because the child is an extension of himself, and when the child doesn't get an A, that means to the parent, I'm worthless, and everybody will know it."

Many forms of depression are now believed to have a far greater component of shame than has been understood before. "It used to be that all the old writing on depression emphasized guilt," Frank Broucek says. "But guilt is much less prominent in most depressions I see than shame. Feelings of failure, inadequacy, not being loved enough or not being successful in personal relationships—all these shame issues generate depression."

Guilt Is About Transgression; Shame Is About the Self

EVER SINCE THE PUBLICATION OF DARWIN'S CLASSIC *The Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals* (1872), the first important scientific exploration of the subject, psychologists have been grappling with the concept of emotion. They've gradually concluded that emotion is a complex web of physiologi-

If guilt is about behavior that has harmed others, shame is about not being good enough. Shame is often, of course, triggered by something you have done, but in shame, the way that behavior reflects on you is what counts.

ical response, overt behavior, facial expression, and cognition. The primary emotions, such as anger, joy, disgust, interest, fear, sadness—essentially the feelings that small children experience before they have the capacity to enrich them with meanings—do not include fully developed shame or guilt. Some researchers believe that the primitive shame affect does not emerge until about seven months, and that only at eighteen months, when children are able to reflect on themselves as separate entities, do they first feel shame as negatively affecting their self-concept. Not until later, when we internalize our parents' standards, are we able to experience the full emotional impact of shame and guilt.

Except for the thoughts that are associated with them, shame and guilt are similar (perhaps even identical) and easily confused. The same experience can arouse both guilt and shame, or guilt in one person and shame in another, based on their psychological and cultural makeup. In psychoanalytic literature the pathological potential of shame has long been overshadowed by a kind of reverence for guilt. Guilt has so strongly dominated—indeed, the word is often misused in place of “shame”—that to this day many professionals would be hard-pressed to distinguish between the two. Therefore, some definitions (not universally accepted but gaining authority) are in order:

Guilt is the anxious self-reproach you experience after you sleep with a friend's spouse, cheat your brother out of his inheritance, or stand by as a colleague is fired for your error. In the grip of severe guilt, you feel tormented by the idea of a debt that must be repaid, and until atonement of some kind is made, life itself may seem suspended.

Guilt becomes pathological when it enters the realm of the irrational, when it is imbedded in you as a child, such that you persistently feel responsible for damage you never did. Freud saw this as the origin of neurosis: it is the unfortunate outcome of the child's innate drives and wishes and, particularly, a faulty passage through the treacherous oedipal straits. We want what we want, and if Daddy is in the way of our lasting and exclusive union with Mommy, then surely he can be put out of the way. Sometimes the evil wishes we harbor toward the same-sex parent burden us with a lasting and unresolved guilt, almost as if we had indeed done an injury.

If guilt is about behavior that has harmed others, shame is about not being good enough. Shame is often, of

course, triggered by something you have done, but in shame, the way that behavior reflects on you is what counts. Shameful behavior is thus often a victimless crime; and shame itself is less clearly about morality than about conformity, acceptability, or character. To be ashamed is to expect rejection, not so much because of what one has done as because of what one is.

One of the things that has made shame so hard to grasp, and kept it in the shadow of other concepts, is the number of ways in which a person can feel not good enough, which for a long time seemed unrelated. Normal shame—the everyday embarrassments and humiliations that we feel for ourselves and others—arises from several sources: rejection, failure, impropriety. It typically includes a feeling of having crossed a forbidden boundary or becoming inappropriately exposed or tainted with the unclean: you burp loudly at a polite gathering, you're caught reading over a stranger's shoulder as she writes in her diary, you're too familiar when addressing someone of greater status or age, you enter a synagogue without a hat, you discover a wet spot on your pants after urinating, your child throws a fit in the movies. These can be uncomfortable moments, but for most people they pass. Pathological shame is an irrational sense of defectiveness, a feeling not of having crossed to the wrong side of the boundary but of having been born there.

“The gross difference between the two states,” said the late Helen Block Lewis, who was the first person to study shame and guilt empirically in a clinical setting, “is that shame is about the self. We say, I am ashamed of *myself*. I am guilty *for* something. Guilt is out there in the real world, something you did or something you thought that you shouldn't have thought. Shame is only about the self.”

For guilt one can find a solution. One needs to make amends. “What does shame require?” Lewis asked. “That you be a better person, and not be ugly, and not be stupid, and not have failed? The only thing that suits it at this moment is for you to be nonexistent. That's what people frequently say. I could crawl through a hole, I could sink through the floor, I could die. It's so acutely painful.”

In a discussion videotaped shortly before Lewis died (in 1987), she noted that shame is often difficult to separate from guilt, because one can trigger the other or both can be triggered by a single event. “They get into what I

call a *tangle*," she said. "Shame gets into guilt and guilt gets into shame and, whichever way, the person can't get out. In the forties, when I was training, we called it a chronic state of guilt. It's guilt, too, but the role of shame in the whole mess has been underestimated."

An Evasion?

LAURA (NOT HER REAL NAME) IS A FORTY-ONE-year-old single woman whose closest male friends are almost all homosexual. While waiting for a suitable marriage partner, she has created a social life that includes female friends, couples, and gays. Straight men occasionally enter her life in the form of debilitating obsessions. They are invariably men—her psychotherapist, her married supervisor—who are completely uninterested in pursuing a relationship with her. "Maybe I'm just a fag hag," she says, shrugging. "I like being with gay men."

The presence of a man with whom a lasting relationship might be possible triggers in Laura a latent and unconscious shame. The wound was largely inflicted by her seductive father, who became overwhelmed and disgusted by his desire for her and turned his disgust on his daughter. Her precocious sexuality, which her father had helped to promote—a sexuality that remains vibrant but is sadly quarantined—became tainted for her.

Within limits, and handled appropriately, a parent's sexual feeling for a child is usually a healthy, energizing

aspect of the relationship, which builds rather than undermines self-esteem. But in Laura's case, as pleasurable as her father's attention was, it went a little too far, subtly violating her boundaries and flooding her with feelings that she was not ready for and wasn't sure were right. For that reason alone, her sexuality can sometimes have a shameful, discomfiting sense of exposure associated with it. Even as a child, Laura could sense some of the guilt her father felt for letting his feelings for her flow so strongly at the expense of his relationship with his wife, and this, too, helped contribute to her sense of sexual wrongness. But his subsequent rejection, while she kept reaching out, was the major source of damage. Even to think now about making herself attractive to a man causes the old shame to crowd her consciousness with sneers of "Dirt!" "Slut!" and "Needy thing!"

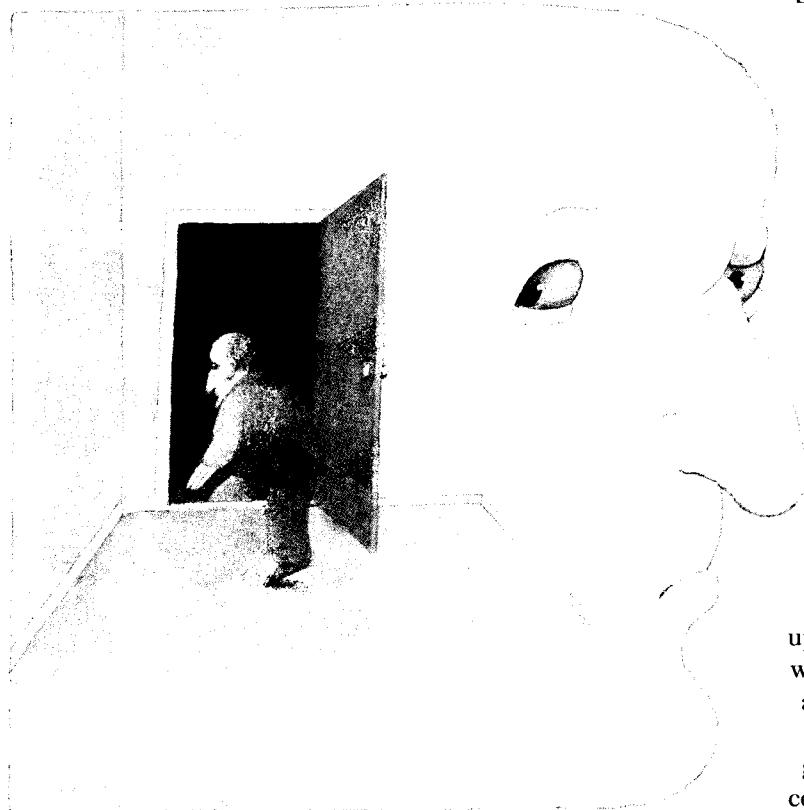
Laura's mother, angry and jealous, removed herself early on and stood aside during this ordeal. As a result, Laura unconsciously came to believe that she was unworthy of the care and protection her mother might have given her. Today she incorporates both her father's contempt and her mother's neglect, so that a life in which many of her fundamental needs go unmet seems normal to her.

Past analyses of Laura's conflicts might have focused on her rage toward men, on the guilt she feels about incestuous wishes toward her father, or on the guilt she feels toward her mother for having monopolized her father's desire. The importance of these themes should not be underestimated. Neurotic guilt could cause Laura to

become preoccupied with making reparations—not only to her father or mother but to anyone who doesn't treat her well. It could distort her work life, making her feel that her only legitimate role is slaving to help others. But the issue of shame, which might easily be disregarded, is equally important.

A treatment that was sensitive to shame would give Laura the opportunity to articulate attitudes and feelings about herself that she has always kept hidden and to examine them anew. To express a shunned feeling of shame can be like emerging from a harsh, self-imposed regime where the voice of contempt rules without check and where the self lives as a second-class citizen.

The therapist's sympathetic stance might gradually enable Laura to be a kinder parent to herself, not only by stopping some of the deprivations that she unthinkingly inflicts upon herself but also by looking at her pain the way she might look at a hurting child rather than at a loathsome adult. Without this aspect of treatment, no matter how much insight she gained, she might still leave with a nagging, unconscious sense of defect.



One of the unanswerable questions in any debate about trends in treatment is how, exactly, the majority of therapists actually work. From my own experience in therapy and from what I've learned of the work of innovative analysts, I am convinced that good therapists have always worked with shame to some extent. It may not have been named, but the sensitivity to it was there and so was the healing power. Treating painful, hidden feelings of defect is an intuitive aspect of the therapist's job. Jacob Arlow, a prominent classical analyst who has written sensitively on subjects that many would now classify under the heading of shame (although he himself does not), believes that a lot of the fuss about shame today is largely semantic ("Most conflicts in analysis are definitional"). He argues that much of what is now being called shame has not been overlooked by more orthodox Freudians but has simply been called by other names, mainly "guilt." (Other terms include "inferiority feelings," "embarrassment," "narcissistic injury," "social anxiety.") The new theorists, on the other hand, believe that shame fell through the cracks of the old theoretical models and that those who worked successfully with shame in the past were a tiny minority, the creative few whose practice did not always reflect the official canon and who rarely wrote about this aspect of their work.

For many years psychoanalysis had a strongly masculine, scientific, individualistic bent; it seemed much more comfortable with a careful emotional neutrality that would enable the patient to heal himself than with warmth and receptivity. Since the forties and fifties a group of British analysts, known as object-relations theorists, have favored taking a more empathic, maternal stance toward patients, a position that was strongly echoed by the innovative analyst Heinz Kohut and others in the United States and is now a prominent trend. But for a long time, some shame theorists contend, most analysts were squeamish about being supportive or getting too close to certain feelings. They limited themselves to interpreting the patient's unconscious sexual conflicts, and, according to Michael Basch, "analytic work suffered tremendously" as a result. Shame theorists believe that therapists who lacked a natural feel for dealing with shame, who were rigidly tied to whatever they'd been taught, or who were defensive about their own unexamined shame, could easily, sometimes damagingly, evade the whole thing. Indeed, if anything has fueled the current interest in shame, it's the painful, disappointing memories that some of today's leading shame theorists have of their own experiences as patients.

"As I look back on my childhood," Andrew Morrison says, "it was loaded with shame. But I had a first analysis during medical school that was all based on oedipal conflict—competition with my father, guilt around sexual feelings for my mother. It was helpful but never really touched feelings of shame and inferiority—even though I kept trying to come back to them."

Frank Broucek, who wrote an influential article on shame and narcissism in 1982, concurs. "Shame has been the silent emotion in therapy, often unidentified by both patient and therapist. Psychoanalysts—at least when I went through analysis, about twenty-five years ago—didn't understand very much about shame. Shame was considered just a kind of neurotic hang-up that prevented us from being able to get in touch with our true instinctual desires and needs. I had a lot of shame issues in my life growing up, and I don't feel they were recognized or dealt with."

The very way analysis was often conducted in those days (and sometimes still is) only made matters worse. "There was something shame-aggravating about the whole process, the whole nature of the psychoanalytic setup—the distant, aloof, anonymous analyst, the poor bleeding patient on the couch; if you wanted to design a human relationship to elicit as much shame as possible, you couldn't design one better than that!"

Broucek argues that when the therapist is reluctant to deal with shame issues, it is almost impossible for the patient, even in the unlikely event that he is not colluding in the evasion, to bring the topic around. "The thing about shame is, one tends to deny it to oneself. It would be simpler if I knew then what I know now about shame, but back then nobody talked about it and there was nothing to read about it. Besides, as a patient you don't feel like an authority on anything. You're feeling very inadequate, inferior, and you're not likely to challenge anyone's point of view. You're apt to submissively accept whatever's being offered, even if it doesn't feel right at some level."

Even writing about shame is difficult, especially in social-science prose. Shame is melodramatic. It strikes at our sense of humanness, fostering images of ourselves as animals, bugs, or things. And it has a contagious quality, not only because it is considered shameful to look upon another's shame, but because it makes our own shame demons restive.

To the extent that professionals have avoided discussing shame, this may help account for it, as would certain shame-averse trends in the culture. "People are ashamed of being ashamed," Thomas Scheff says. "So we don't talk about it, we don't express it, and we don't acknowledge it. We say we're uncomfortable, or 'It was an awkward moment'—these are code words for shame."

Helen Block Lewis: It's Right There in the Session!

"THE FIRST THING THAT ALERTED ME THAT something was missing in our psychoanalytic theory," Helen Lewis said, "was the relatively few but very disturbing cases in which there had been a good analysis, the patients were happy, I was happy, we shook hands, that was it; but a

couple of months—sometimes it was a couple of years—later, the patient showed up. The good results had vanished.”

In each case a painful life event had intruded. “But one would have thought,” Lewis said, “that the person might have been strengthened against the return of neurosis. And what seemed so awful to me, as I listened now to what they were saying, they had an improved vocabulary of self-denigration! Masochistic, narcissistic—I used to shudder at what they were saying about themselves.”

A shy, warm woman with a stubborn intellect and a powerful impact on the people with whom she worked, Lewis realized, as she considered these often angry and hostile returning patients, that something had not been analyzed, and it occurred to her that it might be shame.

Lewis had been doing research in cognitive styles with the psychologist H. A. Witkin during the forties and fifties. During the sixties they devised a study to determine whether people with a certain cognitive style would be more prone to shame than guilt. In examining the transcripts of the 180 therapy sessions that had been recorded for the study, Lewis found something she had not expected—all sorts of shame-related incidents were going unnoticed, and the patients were developing new troubles as a result (“I could watch symptoms form as I read”). These problems confirmed her suspicions about what had happened to the angry patients who returned to her after supposedly being cured.

Shame, she decided, was a fundamental aspect of the patient-therapist relationship. “However good your reasons for going into treatment, so long as you are an adult speaking to another adult to whom you are telling the most intimate things, there is an undercurrent of shame in every session.” She argued that such shame, if unanalyzed or bypassed, would remain unconscious and would come back to haunt the treatment.

Lewis began reexamining the published case histories of other analysts, including Freud, and discovered that shame played a more central part than had been understood before. She saw that many analysts not only overlooked their patients’ feelings of shame but worsened them with judgmental interpretations, often implicitly shaming them for failing in their adulthood.

Lewis then described a predictable sequence of emotions that followed such moments, in which shame was activated and then ignored in treatment. Hidden rage at the therapist comes first. But how can one be angry at one’s therapist, she asked—this person “who has listened to me, who’s put up with me, who’s said something that really relieved me when I was in a deep state of shame or guilt?... To want to push *that* one’s face in the mud? How evil can you get?” Guilt thwarts your rage. In humiliation, your fury points back at your self, and you sink into depression.

Lewis believed not only that analysts needed to be aware of this sequence but also that patients should be

educated about it. Her goal “was to train patients to be able to identify the state of shame,” according to the Manhattan psychologist Rachelle Dattner, who was supervised by Lewis. “Then you wouldn’t have to go through all the steps into depression. You would be able to discharge the feeling.”

In the classical Freudian view, shame is more primitive than guilt. Partly because of new work on narcissism, shame had come to be associated with developmental failures in childhood and with a defective self. Lewis, who believed that shame was an issue for everyone, questioned this trend. She believed that shame could arise at any time in one’s life. Abortion, incapacitation, infertility, disease, job loss—any failure or defeat could arouse it. And she pointedly argued that many patients diagnosed with severe personality disorders may actually be suffering “the sad effects of unanalyzed shame in the patient-analyst relationship.” She believed that shame, like guilt, was an innately social affect the purpose of which was to maintain and restore our closest attachments.

In the remaining years of her life Lewis carried her message wherever it would be heard, cautioning against the rigid, unfeeling styles of treatment that are anathema to shame-prone patients. Ester Shapiro, a Boston-area psychologist who was also supervised by Lewis, notes, “Like most people who are working on a new idea, Helen had this persistent, one-track mind. Everything came down to shame and guilt sequences in the therapy relationship. What was so extraordinary, though, was that it had such power. I no longer do any of my therapy without immediately assessing, the minute a person calls me on the phone or walks in the door, how they are experiencing the potential humiliation of being in a relationship with me where they have to admit that they are vulnerable and have to look to me as a person who might help to solve their problems.”

“I would say that Helen Lewis is the premier shame person of our time,” Thomas Scheff says. “Helen discovered unacknowledged shame, its prevalence, frequency, and significance. She’s like a discoverer in physical science. She noticed in these tapes over and over and over again that there was a lot of shame going on that neither participant was acknowledging.”

Scheff, who now teaches in the sociology department at the University of California at Santa Barbara, was a marriage and family counselor at the time he first read Lewis. “I did what I was taught as a therapist to do with anger, which is to let people express it, and I couldn’t help noticing that it never worked. But I picked up Helen Lewis’s book one day and I saw a sentence in there—she said shame and anger have a deep affinity. And I thought, Oh, my God, this is what all that therapeutic failure was about.”

In Lewis’s studies women came out more concerned with fitting in and more shame-prone. Empirical studies have since demonstrated that girls, even as early as at

CITE RESTAURANT LE TRAIN BLEU, PARIS

REMY MARTIN COGNAC SOLE USA DISTRIBUTOR PREMIERE WHITE MERCHANDISE, INC. NEW YORK, NY 10017-0001 © 1994

EXCLUSIVEN

REMY MARTIN est 1864



How Long Does It Take a Five-Year-Old To Get Ready For School?

Getting a child ready for school doesn't happen in a single morning.

How ready children are to learn depends on how well they've been cared for in their preschool years.

Children lacking parental attention, proper nutrition, health care, or stable homes are ill-prepared for a lifetime of learning. So are children suffering from emotional or physical abuse.

If we are to succeed as a nation, we must provide every child with the best start possible, by expanding prenatal, nutritional, health, and child care programs to protect and heal all of America's children.

In February of 1990, President Bush and the nation's governors adopted six education goals for America. Goal number one: "By the year 2000, all children will start school ready to learn."

Meeting that goal will require new commitments of time, leadership, and financial resources. And it will require immediate action at all levels. Either we make the required investments now, or we pay the price later, because many things in life can wait – but our children can't.

nea

National Education Association
1201 Sixteenth Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036
(202) 822-7200

eighteen months of age, are more likely to show embarrassment than boys, and that females in general are more likely to make the sorts of negative global self-evaluations associated with shame. But the more psychologists understand about the ways people can defend against shame, the more careful they are not to assume too much about women's greater susceptibility. Men, for instance, may be more ashamed of shame than women, especially given the performance pressures that are typically placed on them and the expectation that they will rise above fear, pain, and self-doubt. They may therefore be more invested in suppressing it, and this may be confounding the studies.

Lewis's landmark book, *Shame and Guilt in Neurosis*, was published in 1971, and was followed five years later by another volume that amplified her themes, but her work was ignored for more than a decade. As a psychologist in an era when American psychoanalysis was monopolized by psychiatrists (M.D.s), she was an outsider, and had to seek training from prominent analysts who swore her to secrecy. That may have contributed to her obscurity. In any event, not until the mid-eighties, when new work in infant research and increasing interest in the early relationships of the child suddenly made shame a more relevant theme, did the ideas she had been single-mindedly promoting among colleagues and supervisees begin getting broader attention.

The Recovery Movement

IF MANY PROFESSIONALS HAVE IGNORED SHAME, popular psychology has had a heyday with it. For the better part of two decades the self-help racks have been crowded with books about self-esteem—why you lack it and where you can get it. Some of the ideas are based on the shame-related concepts (inferiority, self-hatred) of Alfred Adler and Karen Horney, which their psychoanalytic colleagues largely ignored, and some on the thought of the cognitive therapist Albert Ellis, who was famous for such esteem-building slogans as “I will not should on myself today” and “I am not a worm for acting wormily.” The word “shame” was almost never used. But the concept was silently present, and millions of book buyers were paying to read about how to deal with it. In recent years the popular effort to cope with shame has reached something of an apotheosis in Alcoholics Anonymous and the “twelve-step” programs it has spawned, collectively known as the recovery movement.

That the recovery movement has raised the banner of shame should not be surprising. A number of years ago I observed a series of AA meetings as a clinical-psychology student and subsequently wrote a paper arguing that one of AA's main functions seemed to be the management of shame. People are deeply ashamed of themselves for drinking. It implies desperation and weakness of character and is freighted with memories of degradation. But

speak of your shameful habit before people who are sworn not to judge, who will welcome you, praise you, offer you friendship for coming out, who are just as tainted by the stigma themselves, and somehow the habit doesn't seem so shameful anymore. As you laugh with the others over insiders' jokes about the splendors and depravities of the diabolical juice, you feel transformed. Suddenly the defect that you've experienced as a private scourge becomes a shared problem.

In 1983 Gershen Kaufman, of East Lansing, whose first book, *Shame: The Power of Caring* (1980), had taken four years to find a publisher, was invited by a mental-health group in Minneapolis-St. Paul to give a one-day workshop on shame. To his surprise, some 400 people attended. “I had no idea of the sociological phenomenon that was happening in this country,” he says of the interest in shame. “They told me in treatment centers that my book was required reading for anyone going into treatment. I was astonished.”

The Twin Cities proved to be in the forefront of developing strategies for treating addiction, eating disorders, sexual abuse—all syndromes, according to Kaufman, in which shame plays an organizing role. “Bulimia and anorexia are largely disorders of shame,” he says. “People with those ailments feel at rock bottom that something is wrong with them inside. Sexual and physical abuse are guaranteed by their nature to produce excessive shame, beyond the capacity of the individual to tolerate—anytime the body is violated, that always leaves the person defeated and humiliated. Addiction is rooted at least partly in shame.”

Since the late 1980s “shame” has become one of the recovery buzzwords, like “codependence” and “dysfunctional family.” “The movement,” Kaufman says, “seems to be fueled by the attempt to unburden oneself of shame.” The shame that twelve-step groups tend to deal with best is what Kaufman calls secondary shame—that is, the shame of being an addict rather than the core feelings of shame that may have caused one to become an addict in the first place. “What these groups invariably do is dissolve the secondary shame immediately,” Kaufman says. “Any time you bring twelve bulimics together and they start telling stories, that's pretty much guaranteed. And I think that accounts for the power of these groups and the way they have been spreading and attracting adherents.”

The dissolution of secondary shame, so that people no longer feel like lepers for their disability, not only helps new adherents pursue their goals but can release surprising amounts of energy. (It also promotes a level of attachment to the group which some observers find troubling.) But, Kaufman believes, unless the members are also in psychotherapy, the core sense of shame is unlikely to be touched.

Merle Fossum and Marilyn Mason, family therapists in St. Paul, have described certain families as “shame-

bound"; these are often families with a history of addictive problems or physical abuse, or with a family secret such as suicide or bankruptcy. Such families, they say, develop a "set of rules and injunctions demanding control, perfectionism, blame, and denial" that leaves each member with a burden of shame and a style of relating to others that perpetuates that shame. In their book *Facing Shame: Families in Recovery* (1986), Fossum and Mason note that such shaming family systems typically persist for generations.

No one has done more to promote such ideas than John Bradshaw. Influenced largely by Kaufman's book, Bradshaw saw in shame the key to much of his life's suffering, and he has been writing and speaking on shame and related subjects ever since. His own book, *Healing the Shame That Binds You* (1988), and his PBS TV program of the same name have achieved great popularity. A former alcoholic, divinity student, and counselor, Bradshaw now

like I am"). He earnestly recounts his own debasement before he was saved by the knowledge of shame ("I was an alcoholic," "Tuinal and Seconal and Nembutal ... were my lovers," "I was a rageaholic"). He describes the paths that didn't work ("I tried all my life to heal my shame with doing. I was president of the class. I was the editor of the paper. I was on the baseball team. I was number six academically. And I was one of the sickest kids in the school"). He uses pithy aphorisms ("I'd become a human *doing*, I wasn't a human being"). He warns the audience of the evil of their ways ("We've got to stop shaming children!"). He asks them to be part of a new social outlook ("where it's okay to be human, where it's okay to make mistakes"). And he points them in the direction of hope ("If we're going to heal the shame, we have to be willing to come together and to admit that we feel bad, that we're hurting, that we're vulnerable").

Bradshaw, who defines much of his work as "healing

The shame that twelve-step groups tend to deal with best is what Kaufman calls secondary shame—that is, the shame of being an addict rather than the core feelings of shame that may have caused one to become an addict in the first place.

roams the country and the airwaves on a perpetual crusade, a Billy Graham of recovery, pointing his finger at the devil and naming it over and over in order to destroy its power: toxic shame, toxic shame, toxic shame.

Every popularizer is resented by the theorists from whom he borrows, and Bradshaw, no exception, is subject to the usual criticisms of bastardization, oversimplification, carnivalization, and (worst of all) non-attribution. But Bradshaw, who describes himself as the product of five generations of alcoholism, four generations of male abandonment, and three generations of "emotional incest," is performing a valuable service in an unusual role—he is a modern evangelist of emotional education, who has a gift for reaching the torrid inner experiences of the thousands of polite, well-dressed people who come to hear him.

In keeping with the evangelical tradition, Bradshaw uses every technique he can muster to grip an audience. He reminds them of their lost childhood purity ("Every one of us had this wonderful, feeling, vital, spontaneous life—and something happened"). He explains the cause of their addictions ("See, because to be inside of me is just too painful. So I've got to alter my mood"). He dramatizes their secret experiences ("It's like there's a hunter over your shoulder, and the hunter is always coming. And they're going to find out that I'm flawed and defective. They're going to find out that I'm not what I look

the inner child," is particularly captivating when dramatizing the plight of children, often by mocking the anxious parental voice with his machine-gun delivery: "Why can't you be like, why can't you be like, why can't you be like, you're never gonna be like! Don't laugh like that it's not ladylike. Pretty soon that little inner child in you just begins to shrivel and you become an act and a performance.... I know you don't really think that! We know what you think! The poor little kid's going crazy. You don't really feel bad! I know you don't really dislike your brother! I know you're not really angry at your father! What are you mad about—there's nothing to be mad about! What are you sad about—there's nothing to be sad about! What are you afraid of—there's nothing to be afraid of! This is sickness! It's causing broken, schizophrenic, addicted people."

The recovery movement, with Bradshaw's help, may have begun to give shame more impetus among clinicians. Among psychiatrists the word is still a shy newcomer, but it is finding its champions. Donald Nathanson, of Philadelphia, is one of the most prominent, having done perhaps more than anyone else to put shame on the professional agenda. Although he respects Bradshaw's contribution, he believes that Bradshaw has a narrow view of the subject ("Toxic shame to him is just demon rum; he doesn't understand that we're dealing with an innate biologic mechanism"). Meanwhile,

Nathanson is similarly captivated by shame, performing for professionals some of the same services that Bradshaw performs for a popular audience: he edited *The Many Faces of Shame*, which brought together for the first time articles by many of the current experts; he has written a new book of his own on the subject; he has worked energetically to integrate a number of different theoretical perspectives; and, like Bradshaw, he seems to be in perpetual motion, constantly in demand to speak on this hottest of hot topics, and, because of his great articulateness, achieving in the process a devoted following ("My wife says I have groupies!").

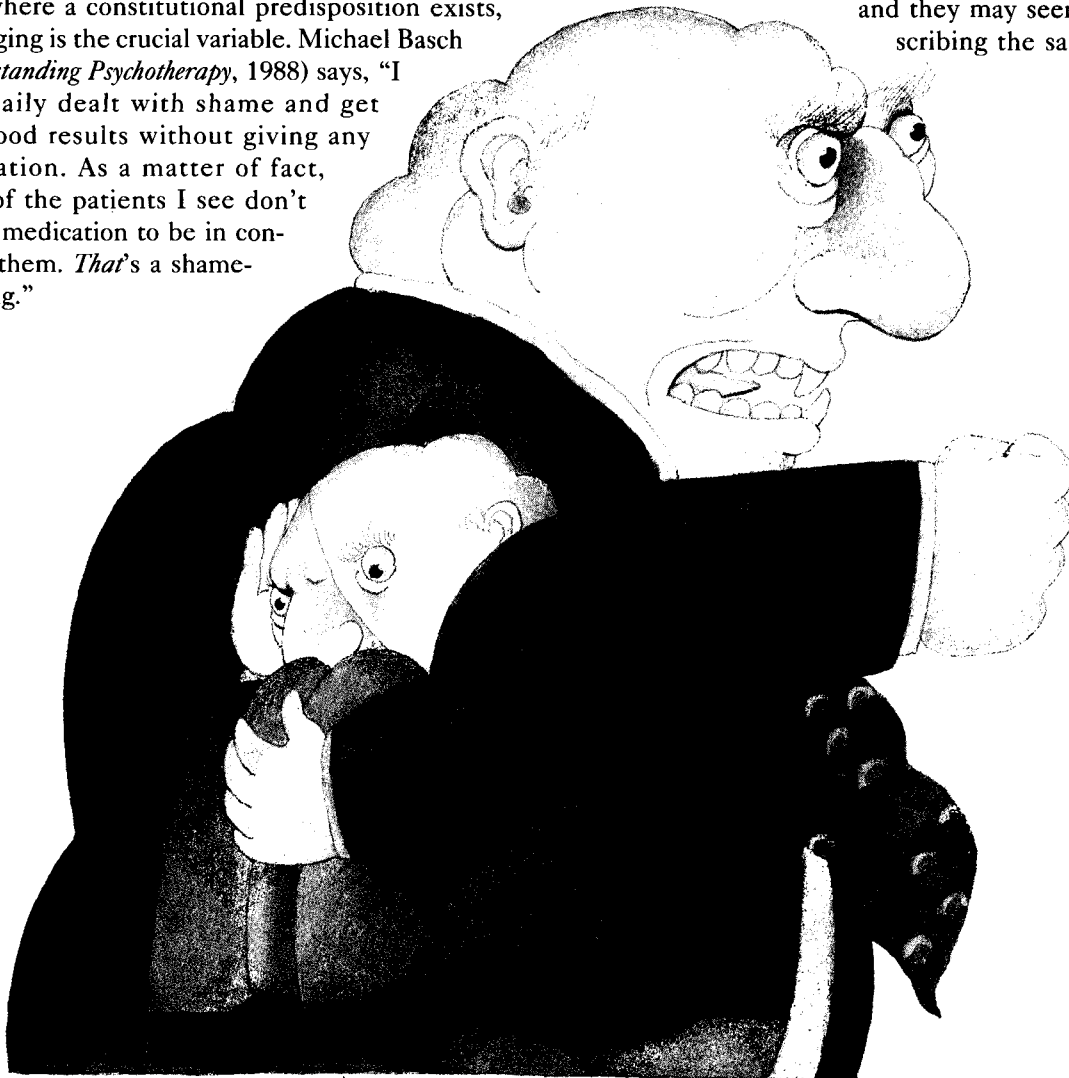
Nathanson stands virtually alone among the shame theorists in believing that a vast proportion of those who suffer from shame disturbances have a genetic or biological condition. He believes that alcohol is a powerful shame-relieving substance and that the huge popularity of Prozac is evidence that numerous people have a biological predisposition to experience shame, and that the shame they feel may have little to do with life experience.

Others vigorously dispute this. They believe that even where a constitutional predisposition exists, upbringing is the crucial variable. Michael Basch (*Understanding Psychotherapy*, 1988) says, "I have daily dealt with shame and get very good results without giving any medication. As a matter of fact, many of the patients I see don't want a medication to be in control of them. *That's* a shameful thing."

A Confusion of Shames

BIOLOGICAL OR PSYCHOLOGICAL, SHAME STILL strikes many as an odd concept to be gaining so much steam at this time. Not only has the word virtually disappeared from common usage but everywhere one looks dishonorable, indecent, and frightfully "liberated" people openly violate the standards that shame once guarded. It would seem more appropriate now to speak of shamelessness than shame. People expose their sexuality on TV, howl obscenities at those who would once have been considered their betters, cling to elective office despite the revelation of serious breaches of public trust, and greedily pen books about their misdeeds. How is it that in the midst of so much immodesty, psychologists have found us to be suffering from so much shame?

The answer seems to lie both in shame's confounding variability and in the fact that different eras promote different forms of shame. The problem is not just among psychologists. Bring together two anthropologists, theologians, or philosophers to talk about shame, and they may seem not to be describing the same experience.



air bags, Hugo Mellander believes, are giving people a false sense of security.

Mellander is head safety engineer for Volvo in Sweden.

"I don't think people realize an air bag is designed to work in conjunction with a seat belt and only in frontal impacts," says Mellander, "furthermore, frontal impacts account for only 36% of all accidents."

A How will a car react the other 64% of the time? In side impacts (20% of all accidents)? In rear end collisions (7%)? Rollovers (12%)? Multiple impacts (17%)?

"These are the questions people should be asking," says Mellander.

These are the questions the engineers of Volvo have been answering for over 60 years.

Volvo engineers pioneered crumple zones to absorb crash energy.

The 3 point self adjusting seat belt was invented by Nils Bohlin, a Volvo engineer.

Volvo began putting a steel reinforced passenger cage into all their cars not last year, or five years ago, but three decades ago.

"The increased focus on safety by the car industry and the public pleases us," says Mellander.

"Now that people have their eyes open to the importance of safety," he adds, "they should understand the differences between how car companies approach safety."

These differences have never been more evident than in the new 960.

A car that is years ahead of meeting government standards for side impact protection.

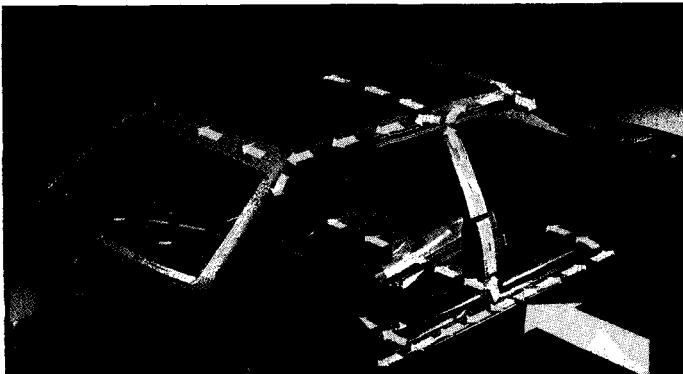
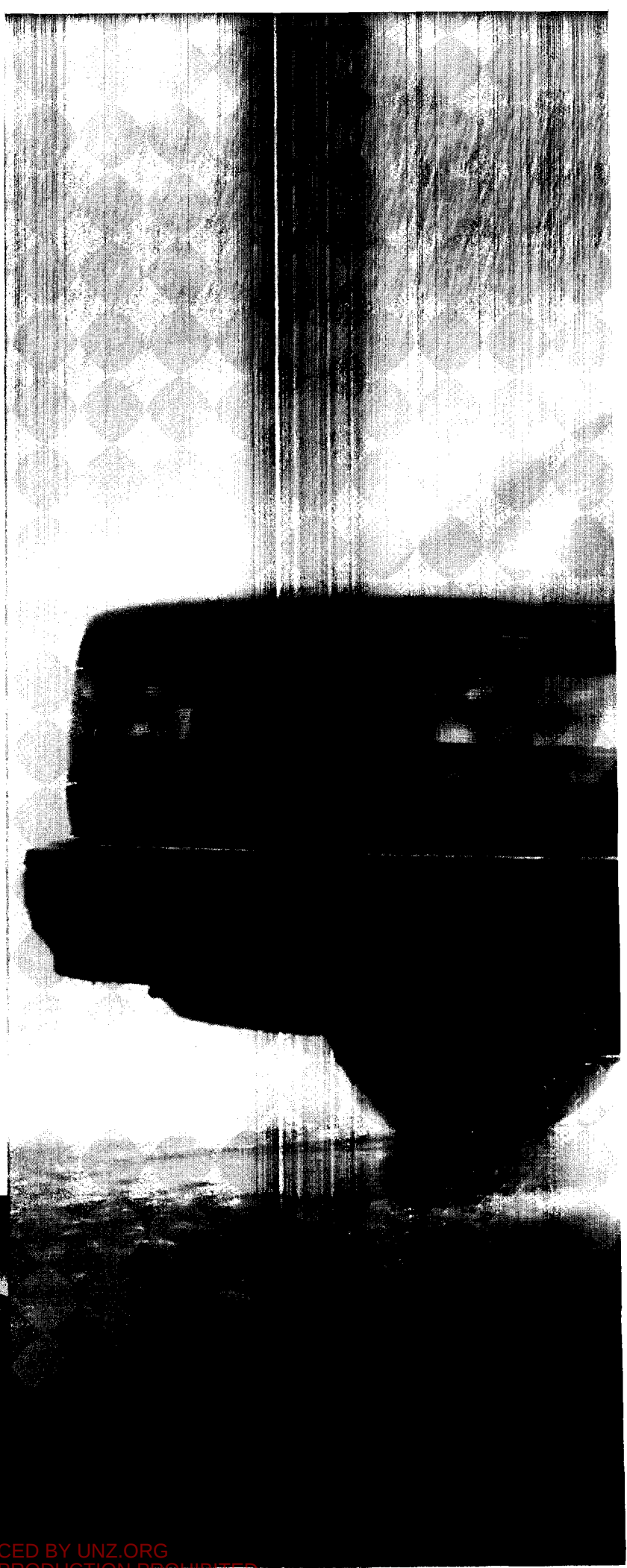
The first Volvo to have a 6-cylinder, 24-valve engine coupled with a sophisticated drivetrain adaptable to driving conditions.

A car that Mellander believes is the epitome of everything Volvo has ever learned about building automobiles.

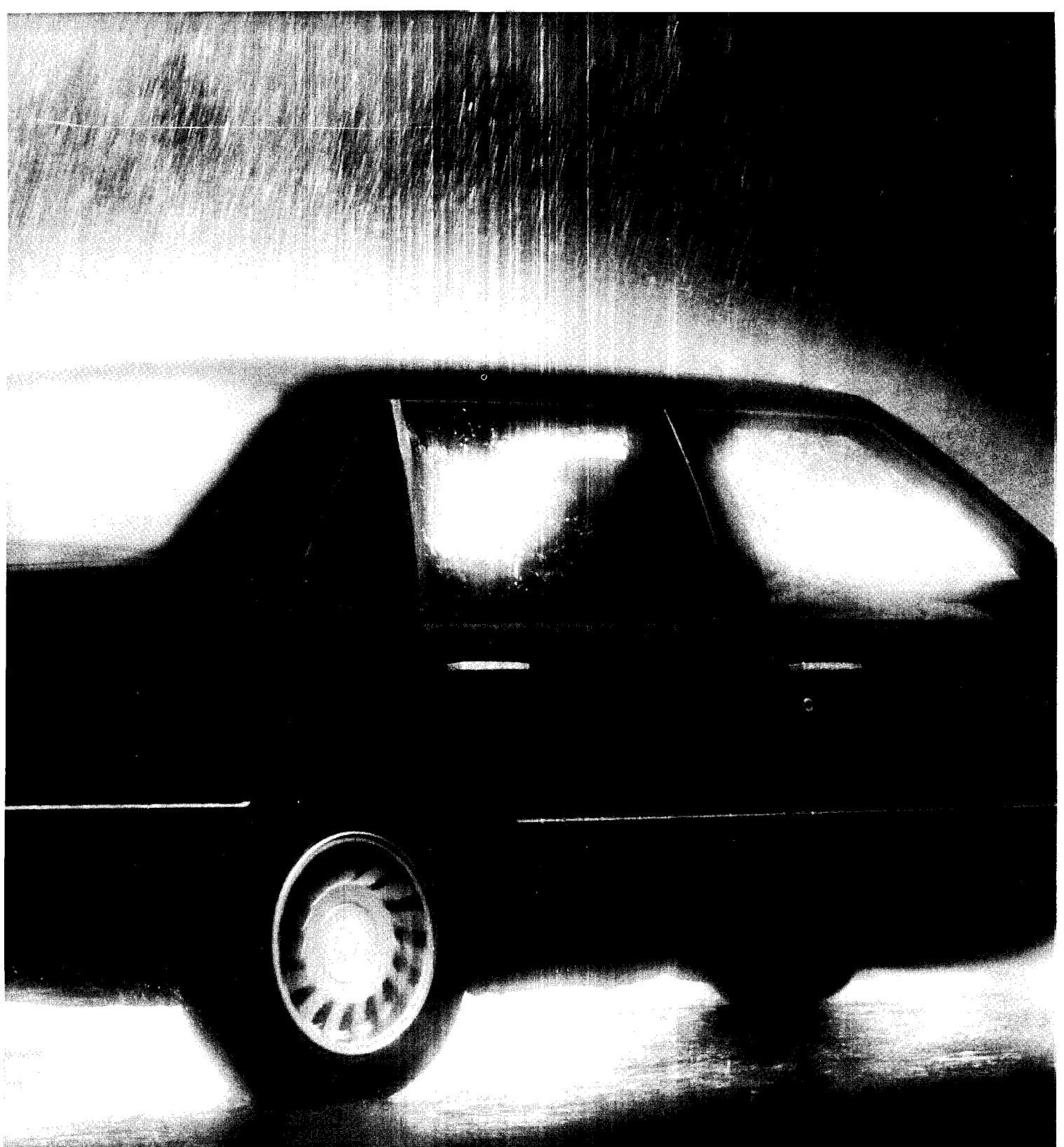
"It is the ultimate proof that safety is not something you can just add on to a car, but rather has to be engineered in from the very beginning."

Drive safely.

VOLVO



© 1991, Volvo North America Corporation.
Drive Safely is a trademark of Volvo North America Corporation.



**AN AIR BAG IS ONLY AS GOOD
AS THE CAR IT'S ATTACHED TO.**

In an attempt at clarification, I've divided shame into categories that reflect our varied experience of it:

Existential shame arises from suddenly seeing yourself as you really are—too preoccupied with yourself to notice that your child is sinking, too frightened of the opinion of others to stand up for someone you love, too wrapped up in your bitterness to allow yourself or anyone close to you to be happy. This kind of shame, although it reflects negatively on the self, lacks the quality of hopeless deformity that is associated with the shame wounds inflicted in childhood. As Helen Merrell Lynd wrote in her book *On Shame and the Search for Identity* (1958), if you have the capacity to reflect on the causes of shame experiences of this type, they become a spur to growth and the basis for a stronger identity.

This is obviously very different from the sort of shame one feels for having the wrong skin color or accent, or the shame that is stamped on one at birth because of one's social class. Such *class shame* is a function of social power, and it has bedeviled the underdog—the poor, the peasantry, ethnic minorities, women—since the beginning of civilization. The crippling self-hatred that class subjugation often instills can be alleviated by class unity and closeness (as in the traditional black church), by the mobilization of anger (as in the recent power and liberation movements), or by a social story that carefully gives each group, however lowly, a rightful place in the social method (as in medieval Christianity). The last method explains why slavery and serfdom can sometimes be easier to bear psychologically than more informal and hidden forms of tyranny. Because ours is officially a classless society, the blue-collar families described by Richard Sennett and Jonathan Cobb in their 1972 classic, *The Hidden Injuries of Class*, feel they have nobody to blame for their condition but themselves. They suffer a constant, nagging sense of inferiority, but it is not shared or acknowledged or mitigated by the intimacies and folk humor that flourish amid open oppression. In this way class shame crosses the line from social pathology to individual pathology, from a shared burden to the sense of personal defect that we've been discussing all along—what might be called *narcissistic shame*. This also occurs when the oppressed group singles out some of its members for special abuse, as when a black child is made to feel inferior by her parents because she has blacker skin or kinkier hair than her siblings.

Although it also reflects on the self, *situational shame* is usually a passing shame experience that arises from rejection, humiliation, allowing one's boundaries to be infringed, or violation of a social norm. Situational shame keeps us bathing regularly, dressing appropriately, eating with utensils, and able to work in close proximity to others without acting on every aggressive or sexual impulse. The power of social expectation is so great that to cross any of these boundaries is to risk a sudden shrinking of one's identity, such that a hideous, subhuman caricature

of the self—buffoon, ape, horny toad, snarling cur, cockroach—flashes before the mind's eye. As the sociologist Norbert Elias showed in his 1939 masterpiece *The Civilizing Process*, the niceties of Western society have all been instilled and enforced through (situational) shame. It serves as a fiery perimeter around social convention, accounting not only for our modern delicacy about urinating, spitting, breaking wind, and nose-blowing, bodily functions that were performed openly and shamelessly in medieval times, but also for many of the subtler responsibilities and obligations of social life.

Situational shame can sometimes harden into lasting social disgrace or stigma (Hester Prynne's adultery) or even an enduring private wound (the unforgiving feelings of shame that haunt a man who has run from battle), but the horrible inner portrait it stamps on us often comes and goes with no standing threat to the identity. Like guilt, it is in a certain way felt to be "out there." It is as if one had stumbled into a cesspool: horrible, but eventually the smell will go away. Even when failure to perform well leaves one feeling stupid, incompetent, or irresponsible, the stain on one's identity can be felt as temporary, soon to be a bad memory. *Narcissistic shame* is more than a bad memory. It never fully goes away. To "have shame" in this sense means to be burdened with a festering negative self-portrait against which one is repeatedly trying to defend.

Where Was Freud?

THE READER MAY BE WONDERING AT THIS point what on earth patients have been doing in therapy for all these years if not dealing with shame. People feel bad about themselves, they don't like themselves, they want to be different, they want to be more self-accepting. Isn't that what therapy is and always has been about?

Not exactly. The people who came to see Freud and his contemporaries, especially in the beginning, usually had overt and troubling symptoms. They suffered from some form of hysterical paralysis. They had phobias, compulsions, sexual dysfunctions. Freud found that these symptoms were caused by unconscious conflicts, usually of a sexual or aggressive nature, grounded in the oedipal period of childhood.

A few shame theorists are strongly critical of Freud, believing that in his focus on such conflicts he not only missed shame entirely but also misdirected the whole course of analytic thinking. But others, like Helen Lewis, argue convincingly that Freud's focus on sexual conflict was an inspired one, which has vastly enhanced our knowledge of both psychology and society. They insist that he was in fact quite aware of shame but that his efforts to be scientific in the nineteenth-century mode, and his focus on the intrapsychic development of the individual organism, as opposed to the more relational approach

EXPLORE THE *Legends of Jazz*



DUKE ELLINGTON



LOUIS ARMSTRONG



MILES DAVIS

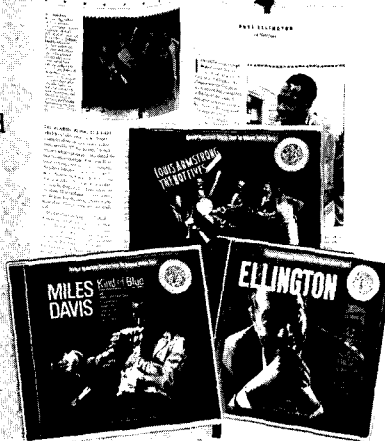
Thrill to the music that shaped America's most dynamic art form...on original recordings of landmark albums. Music from the legendary masters of Jazz...artists like Charlie Parker, Billie Holiday, Herbie Hancock, Count Basie, John Coltrane, Benny Goodman, Thelonious Monk — and of course — Armstrong, Ellington and Davis — and many more!

And in **Free** photo-packed booklets, you'll meet these master musicians, and sit in on their most spectacular recording sessions.

A true bargain, **The Legends of Jazz** program, from The Columbia Music Collection, is the most convenient way to build a library of essential jazz recordings on a risk-free basis, without obligation to buy a thing.

And it all begins with your first three landmark classics: Duke Ellington: *At Newport*, his biggest-selling album...Louis Armstrong: *The Hot Fives*, the historic sessions that established him as one of the greatest jazz artists ever...and Miles Davis: *Kind of Blue*, one of the most significant albums by one of the most influential jazz trumpet players.

They're yours to preview for 14 days risk-free. See the coupon for full details.



3 JAZZ CD'S OR CASSETTES

© 1991 Columbia House

FOR ONLY
\$9.95

(plus \$3.95 shipping and handling). It's your introduction to **The Legends of Jazz.**

THE LEGENDS OF JAZZ

Mail to: The Columbia Music Collection
Dept. 332, P.O. Box 1134, Terre Haute, IN 47811

YES! I want to explore **The Legends of Jazz**. I understand that:

- **My first set will contain:** Louis Armstrong, *The Hot Fives*...Duke Ellington, *At Newport*...and Miles Davis, *Kind of Blue*, PLUS my FREE booklet, for a 14-day Risk-Free Audition. I may keep them for just \$9.95 plus \$3.95 shipping and handling.
- **If I am not completely delighted**, I may return the entire set within 14 days for a full refund and you will cancel my subscription. The booklet is mine to keep no matter what I decide.
- **About every other month**, I will receive another set of landmark jazz recordings to preview Risk-Free for 14 days. I may keep them for just \$29.95 for 3 CDs or \$19.95 for 3 cassettes, plus \$3.95 shipping and handling. Or I may return all 3 within 14 days for full refund or credit, as applicable, or return just those I don't want for a refund or credit of \$9.98 per CD or \$6.65 per cassette.

• **I understand that there is no minimum** number of albums to buy, and that I may cancel at any time.

Please send my recordings in (choose one): ☐ Compact Discs ☐ Cassettes
779017 LZ LZ

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP _____

For fastest service, call toll-free & charge to your credit card: 1-800-782-5566
Note: We reserve the right to reject any application or cancel any subscription. Applicable sales tax will be added to all orders. Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

SEND NO MONEY • MAIL COUPON TODAY

JZ-01

Every popularizer is resented by the theorizers from whom he borrows, and John Bradshaw, no exception, is subject to the usual criticisms of bastardization, oversimplification, carnivalization, and (worst of all) non-attribution.

that has developed in recent years, kept shame on the sidelines.

Freud knew that people were ashamed of their sexuality and suspected that they might be ashamed of any feelings they were loath to acknowledge in themselves. But he seemed to take shame for granted. Shame came up here and there, but he often dismissed it as a "reaction formation," a mere cover-up for powerful underlying feelings that seemed unacceptable.

Freud touched on other aspects of shame too, and occasionally discussed feelings of defect. That he was sensitive to the phenomenon is evident in his injunctions regarding therapeutic tact. He had, as Lewis notes, an acute sensitivity for "what was happening in his patients' affective life and the means they used to conceal their feelings from themselves." But shame never achieved the theoretical centrality of guilt. Guilt became the cornerstone of neurosis. He saw the "fatal inevitability" of guilt as "the most important problem in the development of civilization."

"He was much more preoccupied in himself, as in his patients, with oedipal guilt," Basch says. "He dismissed what's so important to us today, the kind of character defects that we all have and we all wish we didn't, and that we're all ashamed of when they're found out or when we think of them in the privacy of our own minds."

His patients were different from today's too. "He tended to treat people," Basch says, "who, like himself, had a sense of who they were, where they were going, what was right and wrong, rather than people who had difficulty with their sense of identity." In treating these patients, Freud developed his theory of the psychoneuroses, in which guilt and guilty anxiety arose out of conflicts between aspects of the self (the rapacious id, the practical ego, the moralistic superego) rather than from fundamental questions about the worth or viability of the self. Although several analysts—Franz Alexander, who examined the interaction of shame and anger; Erik Erikson, who linked shame with the identity; Gerhart Piers, who extracted shame from its confusing definitional entanglement with guilt—did focus on shame to varying degrees, the concept did not catch on. It was a peculiarity, a sideshow, certainly not something that was seen as central to the suffering of the times.

Freud's chosen focus undoubtedly had a cultural component. Despite the social upheavals of pre-1914 Europe,

society was still stable enough, families, churches, and communities still strong enough, and values and standards still commanding enough to give people a solid sense of who they were and what was expected of them. In such an environment one worried more about duties and obligations to others than about whether one was lovable or had a right to exist.

Also, being less isolated, the self in a more traditional society was not the center of intense scrutiny that it is for many of us now. One derived a sense of esteem from one's associations. If people were unhappy, if their marriages were sour, if they developed physical debilities, they could more readily see these misfortunes as arising from outside. And even if they did feel that they were deficient in some way, the climate of belonging was still often strong enough to protect them from feeling like outcasts.

Although this more communal way of experiencing the self and the traditional bonds that protected it have slowly eroded over the course of the past several centuries, the impact may not have been felt in patient populations until relatively recently.

After the Second World War, analysts began seeing more and more of a new kind of patient. Rather than complaining of specific symptoms, he voiced vague complaints about himself and his life, about feelings of emptiness, lack of motivation, alienation, and meaninglessness. Rather than feeling neurotically guilty or excessively responsible for others, she often felt poorly connected to others. These patients were diagnosed as having personality disorders—schizoid, narcissistic, borderline—and they make up a huge proportion of the current therapy population. "The patient of today," Erikson wrote as early as 1950,

suffers most under the problem of what he should believe in and who he should—or, indeed, might—be or become; while the patient of early psychoanalysis suffered most under inhibitions which prevented him from being what and who he thought he knew he was.

This does not mean that anxieties about the self did not exist in Freud's time (or that they haven't always existed), or that many people today do not feel relatively free of those anxieties. But, inevitably, the renewed interest in shame has renewed old questions about the perils of modernity. At one end of the shame-theory spec-

trum, Thomas Scheff argues that the pervasive shame we experience over our feelings is evidence that our society is creaking toward extinction. "If a culture is any good," Scheff says, "it provides us with a format for discharging our emotions. Like the format for mourning—you do the grief work, as Freud called it. If, however, people are deeply ashamed of an emotion, as we are of grief or fear or anger, or shame itself, then you inhibit the discharge of emotion. That's what happens in modern civilization."

At the other end of the spectrum, Léon Wurmser, of Baltimore, who as a youth in Zurich suffered excruciating shame about his Jewishness in the wake of Nazi propaganda, and whose book is enriched with a broad knowledge of classical and modern literature, dismisses the idea that shame anxieties are on the rise. "If you go back in literature, you see how the fear of shame has been always there. You can read it in Thomas Mann, you can read it in Nietzsche, you can read it in Balzac, and you can read it as far back as the Talmud. There is always culturally a great fear of shame. To say that we suffer from this or that more is, I think, just a modern way of self-pity." Wurmser allows that the impersonality of our era and the sheer quantity of technological tasks confronting us contribute to shame anxiety, but he believes that these factors may be offset by the fact that "there is, especially in the United States, but in Europe now too, a much greater respect for the child, much less shaming of the child, than when I grew up, sixty years ago."

But if we go further back, to traditional societies such as existed in feudal Europe, where people had a secure (if imprisoning) place, we find that the self was on the whole more protected. Even Wurmser concedes this. Looking back at that era offers some perspective on the pressures we experience today.

In medieval times people were ruled more strictly from above, and thus had less need of inner controls. Their emotional life appears to have been extraordinarily spontaneous and unrestrained. From Johan Huizinga's *The Waning of the Middle Ages* we learn that the average European town dweller was wildly erratic and inconsistent, murderously violent when enraged, easily plunged into guilt, tears, and pleas for forgiveness, and bursting with physical and psychological eccentricities. He ate with his hands out of a common bowl, blew his nose on his sleeve, defecated openly by the side of the road, ate, made love, and mourned with great passion, and was relatively unconcerned about such notions as maladjustment or what others might think. Norbert Elias has demonstrated that in the post-medieval centuries what I've called situational shame spread rapidly, taming and civilizing the medieval passions, as a freer, more mobile society demanded that people be able to demonstrate to the world of strangers that they had their sexual and aggressive impulses on a leash.

Since then Western emotional life has been further

transformed by the pressures of the Industrial Revolution to be efficient, independent, and successful; by the expectations of the corporate workplace that people be smooth, positive, and unemotional; by the heightened self-consciousness and fear of deviation promoted by psychology and TV; and by the impetus that advertising has given to conformity based on happiness, youth, good health, and good cheer. When a man wants to impress a woman today, the list of inner and outer qualities he may feel compelled to display is truly formidable. He must be confident, articulate, sensitive, open, able to take criticism, able to take charge, and—not to be forgotten—original, spontaneous, sincere, and self-accepting as well. Given our anxiety about flaws, our uncertainty about the legitimacy of our feelings, and our lack of mutual trust, our modern psyches would seem especially fertile ground for narcissistic shame.

And that's what I would argue—that gradually, circuitously, as traditional, hierarchical, religious society has given way to a world shaped by the freedoms, insecurities, and loneliness of modernity, an important psychological change has taken place: guilt, class shame, situational shame, and the fear of authority have in varying degrees grown less powerful. They are no longer the chief forces around which inner controls are organized. Narcissistic shame has taken up the slack.

These changes are reflected in the assumptions parents bring to child care. "In the kind of upbringing people had before the First World War," Michael Basch says, "things were much more certain, people knew who they were and where they were going and had no hesitation in imposing their ideas on others, including their children." Parents today, broadly speaking, seem to be more insecure about their feelings and personal traits, less confident of their role as authorities, less certain of what's right and wrong—indeed, less likely to be anxious about ethical behavior than about appearances. They convey these anxieties to their children in a variety of ways, often unspoken, using facial expressions and tones of voice that can be more shaming than rigid commands or a swat on the seat of the pants.

"We've looked at our videotapes," Michael Lewis, a professor of pediatrics and psychiatry at the Robert Wood Johnson Medical School, in New Brunswick, New Jersey, says of his studies of shame in childhood. "Mom says, Oh, don't do that, that's awful." She seems to be voicing a negative reaction to the child's behavior and not to the child's whole being. But on closer examination Lewis saw that the mother's face showed elements of disgust, what he called "an incomplete-disgust face." What she was conveying, in effect, was, You disgust me. "We're finding that thirty to forty percent of mothers' prohibitions are accompanied by this incomplete-disgust face. And this is in laboratory situations, where they know they're being videotaped. I would say that the middle class, in moving away from physical punishment, utilizes more withdraw-

al of love. We think we have moved to a higher plane because we don't punish the kids, when in fact we may be humiliating them instead."

Lewis (no relation to Helen), who is the author of *Shame, The Exposed Self* (1992), sees a cultural trend toward increased shame, partly because of this subterranean style of rejection and also because "we keep telling our kids how great they are." He says, "We're using a lot of global evaluation, and we didn't do this earlier." Like other developmental psychologists, Lewis sees the use of global negative evaluation as tending to instill shame. But too much global positive evaluation may be risky as well, for it trains children to think globally, to make their selves the issue in whatever they do, and thus to be prone to both grandiosity and self-contempt, the Scylla and Charybdis of narcissistic disorders.

The Core Feeling of Defect

WHEN AN INFANT SEEKS TO ENGAGE A PARENT, when his coos and smiles and efforts to make eye contact fail, he looks down forlornly and experiences what looks very much like shame. The fundamental purpose of all affects, as the affect theorist Silvan Tomkins saw it, is to amplify or call attention to the situation that triggers them. "It's like the relationship between pain and injury," he said. "If we had no pain receptors, we could have injury and do nothing about it." Thus, when the baby turns away in disappointment as his mother fails to respond in the expected way, or, worse, as she reacts with anger or distress because she sees that he has just wet the new comforter, the baby's shame is an adaptive reaction. It keeps him from making a bad situation worse by continuing to seek attunement in the face of a hopeless situation. And because he eventually associates what he has done with the feeling of shame it has evoked, that feeling helps him to learn about acceptable and unacceptable behavior.

Psychologists disagree, of course, on whether to call these early painful feelings shame, since at this stage no self-evaluation is involved. But certainly dealing with shame and its boundaries is soon a constant factor in the socialization of the child, because standards and rules are everywhere, and he has a lot to learn in a very short time. From toilet training to eating behavior to how and with whom to display anger or affection, the boundaries of the acceptable are progressively narrowed. But the child does not necessarily feel personally tarnished by this training: the shame remains situational, not a permanent part of his being. And besides, he is showered with rewards for his efforts to change and for his achievements. He joins the A team, where no one throws food on the floor or makes in his pants. Meanwhile, ideally, his underlying impulses are not entirely suppressed. They are merely directed into acceptable channels.

But, inevitably, certain aspects of the child's emotional makeup cannot find an acceptable channel. What is he to do if belonging to the A team means that he must never express certain feelings? What if his mother turns icy when he gets angry, is unable to respond to his sadness, smirks when he acts disappointed, or lectures him whenever he's fearful or wants to be held? In such cases his very feelings become stigmatized and to a certain extent he is stuck with his shame.

A young woman is having some friends and acquaintances over for a rare brunch. Only six of the ten invited were able to come. The poor showing is a humiliation for the hostess, who is ashamed in front of the remaining guests: she fears they can see how unpopular and disregarded she is. The hostess does not know three of her guests well—they are acquaintances from her department at work—and they do not seem to be mixing much with the others. They are more successful people, "really going somewhere in life," as the hostess sees it, and now she feels a fool for having invited them, having reached out for people who have no interest in her. In fact, she is quite certain that despite their cordiality, they came only to be polite. For a moment the encroaching shame panics her. She finds herself talking excessively. She wants to explain, to be liked despite it all, to make the group coalesce into a successful party. She makes excuses for the food, for her decor—"It's only temporary." She feels bad for having betrayed herself like that, laughs nervously, hears herself laugh, suspects that her merriment sounds forced and unnatural. Her guests seem uncomfortable. She wishes the whole thing would end. Later, when everyone's gone, she's sure they're thinking, "Oh, God, that was really stupid."

This fictional experience typifies the kind of shame that haunts the life of "Polly," a young woman interviewed by the psychologist Susan Miller for her groundbreaking doctoral research on shame, which later became a book, *The Shame Experience* (1985). Polly is an archetypal shame sufferer. Although she harbors the hope that she will be famous and glamorous one day, she feels like a nobody. She sees herself as the sort of person who cares for people who don't care for her. If she doesn't react the way others do, if she hears a complaint or a harsh tone, she is quick to think, Uh-oh, something is wrong with me, my deformity is showing. Hers is a core sense of shame, a condition that some psychologists now trace back to damaging early experience.

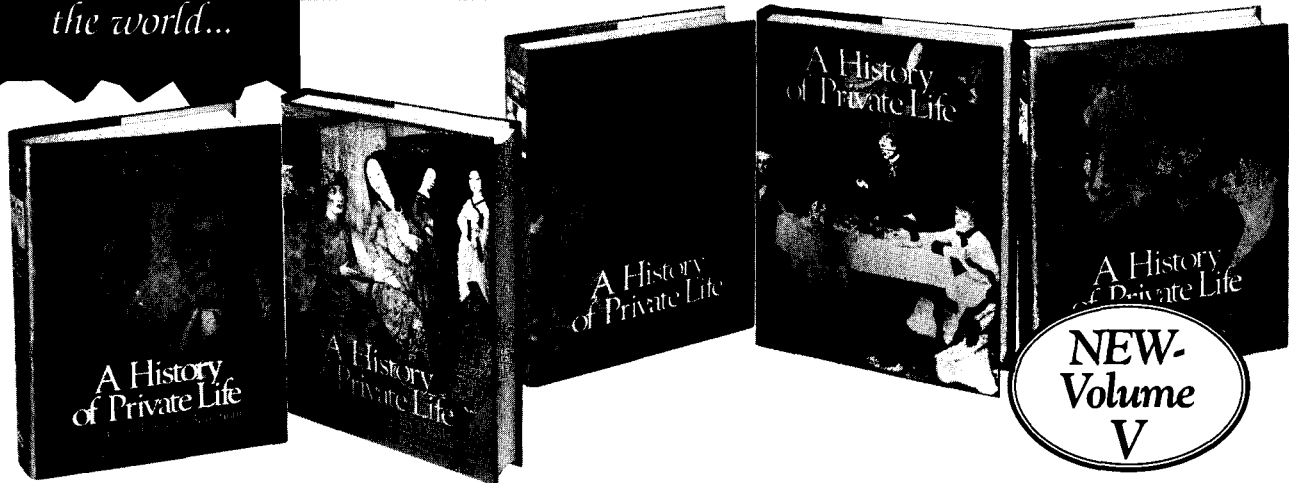
"The child's sense of being someone who counts," Miller says, "comes in large part from the parent's capacity to empathically tune in to that child." Without that consistent reassurance the child begins to doubt the value of her efforts to engage, of the love she is trying to give, of her very being. "Polly seemed to have had the kind of parent who in some basic way never saw the child, or saw a distorted image of the child based on the parent's own needs."



*Behind history,
behind every
public display,
lie the private
lives that shape
the world...*

A HISTORY OF PRIVATE LIFE

the complete five-volume series
—a \$190.00 value— for only \$19⁹⁵
when you join The Readers' Subscription



Enrich your understanding of history with a work of the highest scholarship, penetrating and provocative—A HISTORY OF PRIVATE LIFE. Edited by renowned authors Georges Duby and Philippe Ariès, this remarkable collection boasts contributions by such eminent historians as Paul Veyne, Peter Brown and Michelle Perrot.

"Here is one scholarly work in which the bathroom and the bordello figure as importantly as the storming of the Bastille or the defeat of Napoleon...A fascinating glimpse into the distant and exotic past."

—Jonathan Kirsch, *The Los Angeles Times*

Discover the intimate daily lives of the members of a pagan Roman household in Volume I, *From Pagan Rome to Byzantium*. Trace the evolving concepts of intimacy and privacy, and the emergence of the individual in the Middle Ages in Volume II, *Revelations of the Medieval World*. Delve into attitudes toward love and marriage among ordinary and extraordinary people of the Renaissance in Volume III, *Passions of the Renaissance*. Explore the splendor of the nineteenth century, the "golden age of private life," in Volume IV, *From the Fires of the Revolution to the Great War*. And unravel the complexity of family life, from World War I to the present, as personal identity is finally released from its moorings in gender, family, social class, religion, politics, and nationality in Volume V, *Riddles of Identity in Modern Times*.

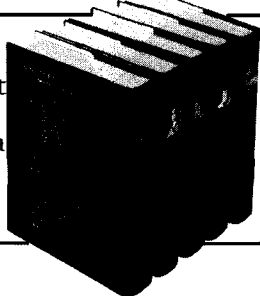
"Handsomely produced and magnificently illustrated."

—Keith Thomas, *The New York Review of Books*

This extraordinary series is breathtakingly illustrated with vivid full-color illustrations, as well as black and white reproductions of engravings and paintings, that reveal the mores of the times.

"An entirely new approach to the history of everyday life—that of a moral and psychological archaeology of the individual—a history of self-consciousness."

—Le Nouvel Observateur



The Readers' Subscription brings its members the best editions of the classics, including all of the volumes in the superb Library of America series, authoritative reference books, splendid art books, fiction, biography, poetry, and literary criticism—all at savings from 15% to 30% off the publishers' prices.

How Membership Works

In addition to getting the complete five-volume series A HISTORY OF PRIVATE LIFE for only \$19.95 when you join, you'll also receive discounts on books you choose to purchase. Discounts generally range from 15% to 30% off the publishers' prices, and occasionally even more. • Also, you will immediately become eligible to participate in our Bonus Book Plan, with savings of more than 50% off the publishers' prices. • At 3-4 week intervals (16 times per year), you will receive The Griffin, describing the coming Main Selection and Alternate Selections, together with a dated reply card. • If you want the Main Selection, do nothing, and it will be sent to you automatically. • If you prefer another selection, or no book at all, simply indicate your choice on the card and return it by the date specified. • You will have at least 10 days to decide. If, because of late mail delivery of The Griffin, you should receive a book you do not want, we guarantee return postage.

The Readers' Subscription

U-ZR8

A Newbridge Book Club
3000 Cindel Drive, Delran NJ 08370-0001

Please accept my application for trial membership and send me the 5-volume series A HISTORY OF PRIVATE LIFE (00140), billing me only \$19.95, plus shipping and handling. I agree to purchase at least four additional Selections or Alternates over the next 12 months. Savings generally range from 15% to 30% off the publishers' prices. My membership is cancelable any time after I buy these four additional books. A shipping and handling charge is added to all shipments.

No-Risk Guarantee: If I am not satisfied—for any reason—I may return the complete 5-volume series A HISTORY OF PRIVATE LIFE within 10 days. My membership will be canceled, and I will owe nothing.

Name _____

Address _____ Apt. _____

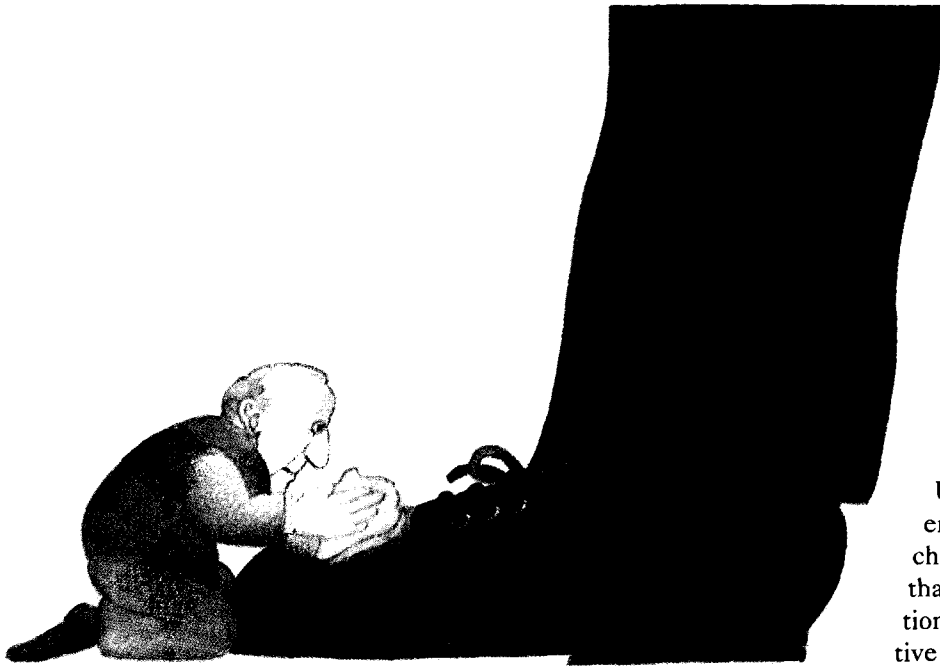
City _____

State _____ Zip _____

(Offer good in Continental U.S. and Canada only. Prices slightly higher in Canada.)

© Newbridge Communications, Inc.

Atlantic Monthly 2/92



Heinz Kohut had argued that the parent is a kind of mirror for the child, which gives her a sense of herself and her feelings before she has the capacity to achieve this on her own. "If there is no clear reflection," Miller says, "the self has a great deal of difficulty achieving any definition."

Polly's mother never provided this helpful mirroring. She tended to focus on details—the fit of the child's clothes, the smudge on the face, the posture—rather than on Polly herself. When she did attend to Polly, her actions seemed false, as if, in a way Polly could never articulate or even be certain of, her mother was not fully there. Insecure about her ability to draw others' interest to her, Polly developed a tenacious shameful self-concept—that she was inherently uninteresting. Unhappily, in Polly's case the concept contains some truth. Because she had only a tenuous faith in the validity of her feelings, which her parents had so disregarded, "she developed a very conventional, compliant personality, trying so hard to fit in with everyone that she would ultimately be chosen by no one."

Another early route to shame is the loss of one's loving identification with a parent. Learning that one is adopted, Susan Miller notes, is sometimes traumatic partly because of the loss of this comfortable association, of being one with Mommy and Daddy, part of what makes them big and strong. Suddenly the child feels shrunken back into his smallness. A similar and often more lasting loss occurs when a child sees one or both of his parents become tarnished as a result of conflict; when a parent is himself burdened with shame and acts it out in self-demeaning ways; or when some calamity befalls a parent, like a crippling accident or the loss of a job. Any of these unhappy life events can derail the child's sense of worth

by prematurely compromising his much needed idealization. Even later on, when the early need for idealization has passed, a child can feel diminished if the same-sex parent is continually debased by a ridiculing spouse.

Although shame problems often appear to be more damaging the earlier they arise, no one has any proof that early-childhood traumas are irrevocably wounding. If a child later gets the loving validation she needs, she may be able to overcome even a persistently shame-inducing experience. Unfortunately, most negative home environments remain negative; and the child, in trying to cope, develops traits that her parents find frustrating or objectionable. These may elicit a greater negative reaction and more feelings of shame.

What's more, a mistreated child will not only feel that he deserves mistreatment but will likely identify with the bad parent and see himself as bad on that account as well. He may also become filled with hatred and evil wishes toward a parent he feels he should love, causing him to hate himself for being that way. This process is only worsened by a parent who cannot tolerate the child's antagonism.

In any family the ways in which differences get worked out tell the child a lot about his rights, his dignity, his worth. Is he allowed to feel he's still okay when saying no, complaining, or expressing even the normal hostility or aggression that children inevitably feel at times toward their parents? "It's not that every baby has to be gratified every minute," Michael Basch says. "Far from it." But a parent needs to let the child have his emotion and respond to it in a reasonable way, to come through it knowing that whether he gets his way or not, he had a right to his feeling. "Basically," Basch says of such early experiences, "shame is often the response to emotion that is not being dealt with effectively."

Pathological Shame: An Emerging View

A COMPREHENSIVE PICTURE OF HOW SHAME OPERATES in psychopathology is not yet drawn. It may never be. Once grasped, the concept seems to change into a thousand shapes in one's hand. It grows from complexity to complexity until suddenly it seems to be everywhere—and thus begins to lose its particularity and potency and collapses into relative uselessness. Besides, emotional disturbance can rarely be traced to a single source. Numerous interwoven factors tend to be involved, and theoretical categories like "shame" don't always do justice to the reality.

A sustained emotional disturbance in childhood has ramifications throughout the personality. It can affect one's expectations of others, one's habits of being (such as obsessiveness or depression), one's ways of relating, one's treatment of oneself, one's very perception of reality. Damaging early experience can make one fearful, guilty, suspicious, or rageful, and such emotional leanings can skew one's life. Inevitably such experiences also distort one's self-image, in part by implanting shameful, bad-me feelings that, often on an unconscious level, help explain the hurts one has received and why they are deserved. And, as we've seen, these bad-me feelings can skew one's life, with inhibitions, addictions, complaints, and poses, all designed to keep the sense of shame at bay.

In treatment, the shame phenomenon requires a special sensitivity on the part of the therapist. The patient is hypersensitive about acceptance and abandonment and

To the therapist, the relative depth, relative intensity, and origin of shame will suggest particular treatment goals and methods. And so considerable debate is bound to emerge over the extent to which shame is now being identified as the core emotion in psychiatric syndromes. Precisely because shame has the ability to get into everything, some of its champions may see it as central when in fact it is peripheral. Some, for instance, disagree with Gershen Kaufman that shame is always at the heart of eating disorders, and Miller finds some of her fellow shame theorists a bit too quick to see shame underlying all conflicts around aggression. The causality sometimes runs the other way.

People sometimes inhibit their anger and aggressiveness because such feelings are shameful to them, but they may have other reasons as well. One may fear retaliation, one may be hesitant to compete with or surpass a parental rival, one may lack an adequate role model, or

As painful as shame is, it does seem to be the guardian of many of the secret, unexplored aspects of our beings. Repressed shame must be experienced if we are to come to terms with the good, the bad, and the unique of what we are.

uncertain of whether he can trust the therapist with his wound—a wound that, he no doubt senses, the therapy situation has great potential to exacerbate. The therapist must win over the hiding, shameful side of the personality and gradually help it to heal. Whether, however, the patient's shame is potent enough, as in Polly's case, to be considered the central feature of the disorder is another matter entirely.

Although narcissistic shame is just one causative factor in psychiatric conditions, it seems able to work its way into virtually any form of psychological problem, much as bacteria breed in an area of inflammation whether or not they were initially responsible for the inflammation. As soon as you find something in yourself that you dislike and wish to turn away from, as soon as you feel uncomfortably different or deficient, shame complicates the picture.

Various factors can intensify this feeling of shame even when it's not a core issue. If you've been conditioned to feel that you must be superior in all things, any imperfection may feel like a deformity. If you grew up in a household where differences and idiosyncrasies were routinely denigrated, you may be haunted by anxiety about impending shame. At the very least, such shame acts as a barrier, a resistance, to exploration, and generally it must be worked through before the deeper areas of conflict can be approached.

one may have a combination of these reasons. If a boy has a father who is unable to be forceful and is not on good terms with his own aggressiveness, the boy may come to feel uncertain and doubting about his masculinity and, at a certain age, ashamed of not having accomplished critical things, such as marriage, fatherhood, and career advancement. His inhibition may have other consequences as well, compromising his freedom to be himself with others and making him susceptible to shame for being weak, fraudulent, ineffectual, or sneaky. The inhibition of his aggression may contribute to periodic explosiveness and shame about that, too. But the problem that he ultimately needs to focus on is not shame so much as the unconscious and restrictive identification he has made with his passive father, an identification that has caused him to fail to develop the forceful side of his personality.

"The more difficulty people have allowing themselves to be aggressive," Miller says, "the more vulnerable they are to shame. But if you can work on what inhibits the aggression, the shame to a great extent will take care of itself." Miller concludes that "as people have been trying to give shame its due in recent years, there has been a tendency for the pendulum to swing too far, to believe that everything is shame and narcissistic stuff." It will probably be quite some time before enough research and theorizing accumulate to slow the pendulum and allow a more balanced assessment to take hold.

Cadillac Safety Exceeds The Standards

Safety Takes Shape. Cadillac Style.

The 1992 Eldorado and Seville meet or exceed the demanding safety requirements not only of the United States, but Europe and Japan as well.

It is the result of Cadillac's systems approach to safety, in which all systems are designed to work together to help protect you and your family. And it is the product of knowledge acquired by the largest automotive testing facility of its kind.



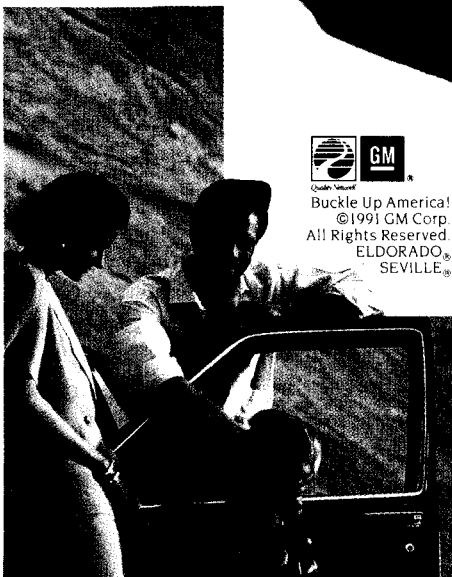
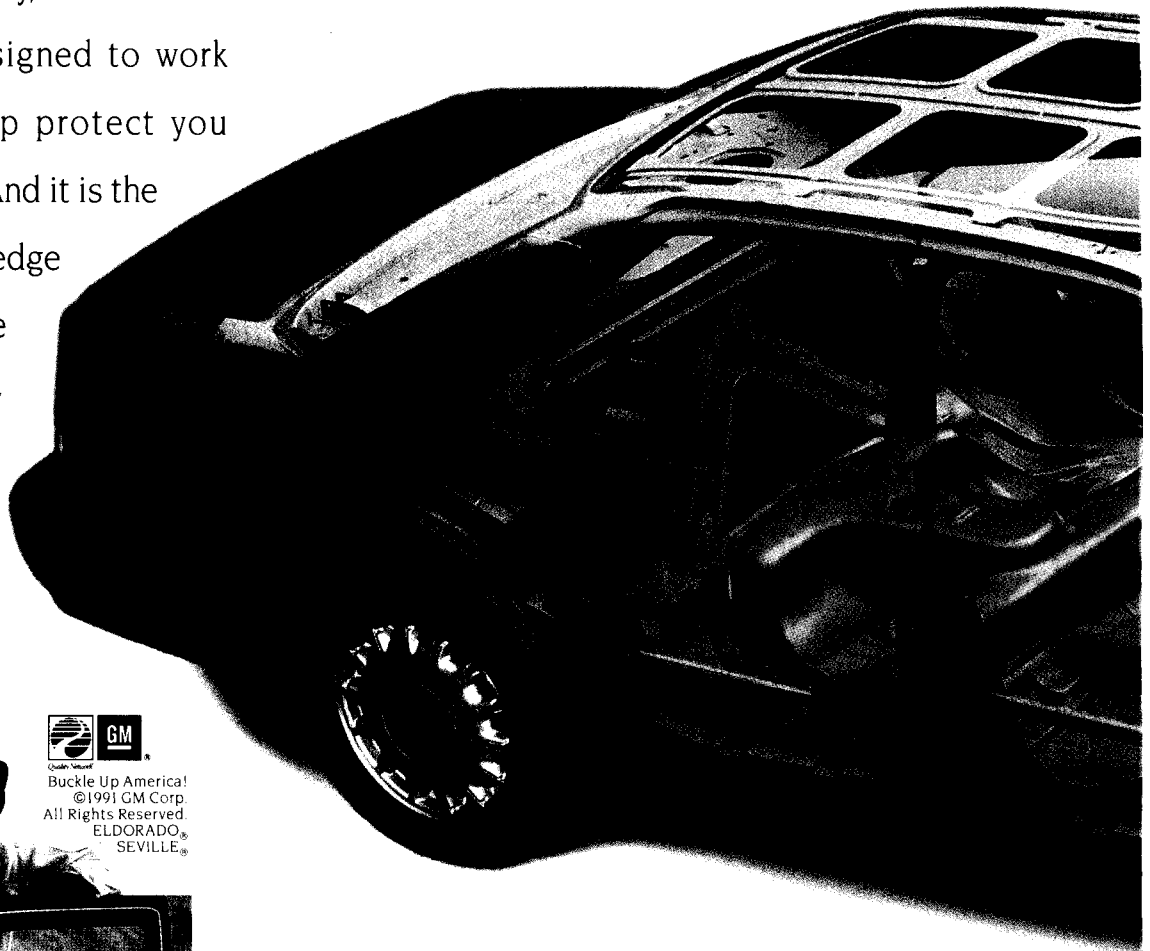
Rugged side guard door beams help the Seville and Eldorado meet federal side impact testing standards not required until 1997.



Fuel tanks on front-drive Cadillacs are placed forward of the rear wheels and suspension for protection in a collision.



Driver's-side air bags are tested with lifelike dummies sized to the 5th, 50th, and 95th percentiles of the population, exceeding federal requirements.*

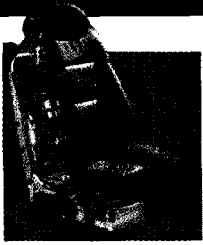



Buckle Up America!
©1991 GM Corp.
All Rights Reserved.
ELDORADO®
SEVILLE®

Please call **1-800-333-4CAD** for product literature and the location of your nearest Cadillac dealer.

**Standard on all front-drive Cadillacs. Air bag designed to be used with safety belt system.*

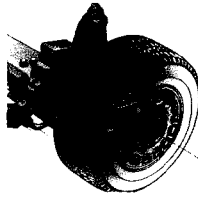
Of The World.



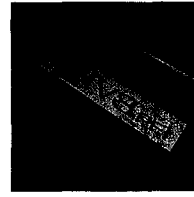
Extensive testing resulted in new front seats for the Seville and Eldorado which help keep you securely buckled during rapid deceleration.



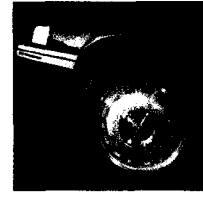
Interior surfaces on the Seville and Eldorado are contoured to meet European safety standards.



Speed-Sensitive Suspension, standard on most Cadillacs, stiffens at high speeds for a taut ride and spirited handling.



Every Cadillac possesses V8 power to help you pass and merge in critical situations with reassuring confidence.



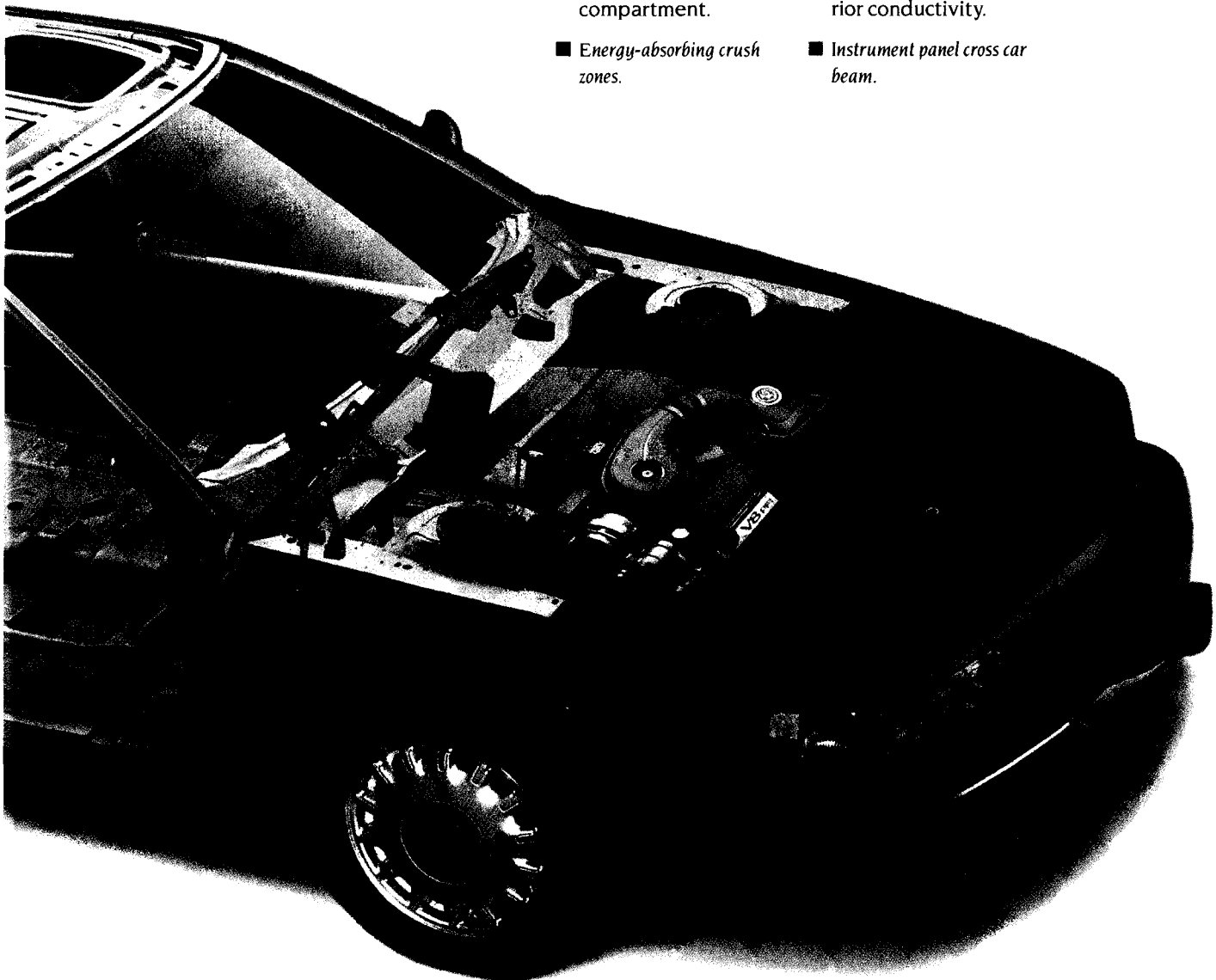
Anti-lock braking, standard on all Cadillacs, helps prevent wheel lock-up to help you maintain steering control on slippery surfaces.

■ Safety cage protects the passenger compartment.

■ Energy-absorbing crush zones.

■ Gold-plated air-bag sensor contacts provide superior conductivity.

■ Instrument panel cross car beam.



Interpersonal Politics

I RECENTLY PICKED UP THREE BOOKS ON THE sale table of a bookstore near where I live. The sign said 25% OFF ALL MARKED PRICES. But the cashier gave me 25 percent off only on the one book that had a red slash through the price. As I was leaving, I saw the sign again and realized the cashier had been wrong. She pointed me to the manager, who took the books from my hand. As we looked at the prices, I was embarrassed to realize that a ridiculously small sum was involved. "What? You want your dollar back?" he said. I heard his tone but didn't know how to respond. When I started to say something, he interrupted, telling me that he'd rather give me my dollar than take up more time. "Give him his dollar," he called to the cashier across the crowded store. I got my dollar and walked out, feeling like two cents.

I think everyone understands this moment. It has become part of our urban experience, an example of the casual emotional abuse with which people manipulate, control, and punish the strangers they deal with. But not everyone recognizes the shame that lies beneath the rage that such experiences engender. Whenever we are put down, shame of some kind is stirred up. The store manager does not need to know what my soft spots are. His derisive, dismissive attitude will find my feelings of shame like a heat-seeking missile.

People feel insecure, they harbor self-doubts and unexamined shame wounds, and they intuitively know that if they can make the other person the problem, they can continue to feel okay about themselves. But of course this is not just a dynamic between strangers. The exploitation of shame as a means of controlling others—or putting them down for displaying qualities we have disavowed in ourselves—is common in business, family, and friendship, too. Groucho Marx said he would never join a club that would have him for a member. It was a pungent way of describing how our self-contempt can spread to those who are close to us.

In my book about power and shame, *Top Dog/Bottom Dog* (1987), I showed how pervasive and deadly these struggles can be. One of the exchanges between the fictional characters in that book which seemed to have an impact on readers concerned a couple trying to have sex in the midst of a shaky marriage. The sex doesn't work well, and afterward they feel more distant than before. The wife, who is superficially more shame-prone, in the sense that she knows when she is feeling bad about herself, is eager to get some reassurance. The husband, a dynamic and successful man, impatient with his wife's depressions and intolerant of his own self-doubts, defends against encroaching shame with anger.

Martin: "How was it?" (I can't bear the thought that I'm not a good lover.)

Georgette: "Fine." (I'm ashamed to admit I need more.)

Martin: "You don't *sound* fine." (You're ruining it again, Georgette.)

Georgette: "I'm sorry." (I hate myself.)

This exchange is not only an event in which one person manages to feel okay at another's expense; it also defines a relationship. It's similar in some ways to class relationships in which one group is the acknowledged inferior, the cause of whatever problems exist. The common factor in both instances is the use of power as an antidote for shame. It is a universal temptation for a universal condition. "One is ashamed," Léon Wurmser says, "of weakness and losing control, of not being in charge of one's being, of failing. And the fantasy of power is really the remedy against that sense of helplessness."

People who allow themselves to be the objects of others' exploitive power, who are repeatedly forced into feelings of shame, who choose to live with someone who puts them down, are almost invariably living out some aspect of their childhood relationship with a parent. They feel at home in the humbled, inferior, supplicant position. They do, however, get even. The wife in this marriage makes the husband feel guilty about working late and about neglecting their daughter; she stops doing things that her husband likes, and that had always been a part of their life together, under the ruse that she no longer has the time; she becomes depressed and overeats. It's all retaliation for the shame he repeatedly makes her feel. But her passive aggression, although it successfully needles him with guilt and shame, does nothing to alter her powerlessness or her standing as the problem person. Her shame continues to eat away at her.

The bullying husband is also living out a way of being that he learned at home as a child. He had a mother who constantly made global evaluations of his great worth, who had a hawklike eye for weakness, and who made him feel like less than nothing if he ever revealed self-doubts or other qualities that were not to her liking. She taught him by example how to translate shame into achievement, obsession, rage, and blame. As an adult, his advantage, such as it is, is that he does not suffer the same degree of pain that his wife does; he is better able to repress his shame, partly because he is able to exploit hers. But both partners, by being caught up in this dynamic, are kept from working through shame issues and, of course, are denied an intimate, satisfying marriage. Other couples avoid such roles through periodic power struggles, in which angry denunciations and blaming matches cover each person's fear of becoming the shame-bearing victim.

Even in therapy such power struggles occur. As Basch notes, "Offense is the best defense, and many patients, especially narcissistic patients, try to make you ashamed of yourself—of your needs, of your problems, things that you may be advertising by the way you work, by the way you dress, by the way you talk." If the therapist has not come to terms with his shame, the treatment may go

awry. The therapist may be defeated and proceed on the patient's terms, or he may regain control by using the power of his position to shove the patient back into his own shame.

Shame, humiliation, and powerlessness are components in intergroup stress as well. Wurmser says, "I think Nazism was really a shame movement"—a reaction to the fact that "Germany had been profoundly humiliated after World War One." I suggested that many Germans felt they'd been degraded by the terms of the Versailles treaty. "Yes," he responded, and so "they were going to drown the world in shit." Wurmser warns against public policy, whether directed at schoolchildren, drug abusers, prisoners, or defeated enemies, that uses shame as a tool of intimidation or control. "It's very gratifying to shame somebody," he says, "but in the long run it causes tremendous resentment and rage."

Scheff, a co-author, with Suzanne Retzinger, of *Emotions and Violence* (1991), has studied shame-rage interactions. "What we see in quarrels is that someone says something in anger. It's disrespectful, a put-down. And you see the other person recoil and go into a momentary shame state. They look away. Sometimes their speech gets very soft, or they withdraw. The person who is angry and disrespectful will look large and will be quite fluent. There will be lots of words and they'll be loud."

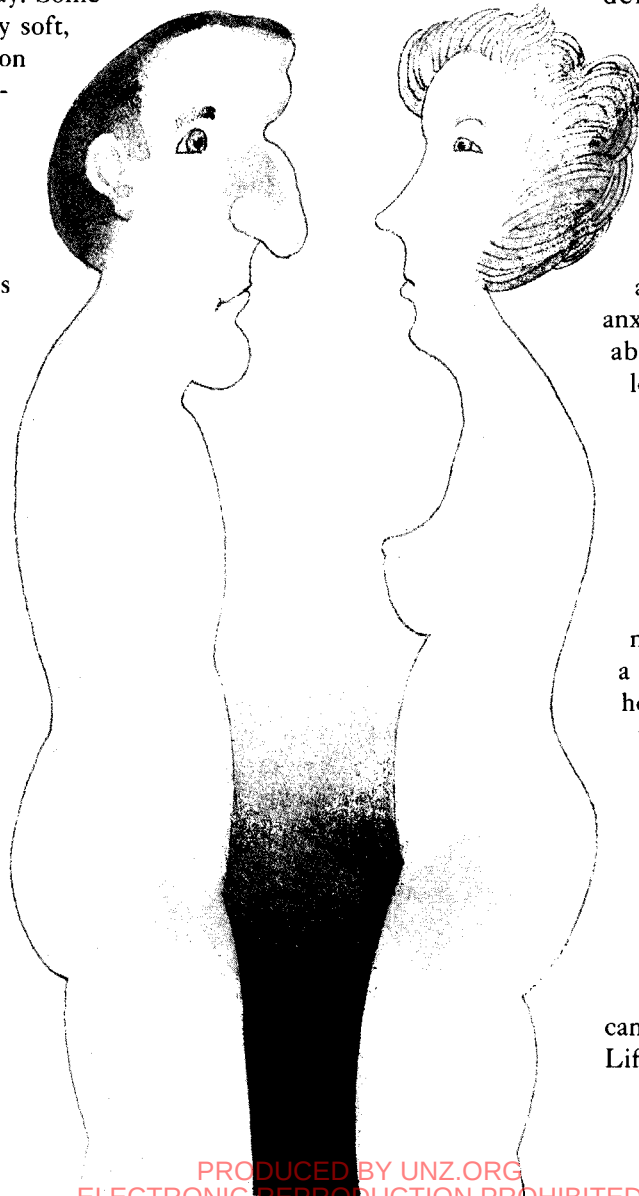
Daily entanglement in such interpersonal politics causes people to become more hidden. The bookstore manager may have understood that I was already embarrassed about asking for a refund, and that was enough to empower him. When you've been exposed to a number of incidents like this, you catch on that letting your embarrassment or doubts show is a liability. A lot of money has been made in workshops of all kinds teaching people how to make themselves invulnerable in this respect. This feeds into already existing tendencies that make shame shameful, that cause people to be anxious about being losers, that

strengthen our concern for image. It is at the center of a whole layer of social interactions in which defensive skill, strategic ability, anxiety about the meanings and intentions of others, and an almost obsessive concern with the way we present ourselves get in the way of our knowing who we are.

I have a patient in therapy who wants to know who "the real me" is, but she is afraid to find out. And yet the experience of therapy suggests that being able to come out of hiding and speak of one's shame to another person can be a healing process. The patient who is able to face the shameful fact that she is a shrew to her husband and children is free to stop the endless litany of blame and to feel again. The constant complaints, the incessant demands that the therapist see things from her point of view, the guilt-inducing accusations that he always takes "their side," are part of her flight from feeling, fueled by the desperate fear that she will be found in the wrong. To stop running and experience the shame is to give herself a chance to recognize that being in the wrong for acting like a shrew does not mean that her husband isn't also wrong in his way, nor does it make her into a poisonously deformed and unlovable thing.

That's a legacy of how she experienced being wrong when she was a child. But it's a legacy she cannot overcome so long as the shame remains unconscious and unspoken. Once she speaks about it, to someone who is able to listen and absorb without becoming anxious, something changes. She is able to view herself from a freer, less tyrannical perspective, able, perhaps for the first time, to feel some sympathy for herself and her predicament. She is able to see that her cruel lack of sympathy for herself is in part what fuels her rages and her desperate need to blame. Gradually she may find that she is able to look at a deeper issue of shame, closer to her core—of feeling, as a little girl, unwanted, a piece of excess baggage who constantly had to prove her worth. The clarifying, sympathetic, clean relationship with the therapist helps guide and contain this process, and may help liberate her self-love.

Some of this healing, of course, can go on outside the therapy room. Life experience in the form of ob-



servation, accomplishment, and self-confrontation can help resolve negative views of the self over time. Particularly effective is a relationship in which each person feels free to explore secret aspects of the self which are normally closely guarded. Putting shame into words with a trusted companion enables one to step outside it—it no longer seems to permeate one's entire being—and allows some self-forgiveness to emerge. But such relationships are not always easy to establish, even in marriage. Many people have difficulty listening to pain without becoming anxious. If a friend confides in shameful tones that his child is a homosexual, or that he feels incompetent in his job, or that he can't perform sexually anymore, he is asking us not to look away; what's worse, he is provoking us to tune in to painful aspects of our own life where shame lies waiting. We may try to escape from the moment by mouthing meaningless encouragements ("Your kid will grow out of it!" "You just need a vacation!" "Who could make love to her, the way she treats you?") in the hopes that our energetic sympathy will force him to put his distasteful feelings back where they came from. We may even become secretly angry that he has placed this burden on us and push him away with a stern warning ("Feeling like this, you know, can only make matters worse"). Not everyone runs from shame this way, but few respond easily or honestly to the painful doubts of others.

On the other hand, the costs of keeping shame closeted can be exorbitant. It often propels us into a busy, running life in which the last person on earth we wish to know is ourselves. As painful as shame is, it does seem to be the guardian of many of the secret, unexplored aspects of our being. Repressed shame must be experienced if we are to know ourselves more fully, to build an identity that is more than a complex of compliance with and rebellion against cultural standards and constraints, and to come to terms with the good, the bad, and the unique of what we are.

"In my own life," Michael Basch says of his efforts to confront narcissistic shame in analysis, "I can certainly see the difference my treatment has made, not in terms of my now being shame-proof but because I am much more resistant to being devastated by shame or consumed by shame. Once you understand how this is happening, once you live it out with the therapist, and the therapist makes you acquainted with your feelings and why you feel the way you do, why you react as if the world is now going to desert you because you're worthless—once you understand that and deal with it, bit by bit, it makes a huge difference."

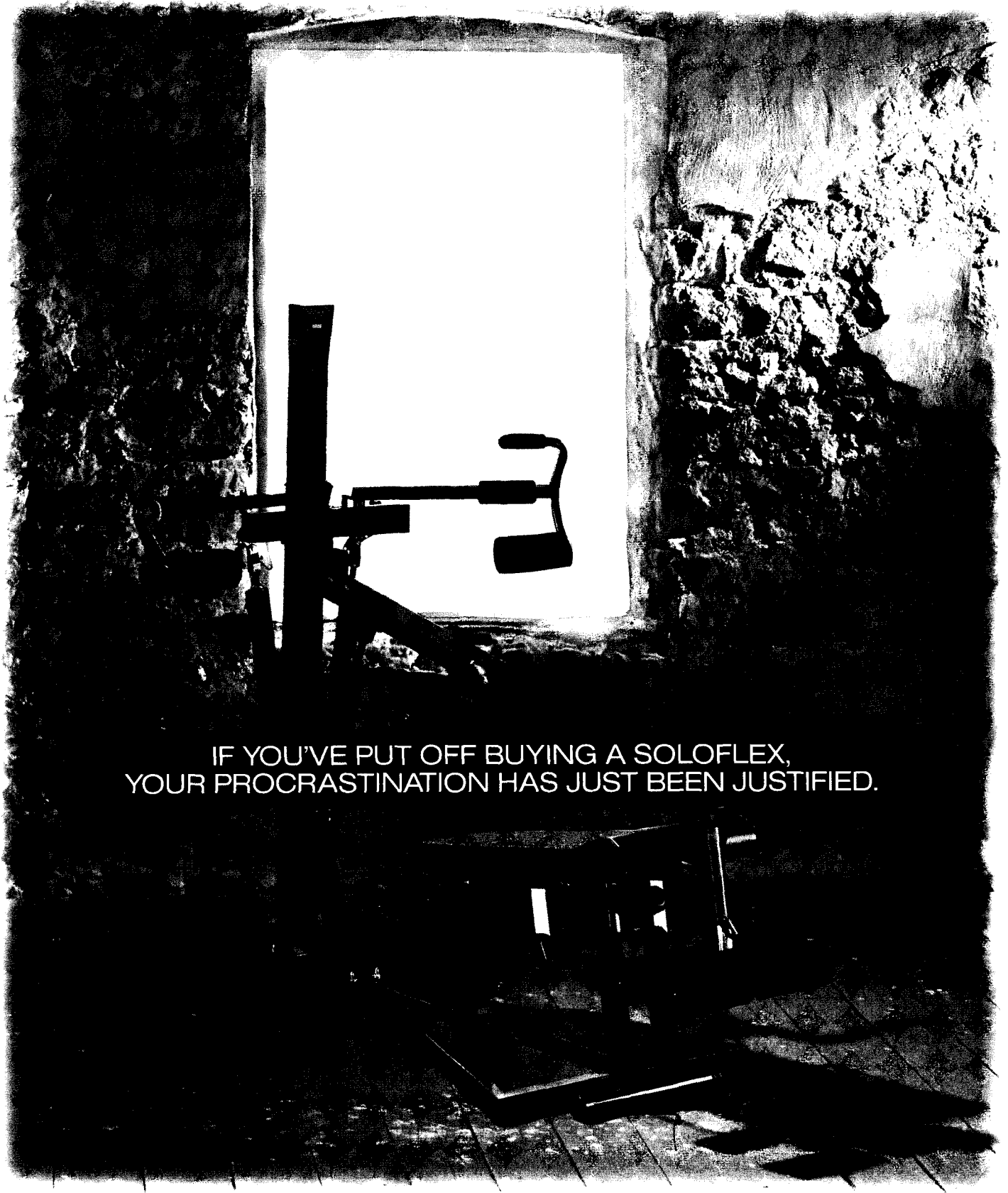
And yet the current idea that being ashamed is shame-

ful—and that people should feel free to expose whatever they hold within—can only hinder this process, inciting us to expose more than we are comfortably able to in situations that are less than adequately protective. Just as we depend on one another for our well-being and sense of self, we are also vulnerable to one another's power and the power of social expectations. Some of the vulnerability may consist of thoughts or ways of being that are too nonconformist or threatening to be revealed without risk. Some represents ways in which we have failed to achieve our society's version of maturity or perfection. "We have a lot of weakness in us—emotional and physical weakness," Wurmser says. "And, given the predatory nature of many human beings, it could be enormously dangerous if that were exposed."

The therapist-theologian Carl Schneider believes that "human beings are creatures who need some sort of covering." He notes that the etymological root of "shame" means "to cover." "It's not just something to get over, which the puritanical church or the rigid school system or Victorian society inflicted on you. If we're truly human and open, we're always at risk of exposure and therefore of violation by others. That is what I think the whole shame dynamic is about. It protects human development, which is a process of emergence and unfolding."

The fear of being known in only one aspect, the hesitation to be seen when we're not ready, the worry about being known by some flawed or undeveloped part instead of being understood as a whole—none of these shame-motivated concerns are shameful. They are a natural aspect of our need for privacy and for protection from the scrutinizing, judging, and humiliating power of the social world. "It's something like a photograph," Schneider says. "If you too quickly expose it all and let it all hang out, you destroy it."

Although Schneider speaks here mainly of the sanctity of our unfinished or unready selves, even shame-as-defect has its value. In religious communities a fifth category of shame sometimes develops, a sort of *universal shame* that is felt to be inherent in the human condition. In medieval Christendom the belief that all people were sinners, that all were unworthy, used this sense of universal defect to bind the community, to maintain a spiritual focus, and, perhaps incidentally, to drain off some shame that might otherwise have become individual and narcissistic. From our distant perspective in a diametrically different world, we can easily imagine how comforting it might have been to know that one was not alone in one's flaws and vulnerabilities, to feel assured of one's place despite everything, to be confident that all were equal in God's eyes. □



IF YOU'VE PUT OFF BUYING A SOLOFLEX,
YOUR PROCRASTINATION HAS JUST BEEN JUSTIFIED.

For maybe the first time in your life, you're about to be rewarded for putting off till today what you were meaning to do yesterday. Because now there's Trimax. The total body conditioning machine that gives you a more complete muscular and cardiovascular workout than any other home system. Soloflex included. And it does it in half the time. Virtually all 24 Trimax exercises work not one, but two muscle groups at once. More effectively. More efficiently. With no bothersome rubber straps or weights to slow you down. To find out more about the machine you've been waiting for, call for a free 16-page brochure. And remember, that procrastination stuff only goes so far. **1-800-866-5676.**

AT292





Courvoisier is
still best straight up.



COURVOISIER
Le Cognac de Napoleon 

A Short Story



A Jonquil for Mary Penn

by Wendell Berry

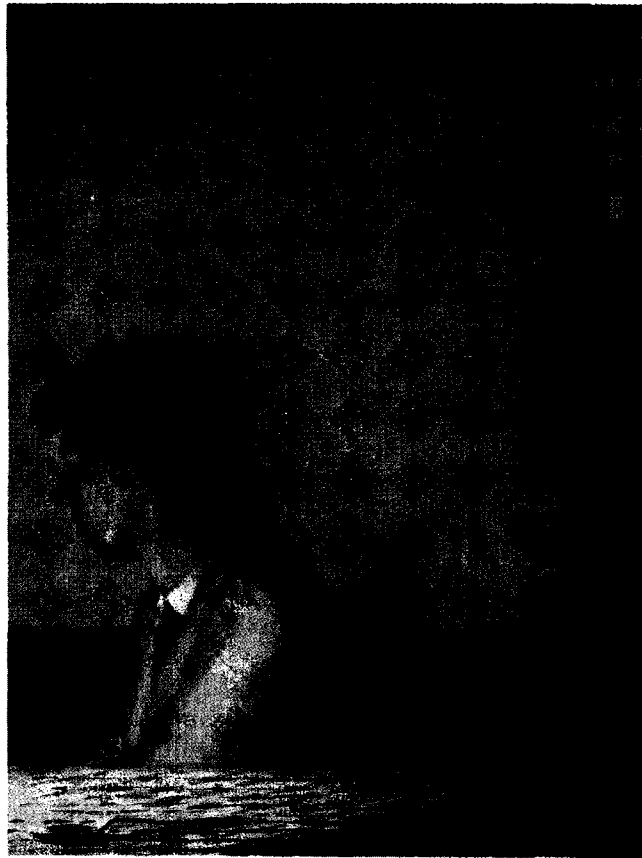
MARY PENN WAS sick, though she said nothing about it when she heard Elton get up and light the lamp and renew the fires. He dressed and went out with the lantern to milk and feed and harness the team. It was early March, and she could hear the wind blowing, rattling things. She threw the covers off and sat up on the side of the bed, feeling as she did how easy it would be to let her head lean down again, onto her knees. But she got up, put on her dress and sweater, and went to the kitchen.

Nor did she mention her sickness when Elton came back in, bringing the milk, with the smell of the barn cold in his clothes.

"How're you this morning?" he asked her, giving her a pat as she strained the milk.

And she said, not looking at him, for she did not want him to know how she felt, "Just fine."

He ate hungrily the eggs, sausage, and biscuits that she set in front of him, twice emptying the glass that he replenished from a large pitcher of milk. She loved to watch him eat—there was something curiously delicate



in the way he used his large hands—but this morning she busied herself about the kitchen, not looking at him, for she knew he was watching her. She had not even set a plate for herself.

"You're not hungry?" he asked.

"Not very. I'll eat something after a while."

He put sugar and cream in his coffee, stirred rapidly with the spoon. And now he lingered a little. He did not indulge himself often, but this was one of his moments of leisure. He gave himself to his pleasures as concentratedly as to his work.

He was never partial about anything; he never felt two ways at the same time. It was, she thought, a kind of childishness in him. When he was happy, he was entirely happy, and he could be as entirely sad or angry. His glooms were the darkest she had ever seen. He worked as a hungry dog ate, and yet he could play at croquet or cards with the self-forgetful exuberance of a little boy. It was for his concentratedness, she supposed, if such a thing could be supposed about, that she loved him. That and her yen just to look at him, for it was wonderful to her the way he was himself in his slightest look or gesture. She did not understand him in every-

She had rarely been sick, and never since she married. And now, also uncharacteristically, she began to feel sorry for herself

thing he did, and yet she recognized him in everything he did. She had not been prepared—she was hardly prepared yet—for the assent she had given to him.

Though he might loiter a moment over his coffee, the day, she knew, had already possessed him; its momentum was on him. When he rose from bed in the morning, he stepped into the day's work, impelled into it by the tension, never apart from him, between what he wanted to do and what he could do. The little hillside place that they had rented from his mother afforded him no proper scope for his ability and desire. They always needed money, but, day by day, they were getting by. Though this was yet another spring of the Depression, they were not going to be in want. She knew his need to surround her with a margin of pleasure and ease. This was his need, not hers, but when he was not working at home, he would be working, or looking for work, for pay.

This morning, delaying his own plowing, he was going to help Walter Cotman plow his corn ground. She could feel the knowledge of what he had to do tightening in him like a spring. She thought of him and Walter plowing, starting in the early light, and the two teams leaning into the collars all day, while the men walked in the opening furrows and the steady wind shivered the dry grass and shook the dead weeds and rattled the treetops in the woods.

He stood and pushed in his chair. She came to be hugged as she knew he wanted her to.

"It's mean out," he said. "Stay in today. Take care of yourself."

"You, too," she said. "Have you got on plenty of clothes?"

"When I get 'em all on, I will." He was already wearing an extra shirt, and a pair of overalls over his corduroys. Now he put on a sweater, his work jacket, his cap and gloves. He started out the door and then turned back. "Don't worry about the chores. I'll be back in time to do everything."

"All right," she said.

He shut the door. And now the kitchen was a cell of still lamplight under the long wind that passed without inflection over the ridgetops.

She cleared the table. She washed the few dishes he had dirtied and put them away. The kitchen contained the table and four chairs and the small dish cabinet that they had bought, and the large iron cooking stove that looked more permanent than the house. The stove, along with the bed and a few other sticks of furniture, had been there when they came.

She heard Elton go by with the team, heading out the lane. The daylight would be coming now, though the windowpanes still reflected the lamplight. She took the broom from its corner by the back door and swept and tidied up the room. They had been able to do nothing to improve the house, which had never been a good one and had seen hard use. The wallpaper, and probably the plas-

ter behind, had cracked in places. The finish had worn off the linoleum carpets near the doorways and around the stoves. But she kept the house clean. She had made curtains. The curtains in the kitchen were of the same blue-and-white checkered gingham as the tablecloth. The nightstands were orange crates for which she had made skirts of the same cloth. Though the house was poor and hard to keep, she had made it neat and homey. It was her first house, and usually it made her happy. But not now.

She was sick. At first it was a consolation to her to have the whole day to herself to be sick in. But by the time she got the kitchen straightened up, even that small happiness had left her. She had a fever, she guessed, for every motion she made seemed to carry her uneasily beyond the vertical. She had a floaty feeling that made her unreal to herself. And finally, when she put the broom away, she let herself sag down into one of the chairs at the table. She ached. She was overpoweringly tired.

She had rarely been sick, and never since she married. And now she did something else that was unlike her: she began to feel sorry for herself. She remembered that she and Elton had quarreled the night before—about what, she could not remember; perhaps it was not rememberable; perhaps she did not know. She did remember the heavy, mostly silent force of his anger. It had been only another of those tumultuous darknesses that came over him as suddenly, and sometimes as unaccountably, as a July storm. She was miserable, she told herself. She was sick and alone. And perhaps the sorrow that she felt for herself was not altogether unjustified.

SHE AND ELTON HAD MARRIED A YEAR AND A HALF earlier, when she was seventeen and he eighteen. She had never seen anybody like him. He had a wild way of rejoicing, like a healthy child, singing songs, joking, driving his old car as if he were drunk and the road not wide enough. He could make her weak with laughing at him. And yet he was already a man as few men were. He had been making his own living since he was fourteen, when he had quit school. His father had been dead by then for five years. He hated his stepfather. When a neighbor had offered him cropland, room, and wages, he took charge of himself, and though he was still a boy, he became a man. He wanted, he said, to have to say thank you to nobody. Or to nobody but her. He would be glad, he said with a large grin, to say thank you to her. And he could *do* things. It was wonderful what he could accomplish with those enormous hands of his. She could have put her hand into his and walked right off the edge of the world. Which, in a way, is what she did.

She had grown up in a substantial house on a good upland farm. Her family was not wealthy but it was an old

Kentucky family, proud of itself, always conscious of its position and of its responsibility to be itself. She had known from childhood that she would be sent to college. Almost from childhood she had understood that she was destined to marry a solid professional man, a doctor perhaps, or (and this her mother particularly favored) perhaps a minister.

And so when she married Elton, she did it without telling her family. She already knew their judgment of Elton: "He's nothing." She and Elton simply drove down to Hargrave one late October night, awakened a preacher, and got married, hoping that their marriage would be accepted as an accomplished fact. They were wrong. It was not acceptable, and it was never going to be. She no longer belonged in that house, her parents told her. She no longer belonged to that family. To them it would be as if she had never lived.

She was seventeen, she had attended a small denominational college for less than two months, and now her life as it had been was ended. The day would come when she would know herself to be a woman of faith. Now she merely loved and trusted. Nobody was living then on Elton's mother's little farm on Cotman Ridge, not far from the town of Port William, where Elton had lived for a while when he was a child. They rented the place and moved in, having just enough money to pay for the new dish cabinet and the table and four chairs. Elton, as it happened, already owned a milk cow in addition to his team and a few tools.

It was a different world, a new world to her, that she came into then—a world of poverty and community. They were in a neighborhood of six households, counting their own, all within half a mile of one another. Besides themselves there were Braymer and Josie Hardy and their children; Tom Hardy and his wife, also named Josie; Walter and Thelma Cotman and their daughter, Irene; Jonah and Daisy Hample and their children; and Uncle Isham and Aunt Frances Quail, who were Thelma Cotman and Daisy Hample's parents. The two Josies, to save confusion, were called Josie Braymer and Josie Tom. Josie Tom was Walter Cotman's sister. In the world that Mary Penn had given up, a place of far larger and richer farms, work was sometimes exchanged, but the families were conscious of themselves in a way that set them apart from one another. Here, in this new world, neighbors were always working together. "Many hands make light work," Uncle Isham Quail loved to say, though his own old hands were no longer able to work much.

Some work only the men did together, like haying and harvesting the corn. Some work only the women did together: sewing or quilting or wallpapering or housecleaning; and whenever the men worked together, the women would be together cooking. Some work the men and women did together: harvesting tobacco, or killing hogs, or any job that needed many hands. The community was

an old one. The families had worked together a long time. They all knew what each was good at. When they worked together, not much needed to be explained. When they went down to the little weatherboarded church at Goforth on Sunday morning, they were glad to see one another, and had lots to say, though they had seen each other almost daily during the week.

This neighborhood opened to Mary and Elton, took them in with a warmth that answered her parents' rejection. The men, without asking or being asked, included Elton in whatever they were doing. They told him when and where they needed him. They came to him when he needed them. He was an apt and able hand, and they were glad to have his help. He learned from them all, but liked best to work with Walter Cotman, who was a fine farmer. He and Walter were, up to a point, two of a kind; they were both impatient with disorder—"I can't stand a damned mess," Walter said, and he made none—and both loved the employment of their minds in their work. They were unlike in that Walter was satisfied within the boundaries of his little farm, and Elton could not have been. Nonetheless, Elton loved his growing understanding of Walter's character and ways. Though he was a quiet man and gave neither instruction nor advice, Walter was Elton's teacher, and Elton was consciously his student.

Once, when they had killed hogs and Elton and Mary had stayed at home to finish rendering their lard, the boiling fat had foamed up and begun to run over the sides of the kettle. Mary ran to the house and called Walter on the party line.

"Tell him to throw the fire to it," Walter said. "Tell him to dip out some lard and throw it on the fire."

Elton did so, unbelieving, but the fire flared, grew hotter, the foaming lard subsided in the kettle, and Elton's face relaxed from anxiety and self-accusation into a grin. "Well," he said, quoting one of Walter's sayings in Walter's voice, "it's all in knowing how."

Mary, who had more to learn than Elton, became a daughter to every woman in the community. She came knowing little, barely enough to begin, and they taught her much. Thelma, Daisy, and the two Josies taught her their ways of cooking, cleaning, and sewing; they taught her to can, pickle, and preserve; they taught her to do the women's jobs in the hog-killing. They took her on their expeditions to one another's houses to cook harvest meals or to houseclean or to gather corn from the fields and can it. One day they all walked down to Goforth, in the Katie's Branch Valley, to do some wallpapering for Josie Tom's mother. They had a good time papering two rooms, and Josie Tom's mother fixed them a dinner of fried chicken, creamed new potatoes and peas, hot biscuits, and cherry cobbler.

In cold weather they sat all afternoon in one another's houses, quilting or sewing or embroidering. Josie Tom was the best at needlework. Everything she made was a



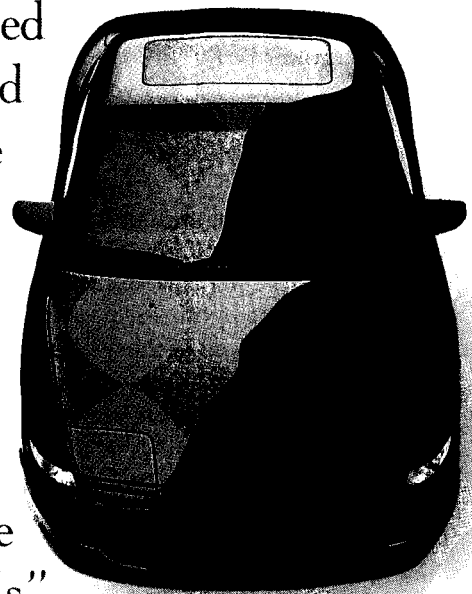
CHERYL SILAS had a
highway collision, was hit twice from behind,
and then sold three cars for us.

© 1991 Saturn Corporation. Cheryl Silas is pictured with a 1992 Saturn SC.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A policeman at the accident, Officer Jimmie Boylan, thought, "She's lucky to be alive." Cheryl had just stepped out of her totalled Saturn coupe. Upon impact, her shoulder harness and lap belt held her tight as the spaceframe of her car absorbed most of the collision. He watched as Cheryl's sport coupe and the other cars were towed away.

The following week, Cheryl made the return trip to Saturn of Albuquerque and ordered another SC, just like her first. And then we started noticing some rather unconventional "referrals."



A few days later, Officer Boylan came into the showroom and ordered a grey sedan for himself. Then a buddy of his, also a policeman, did the same. And shortly thereafter, Cheryl's brother, more than a little happy that he still had a sister, and needing a new car himself, bought yet another Saturn in Illinois.

But the topper came when a very nice young woman walked into the showroom to test drive a sedan. She said she just wanted to know a little more about what our cars were like. Not that she was going to buy one right away, or anything. She'd just never seen a Saturn up close until she'd rear-ended one out on the highway several weeks earlier.



A DIFFERENT KIND OF COMPANY. A DIFFERENT KIND OF CAR.
If you'd like to know more about Saturn, and our new sedans and coupe, please call us at 1-800-522-5000.

wonder. From spring to fall, for a Christmas present for someone, she always embroidered a long cloth that began with the earliest flowers of spring and ended with the last flowers of fall. She drew the flowers on the cloth with a pencil, and worked them in with her needle and colored threads. She included the flowers of the woods and fields, the dooryards and gardens. She loved to point to the penciled outlines and name the flowers as if calling them up in their beauty into her imagination. "Look a there," she would say. "I even put in a jimsonweed." "And a bull thistle," said Tom Hardy, who had his doubts about weeds and thistles, but was proud of her for leaving nothing out.

Josie Tom was a plump, pretty, happy woman, childless, but the mother of any child in reach. Mary Penn loved her the best, perhaps, but she loved them all. They were only in their late thirties or early forties, but to Mary they seemed to belong to the ageless, eternal generation of mothers, unimaginably older and more experienced than herself. She called them Miss Josie, Miss Daisy, and Miss Thelma. They warmed and sheltered her. Sometimes she wanted to toss herself at them like a little girl to be hugged.

They were capable, unasking, generous, humorous women, and sometimes, among themselves, they were raucous and free, unlike the other women she had known. On their way home from picking blackberries one afternoon, they had to get through a new barbed-wire fence. Josie Tom held two wires apart while the other four gathered their skirts, leaned down, and straddled through. Josie Tom handed their filled buckets over. And then Josie Braymer held the wires apart, and Josie Tom, stooping through, hung the back of her dress on the top wire.

"I *knew* it!" she said, and she began to laugh.

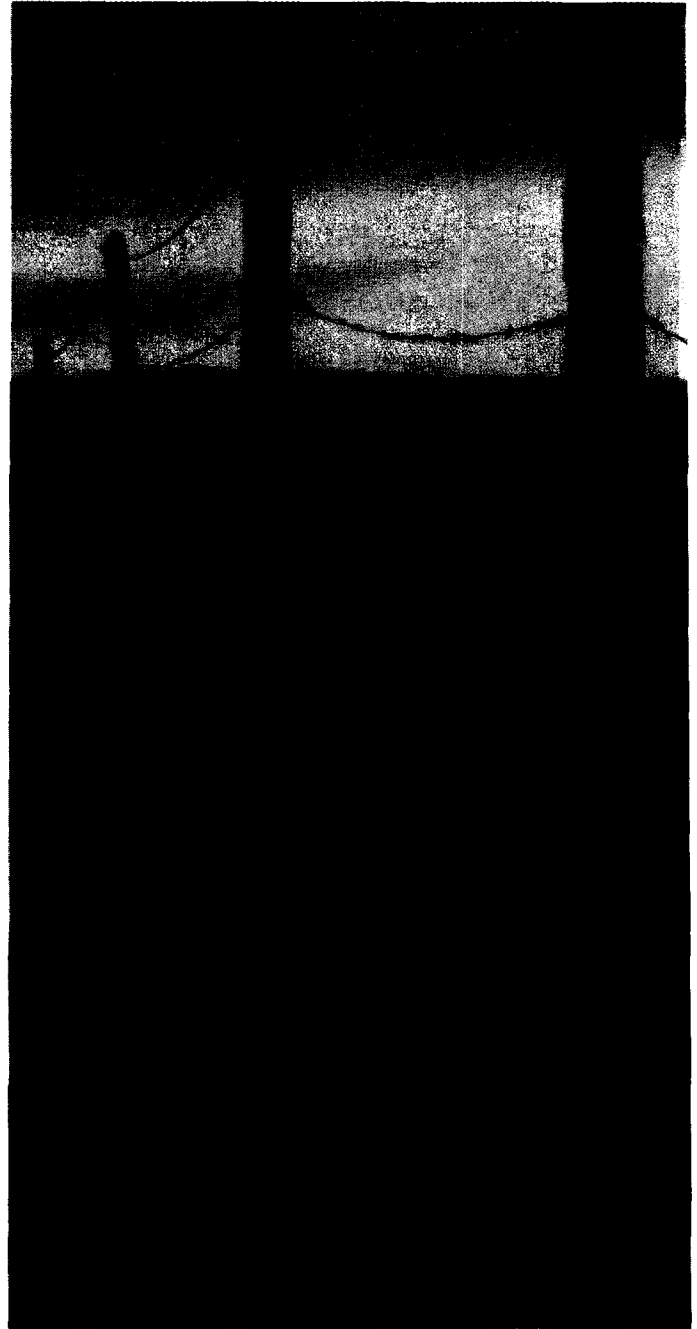
They all laughed, and nobody laughed more than Josie Tom, who was standing spraddled and stooped, helpless to move without tearing her dress.

"Josie Braymer," she said, "are you going to just stand there or are you going to unhook me from this shitten fence?"

And there on the ridgetop in the low sunlight they danced the dance of women laughing, bending and straightening, raising and lowering their hands, swaying and stepping with their heads back.

DAYLIGHT WAS FULL IN THE WINDOWS NOW. Mary made herself get up and extinguish the lamp on the table. The lamps all needed to be cleaned and trimmed and refilled, and she had planned to do that today. The whole house needed to be dusted and swept. And she had mending to do. She tied a scarf around her head, put on her coat, and went out.

Only day before yesterday it had been spring—warm, sunny, and still. Elton said the wildflowers were starting



up in the leafless woods, and she found a yellow crocus in the yard. And then this dry and bitter wind had come, driving down from the north as if it were as long and wide as time, the sky as gray as if the sun had never shone. The wind went through her coat, pressed her fluttering skirt tight against her legs, tore at her scarf. It chilled her to the bone. She went first to the privy in a back corner of the yard, and then on to the henhouse, where she shelled corn for the hens and gave them fresh water.

On her way back to the house she stood a moment, looking off in the direction in which she knew Elton and Walter Cotman were plowing. By now they would have accepted even this day as it was; by now they might have



shed their jackets. Later they would go in and wash and sit down in Thelma's warm kitchen for their dinner, hungry, glad to be at rest for a little while before going back again to work through the long afternoon. Though they were not far away, though she could see them in her mind's eye, their day and hers seemed estranged, divided by great distance and long time. She was cold, and the wind's insistence wearied her; the wind was like a living creature, rearing and pressing against her so that she might have cried out to it in exasperation, "*What do you want?*"

When she got back into the house, she was shivering, her teeth chattering. She unbuttoned her coat without taking it off, and sat down close to the stove. They heat-

ed only two rooms, the kitchen and the front room where they slept. The stove in the front room might be warmer, she thought, and she could sit in the rocking chair; but having sat down she did not get up. She had much that she needed to be doing, she told herself. She ought at least to get up and make the bed. And she wanted to tend to the lamps; it always pleased her to have them clean. But she did not get up. The stove's heat drove the cold out of her clothes, and gradually her shivering stopped.

They had had a hard time of it their first winter. They had no fuel, no food laid up for the winter. Elton had raised a crop, but no garden. He borrowed against the crop to buy a meat hog. He cut and hauled in firewood. He worked for wages to buy groceries, but the times were hard and he could not always find work. Sometimes their meals consisted of biscuits and a gravy made of lard and flour.

And yet they were often happy. Often the world afforded them something to laugh about. Elton stayed alert for anything that was funny, and brought the stories home. He told her how the tickle-ass grass got into Uncle Isham's pants, and how Daisy Hample clucked to her nearsighted husband and children like a hen with half-grown chicks, and how Jonah Hample, missing the steps, walked off the edge of Braymer Hardy's front porch, fell into a rosebush, and said, "Now, I didn't go to do that!" Elton was a natural mimic, and he could make the funny things happen again in the dark as they lay in bed at night; sometimes they would laugh until their eyes were wet with tears. When they got snowed in that winter, they would drive the old car down the hill until it stalled in the drifts, and drag it out with the team, and ram it into the drifts again, laughing until the horses looked at them in wonder.

When the next year came, they began at the beginning, and though the times had not improved, they improved themselves. They bought a few hens and a rooster from Josie Braymer. They bought a second cow. They put in a garden. They bought two shoats to raise for meat. Mary learned to preserve the food they would need for winter. When the cows freshened, she learned to milk. She took a small bucket of cream and a few eggs to Port William every Saturday night, and used the money she made to buy groceries and to pay on their debts.

Slowly she learned to imagine where she was. The ridge named for Walter Cotman's family was a long one, curving out toward the river between the two creek valleys of Willow Run and Katie's Branch. As it came near to the river valley it got narrower, its sides steeper and more deeply incised by hollows. When Elton and Mary Penn were making their beginning there, the uplands were divided into many farms, few of which contained as much as a hundred acres. The hollows, the steeper hillsides, the bluffs along the sides of the two creek valleys, were covered with thicket or woods. From where the hawks saw it, the ridge would have seemed a long, irregular promonto-

ry reaching out into a sea of trees. And it bore on its back crisscrossings of other trees along the stone or rail or wire fences, trees in thickets and groves, trees in the house yards. And on rises of ground, or tucked into folds, were the gray, paintless buildings of the farmsteads, connected to one another by lanes and paths. Now she thought of herself as belonging there, not just because of her marriage to Elton but also because of the economy that the two of them had made around themselves and with their neighbors. She had learned to think of herself as living and working at the center of a wonderful provisioning: the kitchen and garden, hogpen and smokehouse, hen house and cellar, of her own household; the little commerce of giving and taking that spoked out along the paths connecting her household to the others; Port William on its ridgetop in one direction, Goforth in its

valley in the other; and all this at the heart of the weather and the world.

On a bright, still day in the late fall, after all the leaves were down, she had stood on the highest point and had seen the six smokes of the six houses rising straight up into the wide down-falling light. She knew which smoke came from which house. It was like watching the rising up of prayers, or some less acknowledged communication between Earth and Heaven. She could not say to herself how it made her feel.

She loved her jars of vegetables and preserves on the cellar shelves, and the potato bin beneath, the cured hams and shoulders and bacons hanging in the smokehouse, the two hens already brooding their clutches of marked eggs, the egg basket and the cream bucket slowly filling, week after week. But today these things

THE NUNS OF CHILDHOOD: TWO VIEWS

1.

O where are they now, your harridan nuns
who thumped on young heads with a metal thimble
and punished with rulers your upturned palms:

three smacks for failing in long division,
one more to instill the meaning of *humble*.
As the twig is bent, said your harridan nuns.

Once, a visiting bishop, serene
at the close of a Mass through which he had shambled,
smiled upon you with upturned palms.

"Because this is my feast day," he ended,
"You may all have a free afternoon." In the scramble
of whistles and cheers one harridan nun,

fiercest of all the parochial coven,
Sister Pascala, without preamble
raged, "I protest!" and rapping on palms

at random, had bodily to be restrained.
O God's perfect servant is kneeling on brambles
wherever they sent her, your harridan nun,
enthroned as a symbol with upturned palms.

2.

O where are they now, my darling nuns
whose heads were shaved under snowy wimples,
who rustled drily inside their gowns,

disciples of Oxydol, starch and bluing,
their backyard clothesline a pious example?
They have flapped out of sight, my darling nuns.

Seamless as fish, made all of one skin,
their language secret, these gentle vestals
were wedded to Christ inside their gowns.

O Mother Superior Rosarine
on whose lap the privileged visitor lolled
—I at age four with my darling nuns,

with Sister Elizabeth, Sister Ann,
am offered to Jesus, the Jewish child-
next-door, who worships your ample black gown,

your eyebrows as thick as mustachioed twins,
your rimless glasses, your ring of pale gold—
who can have stolen my darling nuns?
Who rustles drily inside my gown?

—Maxine Kumin

Now enjoy brilliant college lectures in your home or car

With audio and video recordings by **SUPERSTAR TEACHERS™**—professors most admired by America's students.
Produced in cooperation with **THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION Resident Associate Program.**

A new venture, The Teaching Company, is searching America's leading colleges and universities for SuperStar Teachers™—professors whose lecture courses are rated highest by the students themselves in independent course evaluation guidebooks.

In cooperation with The Smithsonian Institution Resident Associate Program, top-rated professors thus identified are being brought to Washington, D.C., where their famous lecture courses are delivered before rapt audiences and recorded in audio and video.

Each taped lecture series is a condensed eight-lecture version of the professor's one-semester course in the subject.

Audience reactions at the taping sessions have been ecstatic. Written evaluations included comments like, "I didn't want it to end!" and "Had me on the edge of my seat!"

Here are the courses now available for enjoyment in your living room or car, or while exercising, commuting, or taking your daily walk.

PHILOSOPHY AND HUMAN VALUES.

Rick Roderick, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of Philosophy, Duke University. A critical encounter with important views of the human condition as discussed in the works and lives of Socrates, Augustine, Kant, Hegel, Mill, Marx, Nietzsche and Freud. "It will change your life."—Duke University Teacher / Course Evaluation Book.
Course No. AI-B469. Audio or Video.

THE LIFE OF THE MIND:

AN INTRODUCTION TO PSYCHOLOGY.

Richard Gerrig, Ph.D., Associate Professor of Psychology, Yale University. One of Yale's most dynamic and popular teachers uses enthusiasm, wit, and provocative examples to teach you how psychology governs the way we live and how mechanisms of the human brain help shape that psychology. "The man is incredible..."—Yale Student Evaluations.
Course No. RP-B639. Audio or Video.

A MODERN LOOK AT

ANCIENT GREEK CIVILIZATION.

Andrew Szegedy-Maszak, Ph.D., Professor of Classics, Wesleyan University. A panoramic view of the art, history, and literature of the astonishing ancient civilization that has had such a profound effect on the development of the entire Western world. Student consensus in campus guidebook: "Superlatives, superlatives, superlatives!"
Course No. AI-B421. Video only.

POETRY: A BASIC COURSE.

Allen Grossman, Ph.D., Paul E. Prosswimmer Professor of Poetry and General Education, Brandeis University. Honored in 1989 as a John D. and Catherine T. MacArthur Fellow. If you've never had the experience of a brilliant teacher leading you into the shadowy depths of a great poem, this course will be a revelation.
Course No. LI-B270. Audio only.

POWER OVER PEOPLE:

CLASSIC AND MODERN POLITICAL THEORY.

Dennis Dalton, Ph.D., Professor of Political Science, Barnard College / Columbia University. The impact on the world of Plato, Aristotle, Machiavelli, Rousseau, Marx, Freud, Hitler, Gandhi. The Columbia-Barnard Course Guide said about Professor Dalton's lectures: "It's a good idea to arrive one-half hour early to get a seat. We're not joking."
Course No. AI-B448. Audio or Video.

COMEDY, TRAGEDY, HISTORY: THE LIVE DRAMA AND VITAL TRUTH OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Peter Saccio, Ph.D., Willard Professor of Drama and Oratory, Dartmouth College. As an accomplished actor as well as teacher, Professor Saccio has the rare ability to act out Shakespeare's lines with power and authority... and then to probe beneath the dazzling brilliance for the meanings often hidden to us by three centuries of changes.
Course No. LI-B263. Audio or Video.

THE ORIGIN OF THE MODERN MIND.

Alan Charles Kors, Ph.D., Professor of History at the University of Pennsylvania. Foundations laid by great 17th century thinkers: Bacon, Descartes, Locke, Newton, Pascal. "Makes history come alive!"—student guidebook.
Course No. AI-B453. Audio or Video.

GOD AND MANKIND: COMPARATIVE RELIGIONS.

Robert Oden, Ph.D., Headmaster, Hotchkiss School; formerly Professor and Chair, Department of Religion, Dartmouth College. When Dr. Oden taught this subject at Dartmouth, his course was invariably held at 8AM in the dead of the New Hampshire winter—and was always full!
Course No. RP-B616. Audio or Video.

★ OUR NEWEST ADDITIONS ★

HEROES, HEROINES AND THE WISDOM OF MYTH.

S. Georgia Nugent, Ph.D., Professor, Classics Department, Brown University. With a searing wit and warm vitality, this professor gives you a startling and unique new understanding of myth plus a reawakened interest in the legends that haunt our dreams. You'll examine the invention of sexuality, learn how different myths addressed the notions of womanhood. "Her lectures were masterpieces..."—Brown student evaluations.
Course No. RP-B640. Audio or Video.

IS ANYONE REALLY NORMAL?

PERSPECTIVES ON ABNORMAL PSYCHOLOGY.

Drew Westen, Ph.D., Department of Psychiatry, Harvard University; recipient of University of Michigan's Golden Apple Teaching Award. In these fast-paced lectures, Dr. Westen explains, contrasts and integrates the contributions of Freudian analysis and cognitive / behavioral psychology in light of their most rigorous test: explaining and healing mental disorders.
Course No. RP-B658. Audio or Video.

SHAKESPEARE AND THE

VARIETIES OF HUMAN EXPERIENCE.

Peter Saccio, Ph.D., Professor of Drama and Oratory, Dartmouth College, and Dennis Huston, Ph.D. Professor of English, Rice University. A first for us. Two of America's greatest teachers, as "dueling profs", take you on an unforgettable journey through the world of the Bard. An electrifying display of intellectual scholarship and theatrical exuberance.
Course No. LI-B264. Audio or Video.

Nietzsche and the Post-Modern Condition.

Rick Roderick, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of Philosophy, Duke University. Controversial, unsettling, provocative, the ideas of this 19th century German philosopher challenge scholars even to this day. Now you can examine for yourself those still-debated, irreverent and timely philosophical issues in one of the most intellectually exciting, and accessible, courses on Nietzsche ever offered anywhere.
Course No. AI-B417. Audio or Video.

COSMIC QUESTIONS:

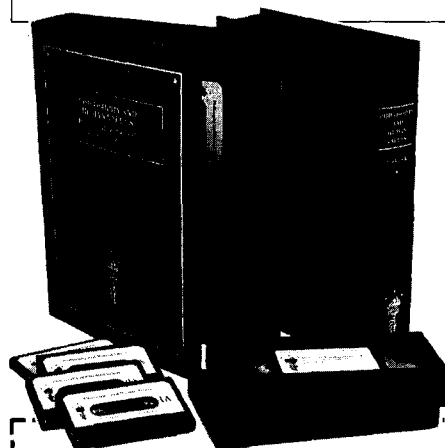
ASTRONOMY FROM QUARK TO QUASAR.

Robert P. Kirshner, Ph.D., Professor of Astronomy, Chairman of the Astronomy Department, Harvard University. At the cutting edge of current exploration of the origins, age and future of the universe, Dr. Kirshner's lectures take you on a mind-altering journey from the subatomic to the cosmic in search of modern answers to some of our most ancient questions.
Course No. SC-B145. Audio or Video.

To order, mail coupon below or call
1-800-832-2421

Ask for Operator 285

FAX: 1-703-528-7510



THE TEACHING COMPANY

DEPT. 285 / P.O. BOX 4000 / KEARNEYSVILLE, WV 25430-4000

Please send me the following SuperStar Teachers College Lecture Course(s), each consisting of eight 45-minute lectures on audio or video cassettes in handsome storage cases.

VIDEO PRICES: One course, \$149.95. Two courses, \$129.95 each. Three or more courses, \$109.95 each.
AUDIO PRICES: One course, \$89.95. Two courses, \$79.95 each. Three or more courses, \$69.95 each.

COURSE NO.	AUDIO OR VIDEO?	PRICE
\$5 per course, shipping & handling:		
Sales tax if in VA (4.5%):		
TOTAL:		

- ☐ Check enclosed (to The Teaching Company).
☐ Charge to my ☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard

CARD NO. _____ EXP. DATE _____
SIGNATURE _____
NAME _____ PLEASE PRINT
ADDRESS FOR UPS DELIVERY _____ PHONE _____
CITY & STATE _____ ZIP _____

☐ Check here if you're not ordering now but would like a copy of our catalog with additional information on courses and our Rental Option Program.

seemed both dear and far away, as if remembered from another world or another life. Her sickness made things seem all awry and arbitrary. Nothing had to be the way it was. As easily as she could imagine the house in its completeness, she could imagine it empty, windowless, the tin roof blowing away, the chimneys crumbling, the cellar caved in, weeds in the yard. She could imagine Elton and herself gone, and the rest of them—Hardy, Hample, Cotman, and Quail—gone too.

ELTON COULD SPEND AN HOUR TELLING HER—and himself—how Walter Cotman went about his work. Elton was a man fascinated with farming, and she could see him picking his way into it with his understanding. He wanted to know the best ways of doing things. He wanted to see how a way of doing came out of a way of thinking and a way of living. He was interested in the ways people talked and wore their clothes.

The Hamples were another of his studies. Jonah Hample and his young ones were almost useless as farmers, because, Elton maintained, they could not see all the way to the ground. They did not own a car, because they could not see well enough to drive—"They need to drive something with eyes," Elton said—and yet they were all born mechanics. They could fix anything. While Daisy Hample stood on the porch clucking about the weeds in their crops, Jonah and his boys, and sometimes his girls, too, would be busy with some machine that somebody had brought them to fix. The Hample children went about the neighborhood in a drove, pushing a fairly usable old bicycle that they loved but could not ride.

Elton watched Braymer, too. Unlike his brother and Walter Cotman, Braymer liked to know what was going on in the world. Like the rest of them, Braymer had no cash to spare, but he liked to think about what he would do with money if he had it. He liked knowing where something could be bought for a good price. He liked to hear what somebody had done to make a little money, and then to think about it and tell the others about it while they worked. "Braymer would be a trader if he had a chance," Elton told Mary. "He'd like to try a little of this and a little of that, and see how he did with it. Walter and Tom like what they've got."

"And you don't like what you've got," Mary said.

He grinned big at her, as he always did when she read his mind. "I like some of it," he said.

At the end of the summer, when she and Elton were beginning their first tobacco harvest in the neighborhood, Tom Hardy said to Elton, "Now, Josie Braymer can outcut us all, Elton. If she gets ahead of you, just don't pay it any mind."

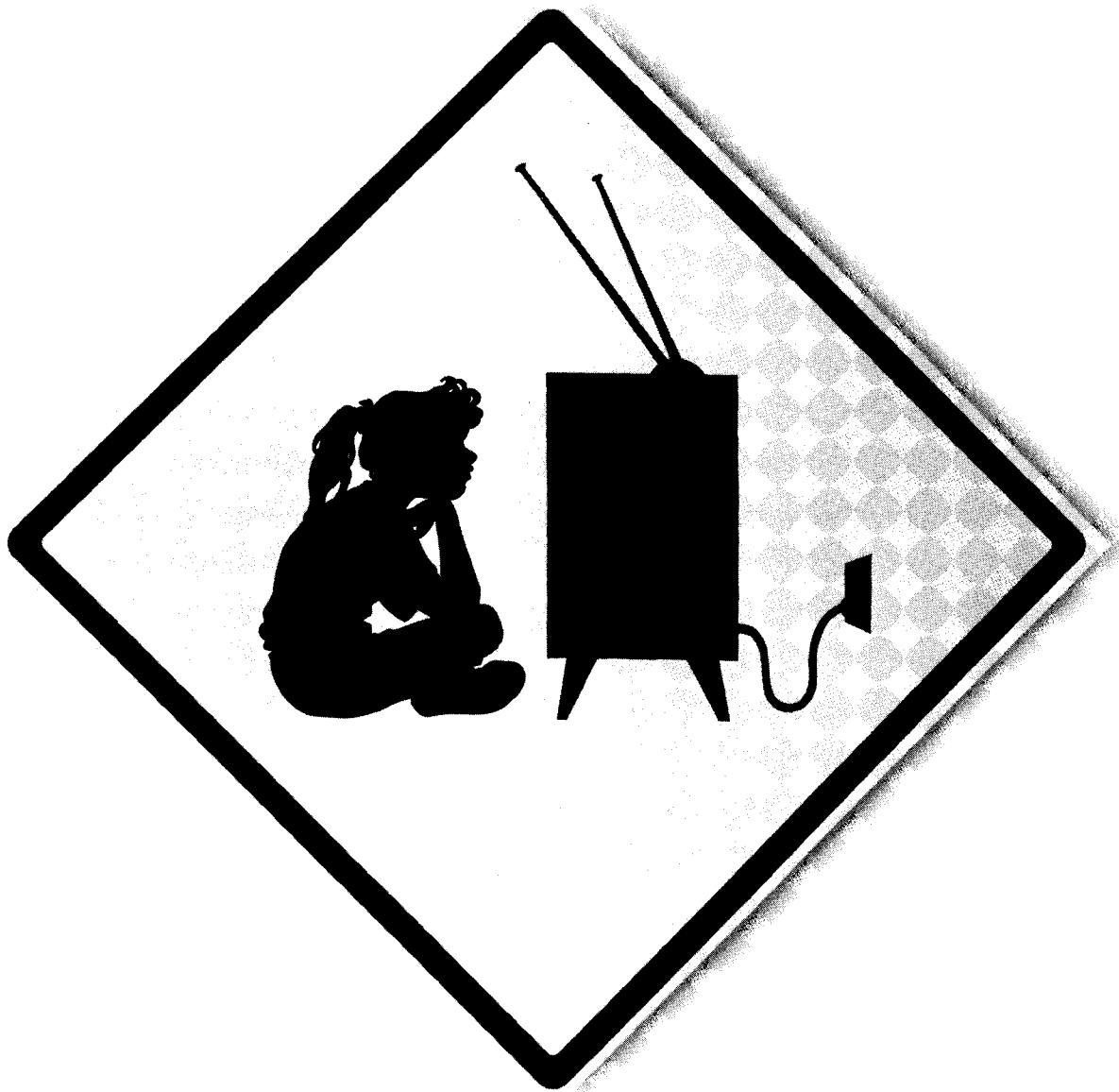
"Tom," Elton said, "I'm going to leave here now and go to the other end of this row. If Josie Braymer gets there before I do, I'm going home."

When he got to the end of the row, Josie Braymer was not there, and neither were any of the men. It was not that he did not want to be bested by a woman; he did not want to be bested by anybody. One thing Mary would never have to do was wonder which way he was. She knew he would rather die than be beaten. It was maybe not the best way to be, she thought, but it was the way he was, and she loved him. It was both a trouble and a comfort to her to know that he would always require the most of himself. It stirred her.

She could feel ambition constantly pressing in him. He could do more than he had done—he knew he could—and he was always looking for the way. He was like an ax-man at work in a tangled thicket, cutting and cutting at the little brush and the vines and the low limbs, trying to make room for a full swing. For this year he had rented corn ground from Josie Tom's mother, down by Goforth, two miles away. When he went down with his team to work, he would have to take his dinner. It would mean more work for them both, but he was desperate for room to exert himself. In two years, after the death of Josie Tom's mother, Mary and Elton would go to that farm to live. In another two years they would move to the Jack Beechum place, a good, well-husbanded farm that would give them their chance. They foresaw none of that now. They were poor as the times, and they saw more obstacles than openings. And yet she believed without doubt that Elton was on his way.

It was not his ambition—his constant, tireless, often exhilarated preoccupation with work—that troubled her. She could stay with him in that. She had learned that she could do, and do well and gladly enough, whatever she would have to do. She had no fear. What troubled her were the dark and mostly silent angers that often settled on him and estranged him from everything. At those times, she knew, he doubted himself, and he suffered and raged in his doubt. He may have been born with this doubt in him, she sometimes imagined; it was as though his soul were like a little moon that would be dark at times and bright at others. But she knew also that her parents' rejection of him had cost him dearly. Even as he defied them to matter to him, they held a power over him that he could not shake off. In his inability to forgive them, he consented to their power over him, and their rejection stood by him and measured him day by day. Her parents' pride was social, belonging, even in its extremity, to their kind and time. But Elton's pride was creaturely, *howbeit that of an extraordinary creature; it was a creature's naked claim on the right to respect itself, a claim that no creature's life could of itself invariably support.* At times he seemed to her a man in the light in daily struggle with a man in the dark, and sometimes the man in the dark had the upper hand.

Elton never felt that any mistake was affordable; he and Mary were living within margins that were too narrow. He required perfection of himself. When he failed,



CAUTION: CHILDREN NOT AT PLAY.

Once, children spent their time running and playing. Today, they're more likely to be found in front of the TV. And that could mean trouble. Because lack of exercise can lead to weight problems and high blood cholesterol. Encourage your children to be more active. Fighting heart disease may be as simple as child's play. To learn more,

contact the American Heart Association, 7272 Greenville Avenue, Box 36, Dallas, TX 75231-4596.

You can help prevent heart disease and stroke. We can tell you how.

American Heart Association 

This space provided as a public service. ©1992, American Heart Association

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he was like the sun in a cloud, alone and burning, furious in his doubt, furious at her because of her trust in him in spite of his doubt. How could she dare to love him, a man who did not love himself? And then, sometimes accountably, sometimes not, the cloud would move away, and he would light up everything around him. His own force and intelligence would be clear within him then; he would be skillful and joyful, passionate in his love of order, funny and tender.

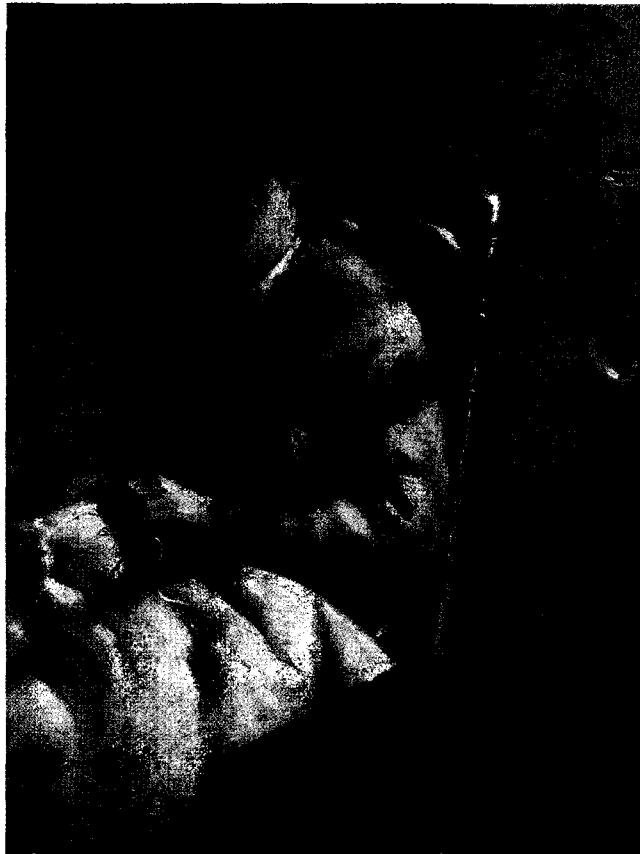
At his best, Elton was a man in love—with her, but not just with her. He was in love, too, with the world, with their place in the world, with even that scanty farm, with his own life, with farming. At those times she lived in his love as in a spacious house.

Walter Cotman always spoke of Mary as Elton's "better half." In spite of his sulks and silences, she would not go so far as "better." That she was his half she had no doubt at all. He needed her. At times she knew with a joyous ache that she completed him, just as she knew with the same joy that she needed him and he completed her. How beautiful a thing it was, she thought, to be a half, to be completed by such another half! When had there ever been such a yearning of halves toward each other, such a longing, even in quarrels, to be whole? And sometimes they would be whole. Their wholeness came upon them like a rush of light, around them and within them, so that she felt they must be shining in the dark.

But now that wholeness was not imaginable; she felt herself a part without counterpart, a mere fragment of something unknown, dark and broken off. The fire had burned low in the stove. Though she still wore her coat, she was chilled again and shaking. For a long time, perhaps, she had been thinking of nothing, and now misery alerted her again to the room. The wind panted and sucked at the house's corners. She could hear its billows and shocks, as if somebody off in the distance were shaking a great rug. It was like something that somebody was doing. She felt not a draft but the whole atmosphere of the room moving coldly against her. She went into the other room, but the fire there also needed building up. She could not bring herself to do it. She was shaking, she

ached, she could think only of lying down. Standing near the stove, she undressed, put on her nightgown again, and went to bed.

She lay chattering and shivering while the bedclothes warmed around her. She sensed that the time might come when sickness would be a great blessing, for she truly did not care if she died. She thought of Elton, who could not even look at her, out of the day's wind that had caught him up, and see that she was sick. If she had not been so miserable, she would have cried. But then her thoughts began to slip away, like dishes sliding along a table pitched as steeply as a roof. She went to sleep.



WHEN SHE WOKE, the room was warm. A tea kettle on the heating stove was muttering and steaming. Though the wind was still blowing hard, the room was full of sunlight. The lamp on the narrow mantelshelf behind the stove was filled and clean, its chimney gleaming, and so was the one on the stand by the bed. Josie Tom was sitting in the rocker by the window, sunlight flowing in on the unfinished long embroidery she had draped over her lap. She was bowed over her work, filling in with her needle and a length of yellow thread the bright corolla of a jonquil—or "Easter

lily," as she would have called it. She was humming the tune of an old hymn, something she often did while she was working, apparently without awareness that she was doing it. Her voice was resonant, low, and quiet, barely audible, as if it were coming out of the air and Josie Tom also were merely listening to it. The yellow flower was nearly complete.

And so Mary knew all the story of her day. Elton, going by Josie Tom's in the half light, had stopped and called.

She could hear his voice, raised to carry through the wind: "Mrs. Hardy, Mary's sick, and I have to go over to Walter's to plow."

So he had known. He had thought of her. He had told Josie Tom.

Feeling herself looked at, Josie Tom raised her head and smiled. "Well, are you awake? Are you all right?"

"Oh, I'm wonderful," Mary said. And she slept again. □

Why We Need A Smaller U.S. Population

A Message from Negative Population Growth, Inc.

Driven by explosive U.S. population growth, our nation is hurtling toward an environmental disaster.

If present immigration and fertility rates continue, our population, now over 252 million, will pass 400 million by the year 2050, and still be growing rapidly!

We believe that all efforts to save our environment will ultimately prove to be futile unless we not only halt U.S. population growth, but reverse it, so that our population can eventually be stabilized at a sustainable level – far lower than it is today.

The central issue is surely this: **At what size should we seek to stabilize U.S. population?** Unless we know in what direction we should be headed, how can we possibly devise sensible policies to get us there?

The Optimum U.S. Population Size

The size at which U.S. population is eventually stabilized is supremely important because of the effect of sheer numbers of people on such vitally important national goals as a healthy environment and a sustainable economy.

We believe these goals can best be achieved with a U.S. population size in the range of 125 to 150 million, or about the size it was in the 1940s, just before and after World War II. This optimum size could be reached in about three to four generations if we do two things now that are well within our grasp:

1. Reduce annual immigration to about 200,000 so that it is in rough balance with emigration (out-migration). Then, immigration will no longer contribute significantly to U.S. population growth, as it does now. At present, immigration is responsible for about 40 percent of our yearly population growth.

2. Lower our fertility rate (the average number of children per woman) from the present 2.1 to around 1.5 and maintain it at that level for several decades. We believe that non-coercive financial incentives will be necessary in order to achieve that goal.

If almost all women had no more than two children, our fertility rate would probably drop to around 1.5, because many people remain childless by choice, and many parents choose to have no more than one child. **We promote the ideal of the two-child maximum family as the social norm, because that is the key to lowering our fertility.**

NPG Proposes These Incentives to Motivate Parents to Have Not More Than Two Children

- Eliminate the present Federal income tax exemption for dependent children. (This would apply only to children born after a specified date.)
- Give a Federal income tax credit only to those parents who have no more than two children. Those with three or more would lose the credit entirely.
- Give a refundable tax credit (cash payment) to low income parents who are eligible for the income tax credit, to the extent that the credit exceeds their tax liability.
- Give a cash bonus for voluntary sterilization to both men and women under age 35, who have already had at least one child.

We Need Your Help

With the reductions in immigration and fertility we advocate, our nation could start now on the path toward a sustainable population size of 125 to 150 million.

Without such a program, the United States is almost certain to continue its mindless, headlong rush toward a catastrophic population size of 400 million or more.

If you agree that we need to work toward a smaller U.S. population, we need your support. **NPG, Inc., is the only population/environmental organization that calls for a smaller U.S. and world population, and for specific, realistic measures to achieve those goals.**

NPG is a nonprofit, national membership organization established in 1972. Contributions to NPG are tax deductible to the extent the law allows. To become a member, and receive our newsletter, plus all our current and future publications, please send us your check today.

Yes, I want to become a member of NPG, and help you work toward a smaller U.S. population. I am enclosing my check for annual membership dues.

____ \$30 ____ \$50 ____ \$100 ____ Other

Name _____

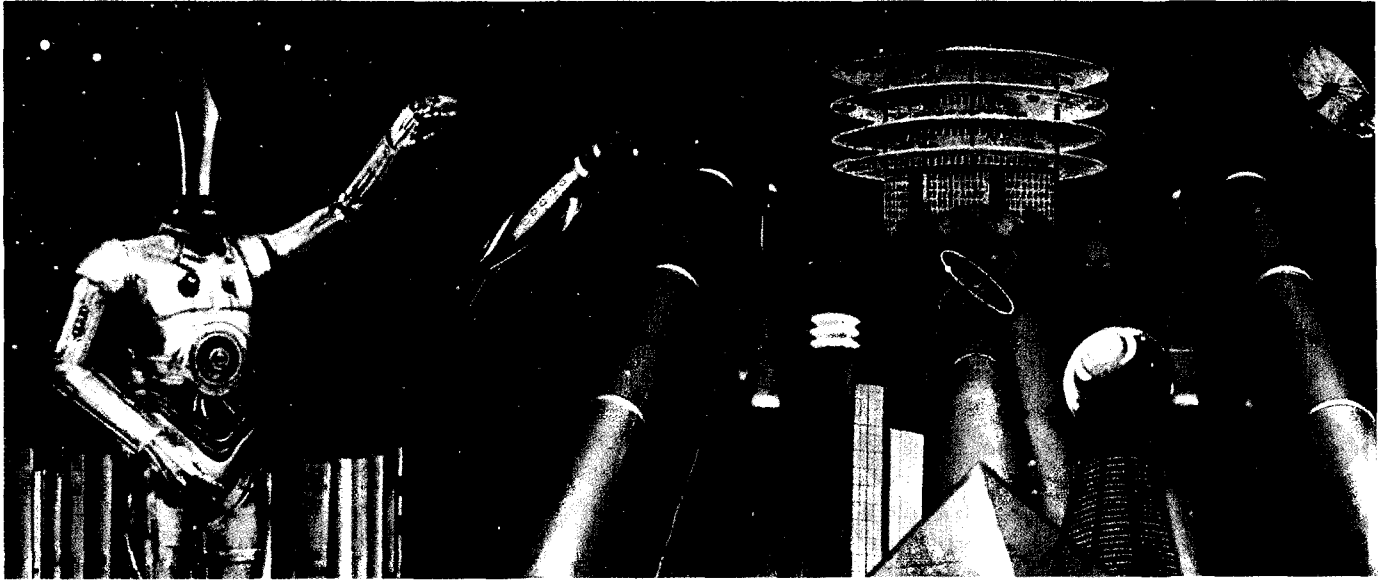
Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mail to: Negative Population Growth.

210 The Plaza, P.O. Box 1206, Teaneck, NJ 07666

AT292



Science fiction can best be understood as a branch of children's literature, argues the author, an accomplished writer of science fiction and also a poet and a drama critic

BIG IDEAS AND DEAD-END THRILLS

BY THOMAS M. DISCH

IN HIS LECTURE "FROM POE TO VALÉRY," T. S. ELIOT characterized science fiction's most venerable American ancestor in a manner that describes the genre quite as aptly as the author:

That Poe had a powerful intellect is undeniable: but it seems to me the intellect of a highly gifted young person before puberty. The forms which his lively curiosity takes are those in which a pre-adolescent mentality delights: wonders of nature and of mechanics and of the supernatural, cryptograms and cyphers, puzzles and labyrinths, mechanical chess-players and wild flights of speculation. The variety and ardour of his curiosity delight and dazzle; yet in the end the eccentricity and lack of coherence of his interests tire.

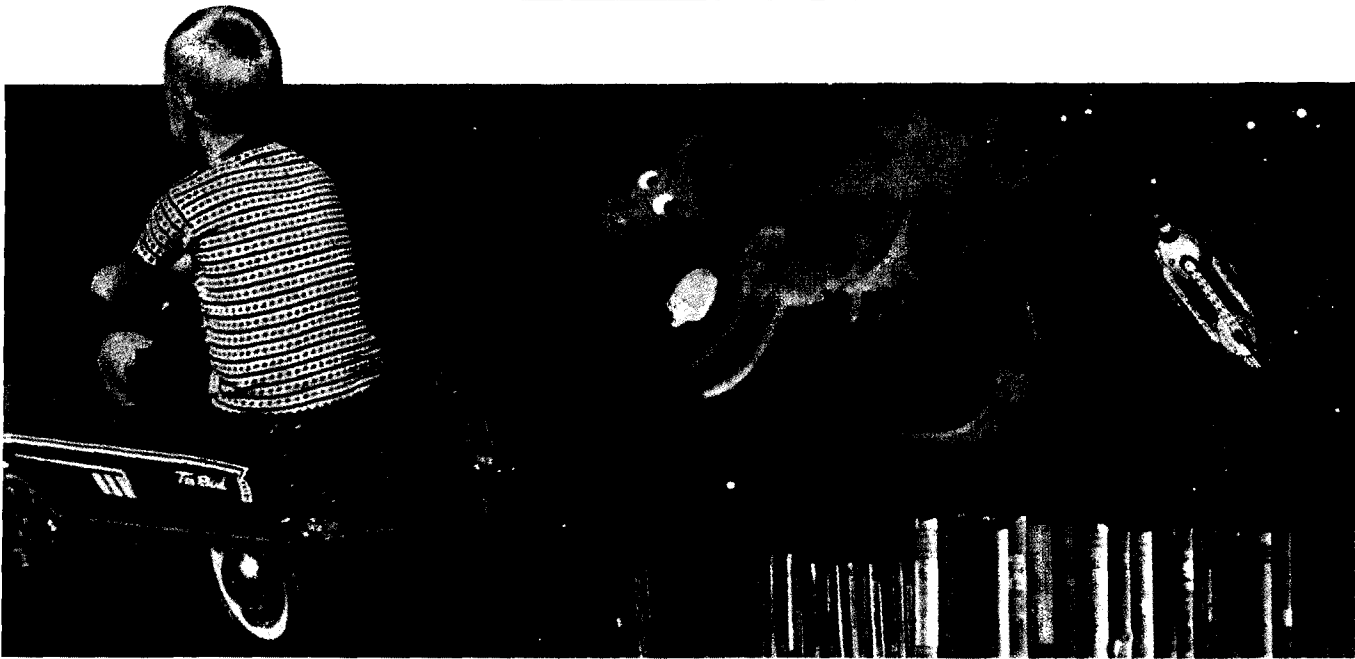
Eliot could have continued, even more damningly, in the same vein by noting the respects in which Poe's representations of sexuality are typical of those adolescent rakes and roués whose information on the subject derives from the library and a theoretical fascination rather than from experience or actual desire. The Poe who, in his early twenties, wrote "Berenice," wherein the soulful, aristocratic Egeus develops a passion for the teeth of his af-

fianced cousin Berenice, is a kind of adult impersonator, a teenager grossing out the grown-ups by reducing their lusts to an absurdity.

"The teeth!" Egeus famously raves, "—the teeth!—they were here, and there, and everywhere, and visibly and palpably before me; long, narrow, and excessively white, with the pale lips writhing about them.... In the multiplied objects of the external world I had no thoughts but for the teeth. For these I longed with a frenzied desire." In the tale's denouement, with wonderful celerity Berenice dies in an epileptic fit; she is buried, and a menial whispers to Egeus "of a violated grave—of a disfigured body enshrouded, yet still breathing—still palpitating—*still alive!*"

I cannot resist quoting Egeus/Poe's last breathless paragraph in full:

He [the menial] pointed to my garments; they were muddy and clotted with gore. I spoke not, and he took me gently by the hand: it was indented with the impress of human nails. He directed my attention to some object against the wall. I looked at it for some minutes: it was a spade. With a shriek I bounded to the table,



and grasped the box that lay upon it. But I could not force it open; and, in my tremor, it slipped from my hands, and fell heavily, and burst into pieces; and from it, with a rattling sound, there rolled out some instruments of dental surgery, intermingled with thirty-two small, white and ivory-looking substances that were scattered to and fro about the floor.

In 1975 I gave a talk on the theme “The Embarrassments of Science Fiction,” in which I developed a notion I had first advanced in 1970, in the bulletin of the Science Fiction Writers of America: that science fiction should be accounted, and can best be understood as, a branch of children’s literature. I noted how often a taste for SF is acquired in early adolescence—the golden age of science fiction, our tribal wisdom has it, is thirteen. I pointed to the number of classic stories about children of preternatural wisdom and power. And I deplored, at some length, the limitations that resulted from the genre’s readership demographics. Implicit in my critique was an agenda for an aesthetically and intellectually mature science fiction, written by grown-ups for grown-up tastes; the sort of science fiction I supposed that I and some few of my friends were writing at that time—the writers, as we advertised ourselves, of the New Wave.

Well, the New Wave is ancient history now, most of what we wrote out of print, and all of it out of date—for there is nothing so ephemeral as yesterday’s thoughtful predictions, whether on the op-ed page or in SF magazines. The predictive imagination is driven by archetypes; it demands Big Bangs, stunning upsets, Vistavision. History arrives incrementally and often by the side door. Consider how, in the twenty-three years since 2001, the space program has dwindled away to insignificance, a victim of public apathy, bureaucratic gigantism, and systemic corruption. Consider in that same film the anthropomorphic HAL, a melodrama villain disguised as a com-

puter; consider all SF’s failures to imagine the cybernetic age, despite the easy-to-follow instructions of Alvin Toffler and like pundits, until we were actually living in it. Consider such dreaded transformations as those that are threatened by the greenhouse effect or the destruction of the ozone layer or AIDS. Consider the new geopolitical imbalance of power. Consider all these things, and then ask what SF has had to say about them.

Almost not a word. Yet science fiction has never been more popular than in these past fifteen years. Beginning with *Star Wars*, in 1977, SF movies have been a major component of the Hollywood product—no longer grade-B entries for the drive-in crowd but big-bucks extravaganzas, which, often enough, have been remakes of earlier, drive-in movies such as *The Fly* and *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*. At the same time, SF titles began to appear regularly on best-seller lists, to the degree that in recent months a quarter to a third of best-selling fiction titles on both hard- and soft-cover lists have been SF or else of the kindred genres of horror and heroic fantasy.

Nearly without exception, the genre works that have enjoyed such popularity have been of the type that I characterized in “The Embarrassments of Science Fiction” as children’s literature. For while I had faintheartedly bemoaned the genre’s juvenility, more-farsighted souls—editors, notably Ballantine’s Judy Lynne del Rey—had taken the same estimate of the situation and seen an enormous untapped market. Del Rey and those who followed in her footsteps discovered and groomed writers like Stephan Donaldson, Terry Brooks, and Piers Anthony, who could scale down Tolkein or Asimov from the seventh- or eighth-grade reading levels of the overeducated fifties and create tetralogies suitable to the diminished reading skills of today’s children.

Other publishers pioneered the SF equivalent of franchise merchandising, issuing series like the ongoing *Star*

Trek paperbacks, a practice that minimizes the risks, costs, and unpleasantness of having to deal with "name" writers. (Editors know better than anyone that authors at this level of production are not irreplaceable. Indeed, for a hack writer it is a liability to have too identifiable a voice.) Finally, as part of a recent innovation, the most marketable of the older name writers, Asimov and Clarke, have been persuaded to become generic labels, by expanding classic short stories or undertaking "sequels" to the work they wrote before this high-rolling era. The actual work is subcontracted to "co-authors," including such onetime aspirants to menu-A status as Robert Silverberg and Gregory Benford (both of whom have undertaken collaborations with writers of still lesser clout).

These market forces have had a predictable effect on writers, who have had to adapt or die. Few veterans have succeeded at adapting. Silverberg wrote a gargantuan heroic fantasy, *Lord Valentine's Castle*, by way of atoning for the elitist sins of his New Wave days, but it was not quite enough; somehow his audience could hear a Galilean murmur, beneath his formal recantation, of "*e pur se muove*." With his *Book of the New Sun* tetralogy, Gene Wolfe succeeded at the seemingly impossible task of making literature of the mongrel subgenre of science fantasy, but the book's very excellences told against it in the current SF market. Brian Aldiss experienced a similarly disillusioning *succès d'estime* with his Helliconia trilogy.

Conventional publishing wisdom has it that the mid-list title is doomed to extinction at most trade publishers, and with it that middle rank of novelists who scrape along by selling 15,000 to 20,000 hardcover copies. Publishing houses, under the dominion of their accountants, no more have a compelling incentive to subsidize the middle rank's scraping along than General Motors has to sustain the existence of Flint, Michigan.

Just as the wiser residents of that city abandoned their homes before they were evicted from them, so a goodly number of the more sensible and prescient science-fiction writers have departed the field for other genres or for the traditional haven of the literary writer, academia. Samuel Delany now heads the department of comparative literature at the University of Massachusetts at Amherst and devotes most of his writing energies to criticism and other forms of nonfiction. J. G. Ballard made his entry into the big time with a memoir of his adolescence as a POW in China, *Empire of the Sun*, a work that became a Steven Spielberg epic. John Sladek, whose novels about robots were so long without a U.S. publisher, has become an executive in a firm that designs real robots.

Hollywood and television have proved more eager to assimilate SF ideas into film and video than the writers originating those ideas. It may well be that a different degree of professionalism is required, or (if this is not a tau-

tology) of cynicism. Would Philip K. Dick's two posthumous hits, *Blade Runner* and *Total Recall*, have succeeded at the box office if they had not been dumbed down by show-biz pros? At least in Dick's case, as in that of Arthur Clarke, some credit is given to the original. The great majority of the SF movies that have been hits in recent years—the Star Wars series, *E.T.*, *Alien* and *Aliens*, *Back to the Future* Parts 1, 2, and 3, and so forth—have been written by director-writer-producer teams who have dealt with SF as a pool of imagery, tropes, and plots in the public domain, which can be cobbled together as well by one creative team as by another. The success of these movies, and dozens of others, has proved them right, and the unhappy consequence for SF writers is that success within the genre is seldom a stepping-stone to any larger success generated by adaptation to film. The significant exceptions in the past decade have been writers of horror fiction, since in that field there is not that disjunction, characteristic of SF, between what readers will read and what audiences will buy tickets to see.

Dinosaurs vs. New Wave vs. Cyberpunk

MARKET FORCES, THOUGH THEY ARE POWERFUL, don't explain everything. SF writers of diverse generations have maintained a steady creative pace throughout their careers with no thought of the main chance or ordinary prudence. Increasingly, as he grew older, Robert Heinlein wrote books that defied the conventions of pulp fiction (and almost every other kind), and they became best sellers. Dick followed his instincts just as single-mindedly, though he was legendarily ill fated and undervalued (admittedly, much of the legend was created by the author, who was an ace self-mythologizer). Frederik Pohl has been producing novels with clockwork diligence for half a century, and enjoying a modest prosperity without ever producing a "crossover" novel. But such continuous, career-long productivity is unusual.

More often there is a gradual tapering-off or a complete cessation, as with Theodore Sturgeon, Ray Bradbury, Judith Merrill, Walter Miller, Jr., Alfred Bester, John Wyndham, Algis Budrys, Damon Knight, James Blish, Robert Sheckley, Joanna Russ, Harlan Ellison (to mention only those considered of the first rank). Diverse as their gifts were, graphs of their creative-energy expenditure would have roughly the same shape, and in few instances, to my knowledge, can these writers offer extrinsic reasons for their diminished production (extrinsic, that is, to the life of the imagination). A happy few continued to produce memorable work, though at a slower rate; others ground out ever more dismal hackwork; a few retired from the field at the height of their powers, sometimes mumbling of a magnum opus in the desk drawer.

Doubtless all the arts have a high attrition rate. If one were to divide all the art in the world, in whatever medi-

August 5, 1991 Four Dollars

Forbes

"The mountains
are high,
the emperor
is far away"

Ignoring the
aging tyrants
in Beijing,
60 million
mainland
Chinese are
already well
advanced on
the road to
capitalism



American management should know that capitalism is winning in China too.

Everyone thinks the communists control all of China. Forbes August 5th cover story says they don't. In Guangdong province, the political lackeys marched out. The Avon lady marched in. Along with Heinz, General Foods, P&G and Hong Kong businessmen. Now people gobble up Big Macs®. Billboards scream Levi's. Local merchants flaunt portable phones. The autocrats are terrified. They can't stop the shift in power from the northern bureaucrats to the businessmen in the South. Ultimately, Hong Kong is more likely to control Beijing rather than vice versa. What can the U.S. do for the cause? Congress should stop trying to end China's most-favored-nation status. Which would only discourage capitalism and bolster the communists.

Forbes reports on business trends in parts of the world that others may take for granted. Because we know management depends on us to provide them with penetrating analyses into every facet of business. To highlight today's trends. And forecast tomorrow's. This kind of gutsy, insightful reporting brings us far more long-term subscribers than either Business Week or Fortune. It also attracts advertisers. Remarkably, only one magazine, a weekly, carried more ad pages than Forbes. That was last year. Now their lead is down. By half. So run your ads in Forbes. The magazine that champions the cause of capitalism.

No guts. No story.
Forbes
Capitalist Tool
Forbes Magazine 60 Fifth Ave. N.Y. NY 10011

**Today, we stand by Alzheimer's families
with the help and hope of research.**

**So that one day, we may stand by
them with a cure.**

In the ten years since it was founded, the Alzheimer's Association has stood by Alzheimer's patients and their families to make the daily loneliness of coping...less lonely. We stand by them with emotional, informational, and referral support so that they can stand strong in the face of the disease.

But our ultimate hope is to one day stand by them with a cure. Our commitment to encourage more and better research into the cause, cure, treatment and management of Alzheimer's disease and its related disorders is a commitment that has surpassed \$13 million since 1982. By leading the way to increase our understanding of the disease, we put ourselves, and therefore all of us, closer to the cure.

This year alone, the Alzheimer's Association will stand by patients and their families with an unprecedented \$3.4 million in new research grants and awards. Please stand by us and the 4 million Alzheimer's families with your help, hope, and support.

The Alzheimer's Association
70 E. Lake Street, Chicago, IL 60601-5997

1-800-621-0379

(In Illinois 1-800-572-6037)



© 1990 Alzheimer's Disease and
Related Disorders Association, Inc.

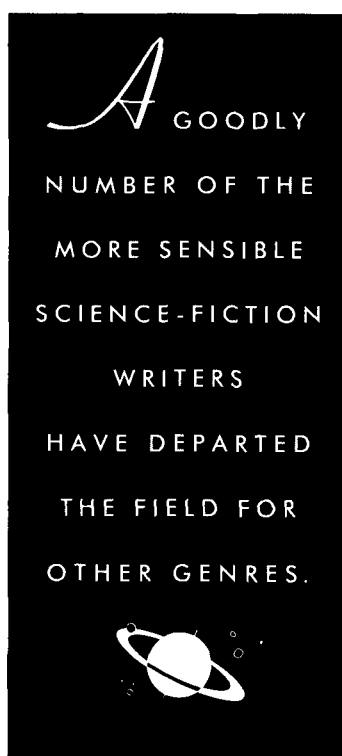
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

um, into that created by those under thirty-five and that by those over thirty-five, the former, I would wager, would be the richer lode. Advance the dividing line to age forty (which is the Yale Younger Poets' criterion) and there is little doubt. Work produced before age forty includes everything by Byron, Shelley, Keats, most of Shakespeare, the best of Wordsworth; all of Raphael, Van Gogh, Mozart, Bellini. Even where death or mid-life burnout did not close accounts, even where the highest talents continued in spite into old age, the *defining* work was usually done by age forty, especially in those arts where innovation is at a premium. Cubism, Impressionism, Jugendstil, the modernist movement in poetry—these were all creations of people in their twenties and early thirties.

The same has been true of science fiction. Indeed, the New Wave of the sixties represents the first generational opposition in science fiction. I remember how at a 1969 SF convention I spoke dismissively of the “dinosaurs” then impeding the proper appreciation of young mammals like myself. Twenty-three years later all but a couple of the dinosaurs I had in mind remain the commanding presences in the field, at least from a marketing perspective, and some of my fellow mammals now look more and more like dinosaurs themselves, even those who have not retired to the pastures of the backlist.

Like the elder dinosaurs—Clarke, Asimov, Bradbury—these newly old writers tend to recycle the same imaginative raw material. Ballard is Ballard still, and even in the act of renouncing her earlier fiction Ursula LeGuin perpetuates it. In terms of an individual artist's career track, such continuity may be inescapable and even advantageous. But it has been the tacit mandate of science fiction that its writers should create a kind of consensual future, a map of both what we've agreed to wish for and what we collectively dread. The vision of the Asimov-Heinlein generation was the cheery Buck Rogers universe of space travel and infinite economic expansion, an imaginative landscape that mirrored the socioeconomic ideals of America from 1948 through 1962.

The next consensual future, that of the New Wave, sprayed graffiti on the edifices it inherited. Norman Spinrad, in *The Iron Dream*, re-imagined Heinlein's oeuvre through the eyes of Adolph Hitler. Fear of the bomb and distrust of the system were the order of the day. At the essential task of creating a period vision or style—defining images like the rocket ship, the robot, the Gotham City of Art Deco skyscrapers—the New Wave scored near zero. The magazine *New Worlds* under Michael



Moorcock promoted a brand of pop art that montaged Carnaby Street with affirmations of existing pop icons like highway signs and consumer packaging, but pop art celebrated images that were already retro in their day; the “future” in the sixties existed only in quotation marks, as a form of camp and an abandoned faith. This antiquarian quality of the “future” was epitomized by the cover of the 1979 *Science Fiction Encyclopedia*, in which, beneath a giant canteloupe that, at second glance, may be the moon, an ocean liner is washed up against a tumbling Empire State Building. For the New Wave writer of the sixties, the characteristic future landscape was the ruins of what the thirties and forties had dreamed of.

The next generation in SF is that of the cyberpunks, whose works are still in progress and so not yet within hindsight's advantaged purview. One thing that can already be said of the cyberpunks, howev-

er, is that they *have* created a distinctive consensual future with a look all its own, a look consciously adapted from Hollywood set designs, notably those for *Blade Runner*, and from computer graphics. It is a funky look that might be seen as an affirmation of the graffiti the New Wave writers scrawled on the city of the future they inherited, as though to say, “Well, yes, the future is a mess, and a lot of it is in terrible repair, and the rest is mostly an electronic illusion, but you might as well enjoy it while it lasts.”

That sense that the future may not last for long is often assumed to be a prerogative of youth, the dialectical complement of another misconception the young are noted for—the conviction that they are immortal. The punk component of the cyberpunk aesthetic celebrates the fecklessness of youth and its preferred risks: drugs, sex, and macho aggression. But how could it do otherwise in our culture? I think it is more significant that today's *older* generations share the cyberpunk vision of a disposable future of diminishing options, to which the logical response is hedonism and the idea that problems can be solved by denying that they exist. Is there a hole in the ozone layer? Does the federal deficit relate to anything real? Just say no.

My sense of the moral dimensions of cyberpunk was confirmed by an op-ed piece by Lewis Shiner, himself a sometime cyberpunk, in *The New York Times* of January 7, 1991. In the course of turning in his official resignation from the movement, Shiner delivered this summing-up: cyberpunk “offers power fantasies, the same dead-end thrills we get from video games and blockbuster movies like ‘Rambo’ and ‘Aliens.’ It gives Nature up for dead, accepts violence and greed as inevitable and promotes

the cult of the loner." Shiner began that piece with a simple but telling observation: "I'm 39 years old."

Of course, it is not inevitable that one's aesthetic becomes tender as one's arteries harden. William Burroughs, a patron saint of punk in all its varieties, cyber included, is an author whose prophetic vision has altered scarcely a whit since *Naked Lunch*, of 1959 (when Burroughs had reached the astonishing age, for someone in his actuarial class, of forty-five). He's still going, each new novel as dependably like the last as those of Terry Brooks and Anne McCaffrey, and he has been the most popular bad boy of his era, the discovery of each countercultural generation since the Beats, never more popular than among the cyberpunks. The secret of Burroughs's appeal is that he is consummately yucky, a living gross-out than whom there is none grosser. His novels wearily recapitulate the same doubtless sincere masturbatory images of young men achieving orgasm at the moment of strangulation while old creeps, dazed with opium, look on. There is also a lot of playful surgery that calls to mind those dental instruments that rolled out of Egaeus's little box. And by way of avant-garde authentication, a portion of Burroughs's oeuvre is given over to verbal montage produced by intercutting existing texts in a random fashion, a method of composition that anyone can emulate (but that no one except the terminally stoned will be likely to read in any quantity). Finally, there is the testimony of the man: a long-term heroin addict, a pederast of sepulchral uncomeliness, a wife-killer, and an unfailing source of trendy paranoid delusions. Surely the man was not of woman born but rather formed from ashes and cerements plundered from the tomb of Edgar Allan Poe.

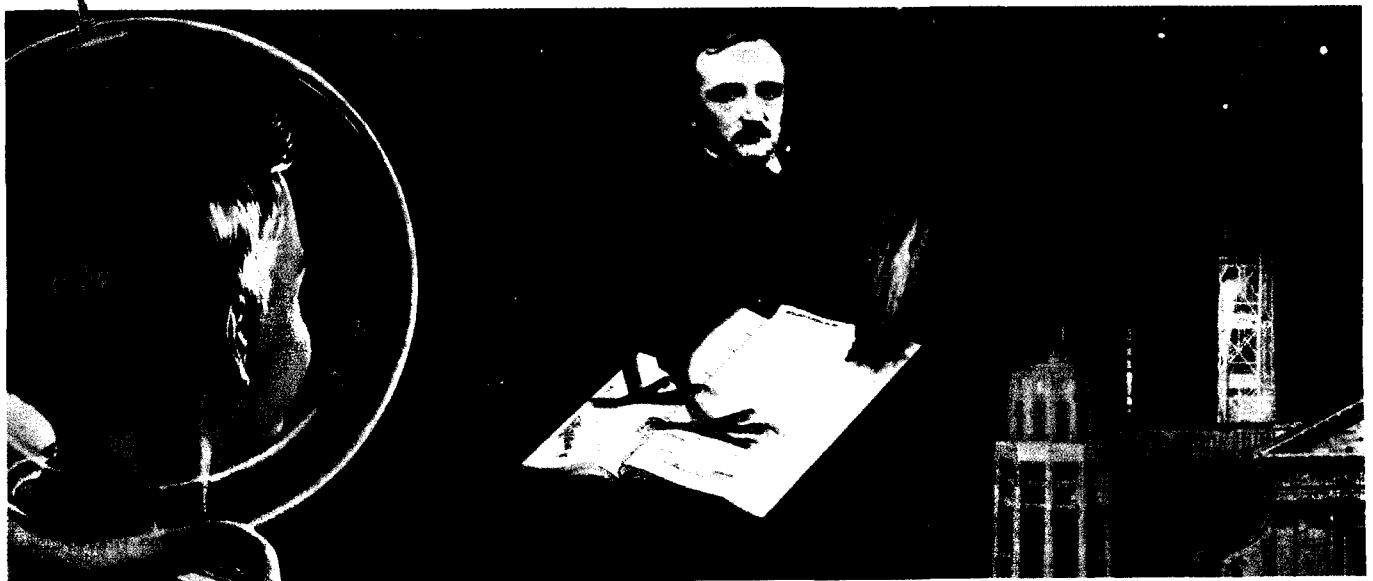
I exaggerate, but only with regard to the matter of his birth, for Burroughs was, like many of Poe's heroes, a scion of wealth; indeed, the family business has evolved into Unisys, a multinational defense contractor of the kind that rules the cyberpunk uni-

verse. Perhaps there is a hidden blessing in the fact that Burroughs's vocation was for heroin and literature rather than the family business: he might have been just as successful in putting his vision to work for Unisys.

Youth, Too Often Callow

BETWEEN THEM, POE AND BURROUGHS REPRESENT a paradigm of what is most gauche, most deeply and painfully embarrassing, in science fiction, including that of the New Wave. I speak here of youth, not childhood—for childhood, from an adult vantage, is not an embarrassment, and that part of science fiction that recommends itself to the tastes of pre-teens is charming or, at least, harmless. Once such a taste has been acquired, it may be exercised long afterward, as teddy bears may live long secret lives hiding in closets or behind pillows. I came to understand this recently when a student in a writing class passionately protested his readerly loyalty to one of my *bêtes noires*, Piers Anthony. A sophomore, intelligent and socially couth, he could not find any *principle* on which to base his liking. The author's sense of humor was the student's last bulwark, but there was no single joke or whimsy in the text which he could point to as being actually amusing. I realize now that we were fighting over a teddy bear, which he, quite rightly, refused to surrender or renounce, though he could offer no rationale for his loyalty. What can one say in such cases but "He's my teddy, and I love him!" Piers Anthony's work accomplishes its purpose exactly to the degree that an adult taste *can't* tolerate it; his silly puns and patchwork plots stand like toy soldiers forbidding all grown-ups entry to his never-never land.

In youth the most awkward age—the one that gives us the most to blush for—is the one we have just quitted. College students have a horror of being mistaken for high-schoolers; those in their mid-twenties wince at the



gaucheries of college years. Thereafter, embarrassment is not so much a matter of maturity as of social class. Those who write embarrassingly may do so in ignorance of, or despite, generally understood rules of decorum. Usually naiveté combines with rashness, as when suburban teenagers write sad tales of the deaths of inner-city hookers, or Bret Easton Ellis imagines what it would be like to be an amoral and well-dressed sex maniac. The new candor that came to science fiction in the seventies (and to the culture at large, for the New Wave was only part of a larger confluence of forces), the liberty to speak of sexual matters in barracks language, has yielded a richness of embarrassments, from Heinlein's first-person pronouncements on female sexual fulfillment to Ballard's solemn but equally hypothetical pontifications in the New Wave mini-classic "The Summer Cannibals." I quote a typical unit of his prose:

A Krafft-Ebing of Geometry and Posture. He remembered these pleasures: the conjunction of her exposed pubis with the polished contours of the bidet; the white cube of the bathroom quantifying her left breast as she bent over the handbasin; the mysterious eroticism of the multi-storey car park, a Krafft-Ebing of geometry and posture; her flattened thighs on the tiles of the swimming pool below; her right hand osculating the finger-smear panel of the elevator control. Looking at her from the bed, he re-created these situations, conceptualizations of exquisite games.

That passage does elicit some of science fiction's traditional sense of wonder, but after the fashion of one white teenager solemnly misinforming another about the sexual peculiarities of Asian women. Take two mental steps back from "A Krafft-Ebing of geometry and posture" and the author's portentousness just looks silly and self-important, a failed effort to pump significance and glamour into vacation snapshots of the Spanish coast near Alicante,

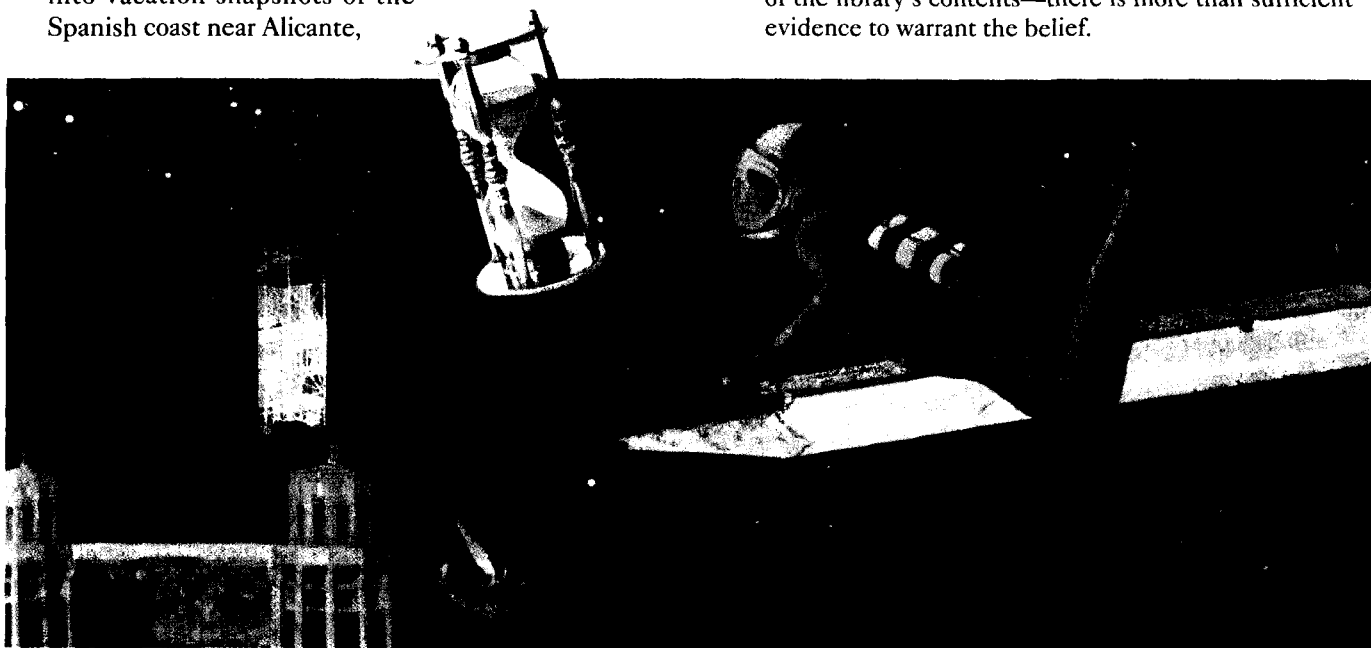
where, Ballard later wrote in a footnote to "The Summer Cannibals,"

I once pushed my tank-like Armstrong-Siddeley to 100 mph on the beach road, and where my wife died in 1964. The curious atmosphere of the Mediterranean beach resorts still awaits its chronicler.... It has a unique ambience—nothing, in my brief experience, like Venice, California, or Malibu. At present it is Europe's Florida, an endless parade of hotels, marinas and apartment houses, haunted by criminals running hash from North Africa, stealing antiquities or on the lam from Scotland Yard.

There is nothing wrong with helping the tourist industry glamorize its wares. Writers of all sorts and every degree of sophistication are constantly about such business. What gives Ballard's testimony its ring of callow youth is the arrogance of his assumption that he is the first person ever to see his favorite stretch of beach the way it really is—that *he* is the chronicler Alicante has been waiting for.

Self-importance is commonly the armor of the insecure. Poe wrote "Berenice" in the meanest of circumstances, unemployed, living in the garret where his brother had died, supported by the charity of an indigent aunt who went round to relatives to beg for groceries. And this is how his narrator describes *his* circumstances:

My baptismal name is Egaeus; that of my family I will not mention. Yet there are no towers in the land more time-honored than my gloomy, gray, hereditary halls. Our line has been called a race of visionaries; and in many striking particulars—in the character of the family mansion—in the frescos of the chief saloon—in the tapestries of the dormitories—in the chiselling of some buttresses in the armory—but more especially in the gallery of antique paintings—in the fashion of the library chamber—and, lastly, in the very peculiar nature of the library's contents—there is more than sufficient evidence to warrant the belief.



Again, the impulse to compensate for the indignities of poverty by fantasizing about the life-styles of the rich and famous is a universal trait. What is characteristically youthful in Poe's performance is his ingenuous confidence that he's taking us in.

I feel a particularly keen twinge of embarrassment for Poe at such moments because I can read in all too many passages of my own work exactly the same threadbare pretensions. Recently I learned that an Italian publisher intends to reprint "5 Eggs," a story I wrote at age twenty-three, when I was living in decidedly mean circumstances. The story is a string of embarrassments large and small, but I think this paragraph best captures its tone:

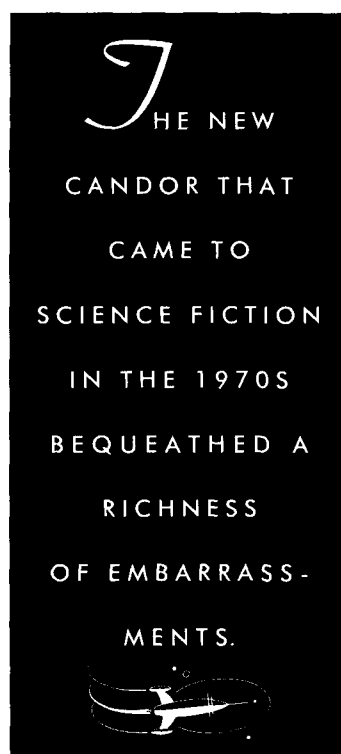
Standing in the dining room where appetizers, salads, and sauces were spread on the great mahogany table amid the plunder of his mother's cupboard—the gilt-edged china, the heavy silver, the crystal—he stared out the French windows at the bleak, moonlit autumn hills that lay beyond his watered lawn.

And there is this picture of high society a page later:

Mrs. Shreve with her husband was the next to arrive. Shreve was his publisher. Mrs. Shreve received the news of [his fiancée's] desertion politely, as she might have received the news of a friend's bankruptcy, with an invitation to dinner, with the understanding that as long as the friend's evening clothes and composure were intact the invitation stood. Mrs. Shreve had brought along galleys of his latest book, and they talked business and drank....

Nothing in my own prose can match the glory of "the chiselling of some buttresses in the armory," but clearly the same compensatory mechanism is at work. Perhaps it is no accident that the plot of my tale, like Poe's, features a tragic romance of a sort that only young men of pristine inexperience and perfected amour propre have ever imagined. And who should their readership be but other such young men, for whom the authors' inauthenticities are more solacing than a lifetime subscription to *Connoisseur*, from which they would learn only the true dimensions of their exclusion from the frescoed saloons and tapestried dormitories of the rich.

The final and most excruciating callowness of youth is what SF readers particularly prize: Big Ideas. Now, there are some ideas that genuinely are big, which is to say, full of implication and repercussion. Copernicus's remodeled universe is such an idea. But an idea need not even be valid to be big: Spengler's *Decline of the West* is as big as all



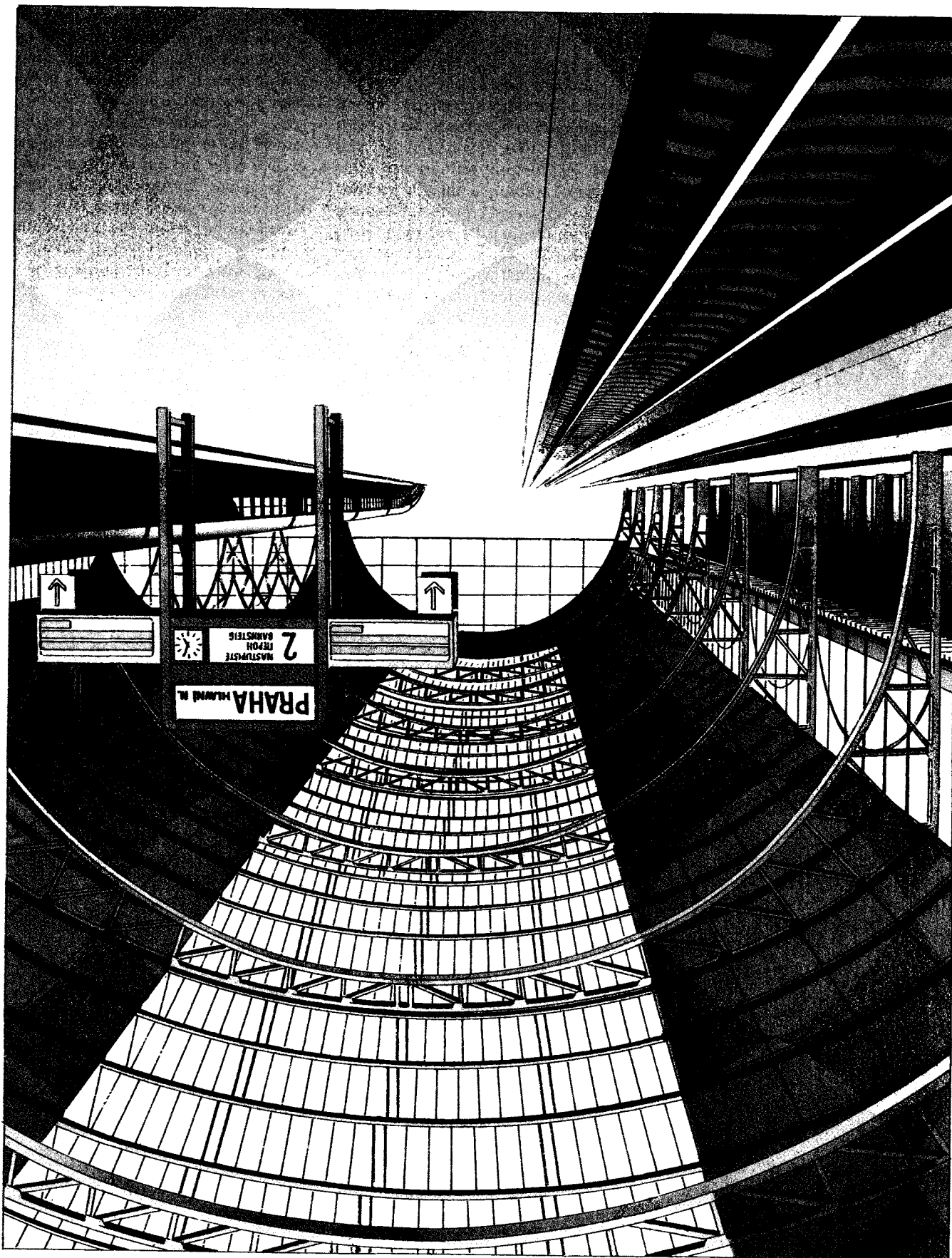
history, and its central thesis is pure twaddle. But when I was twenty-five, I revered Spengler, and I was willing to accept any amount of twaddle on faith for the sake of his system, the wonderfully lucid pattern that provided a pigeonhole for every datum of history.

There is nothing that so militates against the sense of one's own vast ignorance as adopting some such Big Idea, and the young, whose ignorance is largest and rawest and most exasperating, have a natural predilection for Big Ideas. Marxists, Ayn Randers, Scientologists, and deconstructionists have one thing in common: they tend to have been recruited young. Once in the fold, they may remain there indefinitely and turn into fossils, but twigs are bent in the teens and twenties.

To a certain degree SF provides a natural playground for the harmless exercise of Big Ideas, even those that are radically unsound. Utopias that could never be im-

plemented in the real world are fun to explore in simulation. Witness the utopian SF novels by writers of such diverse temperaments as LeGuin, Suzy McKee Charnas, Heinlein, Larry Niven, and Jerry Pournelle. The Gaia hypothesis is also a natural for science-fictionalization. Indeed, SF anticipated it, in stories including Richard McKenna's 1963 work "Hunter Come Home." However, not all writers approach Big Ideas in a spirit of intellectual playfulness. Some come to believe in their privileged wisdom and become intolerant of contradiction, and this can happen at various levels of sophistication. The most gullible can simply report to the local Scientology recruiting office. Others dope their SF hobbyhorses with an ideological fix. Ursula LeGuin promotes a return to the wisdom of a Native American never-never land. Michael Moorcock has become an advocate of Andrea Dworkin. The tendency is always to venture toward the current ideological limit as an inherently more dramatic situation, which is also, however, inherently silly.

Ideological silliness is an affliction more tolerable in the young, and, for reasons I've tried to lay out, exactly the same may be said of a taste for science fiction. This is not meant to be my way of abjuring the field or declaring that I am not now nor have I ever been a science-fiction writer. I have been and I continue to be. I will even go on reading and reviewing the stuff, as long as some small portion of what is published continues to suit my taste. But I won't act as a booster for the genre as a whole, which has become, as a publishing phenomenon, one of the major symptoms of, if not a causal agent in, the dumbing-down of the younger generation and the lowering of the lowest common denominator. □



BY GUY BILLOUT

ANGST

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A small caye among the more than 200 off the Belizean coast; most lie in the relatively shallow water along the barrier reef

Of Reefs and Ruins

Whether on its forested mainland or in its coral cayes, Belize is a tropical retreat ripe for tourism

by Kenneth Brower

THE NATURAL fabric of Belize is as rich and variegated as any natural fabric on earth. Belize—the old British Honduras, independent since 1981—sits at the southeastern corner of the Yucatán Peninsula, a brand-new little country composed almost entirely of the two most fecund and diverse ecosystems on the planet: tropical forest and coral reef.

Seventy percent of Belize is forested, and more than 40 percent of the country's primary forest still stands. In Costa Rica, a neighboring nation famous for its enlightened programs of rain-forest preservation, only 15 per-

cent of the original forest remains. Belize is the smallest country in Central America, yet more jaguars survive there than in any of its neighbor states. Belizean forests are a refuge for tapirs, ocelots, anteaters, iguanas, crocodiles, cougars, howler monkeys, and polychromatic tropical birds in 533 varieties. What strikes a visitor from the west, flying in over the overpopulated, fraying terrain of southern Mexico, is the sudden, unmitigated greenness of Belize's jungles. What strikes a visitor from the south, flying in over the trampled, troubled landscapes of El Salvador and Guatemala, is that same

green. What strikes the visitor arriving from the north or east is the white filigrees of surf along Belize's reefs and coral cayes. Belize boasts the longest barrier reef this side of Australia.

Belize's humanity is nearly as diverse as its nature. What Belize calls Creoles—Afro-Belizeans, descendants of slaves who worked the sugar plantations—predominate along the coast. Inland are three different Maya tribes, mestizos of several sorts, expatriate Americans, Guatemalan refugees, Mennonite farmers. There are Chinese in Belize, Lebanese, East Indians. On the southern coast live the Garifuna,

the descendants of slave-ship Africans who intermarried with Carib Indians. Belizean humanity is various without being numerous. The country is slightly larger than Massachusetts, yet has just 180,000 inhabitants—and thus the unmitigated green. One hears everything in Belize—Spanish, German, Maya, the Garifunas' Afro-Carib tongue—but English is spoken by the majority of the populace. The monolingual North American traveler has no trouble getting around. Even the currency is easy. One U.S. dollar gets you two dollars Belize.

In the past few years tourism has begun to rival sugarcane as an earner of foreign exchange for Belize, yet in no sense is the country overrun. It feels like a place where the wave of tourists is about to hit but hasn't yet. This intuition first struck me on the bus ride from the airport to Belize City. It owed partly to the new tarmac and terminal at the airport, partly to the new villas under construction in the roadside mangroves, and mostly to my sense that there *should* be more tourists here. Given the greenness, the Mayan ruins in the interior, the absence of guerrillas and death squads, and the English spoken here, more gringos with cameras should have been aboard that bus.

My hotel in Belize City, the Chateau Caribbean, was an old seafront Victorian, partitioned and painted the palest apricot. Scenes from *The Dogs of War* were filmed here. The interior has a pleasant decrepitude—just the right ambience, Hollywood apparently figured, for a tale about white mercenaries and post-colonial corruption. (There are bigger, fancier places to stay, like the Fort George, next door, and any number of cheaper places—guesthouses where you can get a room for \$15 Belize.) A lateen sail passed outside my window: Creole fishing boat going out. Frigate birds were patrolling the seafront on their fixed black seven-foot wingspans. Black vultures were squabbling over something on the seawall.

I spent the afternoon walking around Belize City. A quarter of the country's population lives in this town. Belize City was once the capital, but in 1961 Hurricane Hattie flattened the place, and the government relocated inland, at Belmopan. Several foreign embassies declined, sensibly, to follow their hosts to the heat of the Belmopan

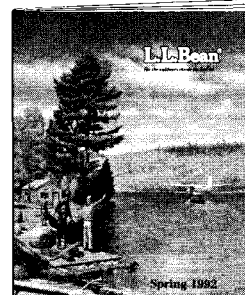
savanna. Many Belizean officials feel the same way about Belmopan—Belize's Brasilia—and they daily commute the fifty miles from Belize City to the imitation Mayan temple of their legislature. The former capital is a town of white clapboard and tin roofs, frigate birds and pelicans, coconut palms and bougainvillea, a few hard characters (at least one guidebook warns visitors not even to talk to strangers who approach), a couple of crazies, lots of Creole kids in school uniforms.

TOURISM IN Belize began offshore, on the country's reefs and cayes. "The Belize coral reef ecosystem is unique in the Western Hemisphere on account of its size, its array of reef types and the luxuriance of corals thriving in such a pristine condition," according to *Coral Reefs of the World*, the bible in these matters. The center of tourism in Belize is Ambergris Caye, the northernmost cay in the country. There are more than twenty hotels and an airstrip on Ambergris. Hol Chan Marine Reserve, five square miles of protected area at the southern end of the cay, is one of the finer marine parks in the Caribbean. Hol Chan Cut is a fine dive spot. The snorkeling and glass-bottom-boating are good, and the marlin fishing out of Ambergris is said to be excellent.

There is a nice range of accommodations in the cayes. At the upper end are a number of the resorts on Ambergris Caye; Blue Marlin Lodge, on South Water Caye; and Manta Resort, at the southern tip of Glover's Reef. Less expensive are Caye Caulker (on some maps Caye Corker) and Caye Chapel. The Caye Caulker clientele, attracted by the simple guesthouses on the island, tends to be young and economical and to travel with backpacks. Caye Chapel is a playground of the British military stationed in Belize and has a single hotel, the Pyramid.

Only recently have travelers turned their attention to the Belizean mainland. This is odd, as the mainland is so rich. Along the Belizean shore grows some of the finest mangrove forest in the New World. The mangroves give way to a coastal plain extending many miles inland before Belize begins gently rising into the Maya Mountains and Cockscomb Range. The coastal plain is a country of low, hurricane-zone forest

L.L.Bean®



FREE Spring Catalog

Features quality products for men and women who enjoy the outdoors. Rugged clothing and footwear for active outdoor use, as well as attractive and well-made weekend wear. Field-tested sporting equipment for hiking, camping, canoeing, bicycling and fly fishing. Order any time, 24 hours a day, by phone or mail. **Our toll-free Order and Customer Service numbers are available 24 hours a day, 365 days a year.** We maintain large inventories and ship directly to your home.

☐ **Send FREE Spring Catalog**

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

L. L. Bean, Inc., 101 Casco St., Freeport, ME 04033

World's Finest ESTATE COFFEES & TEAS



ROASTED & SHIPPED DAILY

Hand selected and roasted to perfection using only the finest estate Arabica coffee beans. My family's prized blends bring you 65 of the world's richest, most exclusive coffee varieties and flavors—all affordably priced.

For tea lovers, choose among the finest hot, ice and herbal teas known. In addition, my color catalog offers a full line of coffee brewing systems, tea pots & accessories. Your satisfaction is 100% guaranteed or your money back.

Call or write today for your **FREE CATALOG 1-800-832-4896.**

Available Exclusively From

AMANDA DAVIES
ESTATE COFFEES & TEAS, LTD.
6876 Indiana Ave., Dept. A-J-2
Riverside, CA 92506

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY/STATE/ZIP _____

*Coming
Next
Month
In*
**The
Atlantic**



**WATCHING
THE WATCHERS**
by Erik Larson

For nearly fifty years the A. C. Nielsen Company has virtually monopolized the TV-ratings business. Despite steady improvements in its monitoring technology, however, the company faces increasing criticism of its methods and results. Nielsen's answer to some of these challenges is a device that uses digital portraits to recognize and distinguish viewers. It also picks up movement, and can determine if viewers leave during commercials. Among the many probable consequences, the author writes, is that "at last advertising agencies would find themselves subject to the same ratings tyranny that producers and TV writers have had to endure all these years."



**BANKRUPT AND
BULLISH**
by Mary Graham

Defects in the U.S. bankruptcy law, the author argues, allow failing businesses to increase their debts, retain incompetent managers, and postpone the inevitable—while creditors languish and assets are soaked up by the legal process.

broken by savannas and interrupted by chains of large landlocked lagoons. The savannas are the country of the Jabiru stork, largest of American flying birds. The lagoons are inhabited by jacanas, which walk on floating vegetation on gigantic feet; by snail kites, noble-looking raptors that have resigned themselves to a subsistence on snails; by boat-billed herons, which go into paroxysms of quacking and bill-clopping when a boat nears their nesting trees; by coots, cormorants, anhingas. Lagoon fauna is best seen at Crooked Tree Sanctuary. Inland of lagoon, savanna, and hurricane zone begins the green of Belize's moist tropical forest.

The wave of tourists cannot soon become a tsunami, in the opinion of tour people I asked, because Belize lacks the necessary infrastructure. There are several handfuls of places to stay on the mainland—the Pelican Beach Hotel, an old beachside colonial building in the Stann Creek District; Toucan Inn, a displaced English pub on Big Creek, at the mouth of Placencia Lagoon; Rum Point, on the Placencia Peninsula; Nature's Way guesthouse, at Punta Gorda; and a few dozen more—but not enough to handle hordes.

One of my favorite places is the Chaa Creek Cottages, near the town of San Ignacio, in the Cayo District. The cottages at Chaa Creek overlook the Macal River and iguanas dozing on streamside branches. Disturbed, an iguana will roll off the branch and drop fifteen or twenty feet into the Macal. Chaa Creek's owner and builder, Mick Fleming, spent his early career in Africa, and the cottages owe a debt to that continent: whitewashed mud walls, conical thatch roofs. The interiors are Central American: red-tile floors, Guatemalan wool blankets in bright patterns, kerosene lanterns by the headboards, etched gourds and Guatemalan hangings on the walls. Bird watchers need not leave the deck outside the Chaa Creek bar. The trees there are as colorful as Christmas trees, only in broad leaf, and with ornaments come alive—collared aracaris, keel-billed toucans, parrots, motmots, euphonias, hummingbirds—each crown a palimpsest, new birds continually passing through.

From Chaa Creek, I drove a short distance to the Mopan Maya village of Succotz, on the Mopan River, for a visit to the Mayan ruin of Xunantunich (Shoo-nahn-toon-EECH). To reach the

ruin, one crosses the Mopan on a hand-cranked ferry. The little two-car barge moves so gently that the traveler is halfway across before he realizes his voyage has begun. The ferry is an ark for bats, and if you stamp on the planks of the prow, a few will skim off over the river.

Xunantunich is medium-sized, as Mayan sites go. It is not nearly so important as the ancient Belizean metropolis of Caracol, currently being excavated forty miles to the south. The Mayanists exhuming Caracol are convinced, as Mayanists are wont, that their city was the most important in Mayan civilization. They believe that Caracol prospered during the odd 150-year period called the Hiatus. According to their interpretation of several old glyphs, Caracol succeeded in conquering the great city of Tikal, sixty-five miles away in Guatemala. No one makes this sort of claim for Xunantunich, but the site is the largest ceremonial center in the Belize River valley, and its main pyramid, "El Castillo," remains the tallest man-made structure in Belize.

At Xunantunich I discovered how much I prefer ruins to reconstructions. Overgrown sections of dark, crumbling, unretouched old Mayan stairway, for me, were vastly more evocative than the "computer-enhanced" restoration, in pale new cement, of the astrological frieze that Mayanists think once adorned El Castillo. I like seeing my Mayan vestiges without the interpretation.

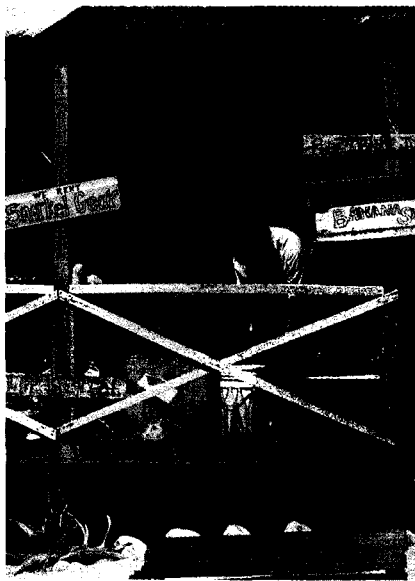
At the top of El Castillo, I began developing my own theories about the Maya. These pyramids—if not the Egyptian ones—are a basic human reaction to the rain forest, I decided, much as prehensile tails are a reaction in monkeys, and the climbing habit a reaction in vines. In the thick tropical forest of these Yucatán lowlands the pyramid was the only way to achieve vistas, to get above the claustrophobic canopy of trees. The Mayan social order was reinforced by the pyramid, maybe even flowed from it. Earlier, looking up from the pyramid's base—the vantage of the Maya commoner—I had felt small and unimportant. Looking down now from El Castillo's top—the vantage of the Maya priest—I felt mighty, in league with the wind and sky, brother to the hawk-eagle soaring to the northeast, monarch of all the

hundreds of square miles I surveyed in Belize and Guatemala.

The twelve cabanas of Chan Chich Lodge sit near Belize's border with Guatemala, in primary tropical forest, amid the temple mounds of a Mayan ruin. The lodge is a wonderful place. Miles of botanical trails, cleverly laid out and with intelligent commentary for self-guided tours, wander through the plazas of the ruin and then far out into the surrounding forest. Ocellated turkeys move among the cabanas of the lodge in early morning and at twilight, foraging the lawns and drumming. Oropendolas give their lunatic performances at midday, singing and spinning upside-down on high branches. Howler monkeys roar in the twilight hours, as Venus, the "Wasp Star" of the ancient Maya, begins to glitter in the west. Mottled owls call at night.

Among Mayanists there is a certain amount of consternation over the placement of the lodge in the middle of a Mayan ruin. In a hammock on my cabana deck, reading articles on Mayan archaeology, I tried to decide what I thought about this. Sitting inside the small Chan Chich pyramids, in the cool of looters' trenches, I mulled the problem over.

The deep slot of a looters' trench is a



KENNETH BROWER

fine place for meditation. The trenches are dim but not dark, thanks to the chalky white limestone fill of which the pyramids are built. The looters' trenches and tunnels are inhabited by leaf-nosed bats. The squeak of the bat radar is pitched above human hearing, but the soft wingbeats are audible. The meditator feels cool puffs of wind from the wings as the bats flutter past.

In the opinion of the Mayanists, Mayan ruins should be left to the

Mayanists. In my opinion, as it developed in the looters' trench in Chan Chich, a few Mayan ruins should be left to the rest of us.

"Some of the numbers the Maya reached in their fascination with time were very large," Norman Hammond writes in *Ancient Maya Civilization*. "On one inscription at Quirigua a date 90 million years ago is recorded, and on another a period of 400 million years." Time moves faster now than it did during the famous "Long Count" of the Maya calendar. In the preservation of its forests and wildlife, Belize no longer has Mayan eternities to play with.

"We don't have a whole lot of time to set major areas of land aside," Bruce Miller told me one night at Chan Chich. Miller, an environmental consultant to the government of Belize, is working hard to establish a biosphere reserve in the country. He and his wife, Carolyn, are the authors of the fine trail guide at Chan Chich. "We have more time in Belize than we do in other Central American countries," Miller said. "We do at least have a little time to think."

A little time, but not 400 million years. A short count has begun in the unspoiled forests of Belize. Best not wait too long. □



DARRELL JONES

Above: A slice of life on the Caye Caulker beach. Below: The Mayan ruin of Xunantunich, overlooking the Guatemalan border

Books

How Wise Were the "Wise Men"?

by John Lewis Gaddis

A PREPONDERANCE OF POWER:
National Security, the Truman
Administration, and the Cold War
by Melvyn P. Leffler.
Stanford University Press, \$29.95.

WISH FULFILLMENT in world politics can be a dangerous thing. Any high official of the United States government, if asked at any point during the Cold War to specify the best outcome for that conflict, would have mentioned something like the following: a world in which the danger of nuclear war was receding; a Soviet Union stripped of its expansionist ideology and most of its military power; an Eastern Europe in which self-determination was freely practiced; a revived and prosperous Germany and Japan; a Western Europe where common economic interests overshadowed old political and military rivalries; a Third World that was discovering the virtues of democracy and capitalism; a United Nations strong enough to assume the peace-keeping responsibilities its founders envisaged for it; and a United States pre-eminent among the powers of the earth. It would, in short, have been a vision of the future not very different from the situation in which we find ourselves.

But as old stories

like "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" and "Aladdin and His Magic Lamp" make clear, there is such a thing as having one's wishes too literally fulfilled. If the danger of nuclear war has diminished, the likelihood of nuclear use has probably increased, given what we now know about how close Saddam Hussein, Kim Il-sung, and presumably others have come to making bombs of their own. The Soviet Union is breaking up so rapidly that the prospect of disorder, famine, and civil strife looms over that part of the world. The most visible product so far of self-determination in Eastern Europe has been Yugoslavs' killing one another. Competition from Germany, Japan, and the European Community threatens U.S. economic vitality; democracy and capitalism seem at least as likely to disrupt the Third World as to stabilize it; the United Nations has had little success resolving differences in the Middle East, where its peacekeeping efforts are most needed. And Americans these days find themselves feeling a little like Rabbit Angstrom, the feckless former basketball star through whom the novelist John Updike periodically reports on the state of the nation: overweight,

bad heart, addicted to junk food, a kid doing drugs, a wife studying to become a real-estate agent, and a Toyota franchise about to be withdrawn by the Japanese. Being a superpower just isn't what it used to be.

The question is worth asking, then: How wise were the "wise men" who set the United States on the path it followed after the Second World War? The wishes of President Harry S. Truman and his key foreign-policy advisers—George Marshall, Dean Acheson, W. Averell Harriman, John McCloy, Robert Lovett, and Paul Nitze—have now been almost precisely fulfilled. (George Kennan, the chief architect of containment and a very wise man indeed, was too often at odds with this group to fit comfortably among them.) But are Americans—or, for that matter, is the world that Americans like to think of themselves as having saved—all that much better off as a result? How is it that so striking a success has left us with such deep anxieties?

The best way to answer questions like these is to go back to the beginning, and that is what the University of Virginia historian Melvyn P. Leffler has done in this magisterial new history of the Truman Administration's national-security policy. The men who made America's place in the postwar world, Leffler acknowledges, were certainly wise, but he modifies this conventional viewpoint by also portraying them as prudent (not the same thing as being wise) and, at times, even foolish. Which is only to suggest that they were human, and that an ambiguous legacy is perhaps all we should have expected from them.

The wisdom of the "wise men," Leffler



ILLUSTRATIONS BY BRIAN CRONIN

argues, lay in the fact that they found a way to contain the Soviet Union without having to fight another world war, but also without having to compromise their long-term vision of what the world after the Second World War should be like. Leffler does not share the view—once fashionable among some Cold War historians—that that vision involved merely the defense of capitalism: the “wise men,” he correctly notes, worried more about national security than they did about the national economy. They defined the nation’s postwar interests in terms of several principles—military preparedness, self-determination, open markets, collective security—only one of which was economic in character. Their purpose was to build a new international order on foundations missing from the one that had collapsed, with such disastrous results, in 1939.

The difficulty was that an alternative vision of the future also existed at the end of the Second World War, this one based on authoritarian rule, a closed economy, an impressive military establishment, and what appeared to be a militantly aggressive ideology that claimed to have the forces of history on its side. The Soviet Union under Josef Stalin did significantly threaten the security interests of the United States and its allies, Leffler insists, but not because anyone expected the Red Army to come crashing through to the English Channel or the Pyrenees—intelligence estimates consistently discounted that possibility. The danger, rather, was that the Europeans and the Japanese, impoverished, enfeebled, and demoralized by the war that had just been fought over and around them, might have decided on their own, however reluctantly, that Stalinist authoritarianism was the wave of the future, and might have moved to associate themselves with it. Had that happened, the postwar balance of power would have swung decisively in Moscow’s favor, with potentially devastating results for a United States bereft of allies, resources, and self-confidence.

To a remarkable extent, Leffler concludes, the “wise men” succeeded in adapting their postwar plans to incorporate the goals of containing Soviet influence and eventually rolling it back by peaceful means to a point at which it could do no harm. Through such measures as the Marshall Plan, the

Get TV reception you never had before, with...

Antenna Multiplier™ only \$29.95*

*But read this ad for an even better deal!

You won’t need it if you are connected to a cable system, but if you are not you will now get TV reception that you could never enjoy before. Inside its unprepossessing housing, the *Antenna Multiplier*™ hides a small technical miracle—an array of electronic components that literally multiplies the reception power of your TV. The *Antenna Multiplier*™ stabilizes your TV picture, eliminates “ghosts” and static, and brings in stations that were until now only visible as flickers and annoying shadows. In most areas you will be able to eliminate any outdoor antenna completely, making yourself independent of bad weather interference and atmospheric disturbances. The *Multiplier*™ needs no outside power—it gets its “juice” right through your TV set. You place the *Multiplier*™ on the television set itself, lay it on a nearby table, or hang it on the wall. And, of course, you can bid your messy and ineffective rabbit ears, loop, rod, or dish antennas good-bye. *Antenna Multiplier*™ will not just enhance your TV reception manifold, it also vastly improves AM/FM radio reception and brings in new stations on multiband and shortwave receivers.

We are the exclusive importers of the *Antenna Multiplier*™ in the United States and can therefore bring you this outstanding TV accessory for just \$29.95. But we have an even better deal: *Buy two for \$59.90, and we’ll send you a third one, with our compliments—absolutely FREE!* Unleash the full power of your television with *Antenna Multiplier*™. Order it today!



• The Antenna Multiplier significantly boosts UHF, VHF, Television and AM, FM, & Shortwave radio reception.

FOR FASTEST SERVICE, ORDER

TOLL FREE (800) 882-3050

24 hours a day, 7 days a week

Please give order #1429B185. If you prefer, mail check or card authorization and expiration. We need daytime phone number for all orders and issuing bank for charge orders. Add shipping/insurance: \$4.95 for one, \$6.95 for three. Add sales tax for CA delivery. You have 30 day return and one year warranty. We do not refund shipping charges.

For quantity orders (100+), call Ernest Gerard, our Wholesale/Premium Manager at (415) 543-6570 or write him at the address below.



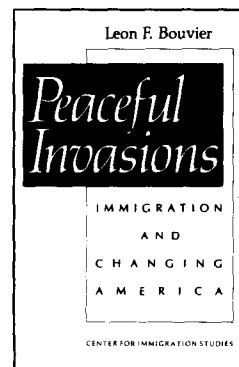
131 Townsend Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

PEACEFUL INVASIONS Immigration and Changing America by Leon Bouvier

Pro-immigrant, but concerned about immigration trends, noted demographer Leon Bouvier finds that both America’s citizens and its newcomers would best adjust to the momentous economic, demographic and environmental changes now underway if immigration were lowered.

Lee Bouvier’s book brings many new insights into what is an enormous problem facing our country. One may agree or disagree with his recommendations but we cannot avoid thinking about it and understanding its widespread implications for the future of America.

— Father Theodore Hesburgh
President Emeritus, University of Notre Dame



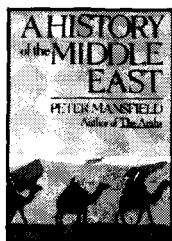
Available from

University Press of America • 4720-A Boston Way, Lanham, MD 20706

Paperback \$17.50 (ISBN No. 0-8191-8403-9); Cloth \$45.00 (ISBN No. 0-8191-8402-0)

Tel. 1-800-462-6420

AUDIO BOOKS



- ☛ Low Prices
- ☛ Unabridged Recordings
- ☛ Purchase or Rent
- ☛ Over 350 Titles
- ☛ Professionally Narrated

BLACKSTONE AUDIO BOOKS
P.O. Box 969 Ashland, OR 97520

For a **FREE** Catalogue Call:

1-800-729-2665

World's Largest CD Catalog

BOSE
Express Music

Now you can order any CD or Tape in print from our 240-page catalog. Send \$6.00 (refundable on your first order) for our 50,000 title catalog with \$50.00 in merchandise credits. Subscribers get our Annual Catalog + 1 FREE year of updates covering new releases. Absolutely no obligation or unrequested shipments.

Call ☛ **1-800-451-BOSE** or send to
Bose Express Music

The Mountain, Framingham, MA 01701 ATL82

THE ONE



VIDALIA

CALL TOLL FREE 1-800-241-7013 TODAY!

Nothing else matches the fresh, sweet flavor of our Vidalia onions. We guarantee it. Each of these delicious gourmet onions are hand selected and sent immediately from our fields to your home. These prized gifts of nature are available for a limited time only between May and July. Reserve your bag now!

FREE Recipe Booklet
with each order.

10 lbs. \$14.95
25 lbs. \$31.95
50 lbs. \$59.95



(Add \$1.95 per bag shipping and handling)



P.O. Box 1648/Reidsville, GA 30453

North Atlantic Treaty Organization, and the Japanese Peace Treaty, they rebuilt self-confidence and prosperity in critical but vulnerable areas, thereby creating the basis for the emergence of dynamic capitalist states whose examples—even more than that of the United States itself—would eventually render the Soviet model pitiable by comparison. The post-Cold War world resembles what the “wise men” hoped the world after 1945 would be. Containment was a long detour, but it did not, in the end, prevent arrival at the intended destination.

THAT IS BY NO means the whole story, though, and Leffler shifts adjectives to tell the remaining parts of it. Truman Administration officials were not “wise” but rather “prudent,” he argues, in the way they rebuilt American military power from its low point immediately after the Second World War. Containment did, to be sure, require taking risks, and although the chances that the Soviet Union would deliberately start a war always seemed small, “prudent men” could never rule out the possibility of war by miscalculation. Running risks would be less risky if the United States enjoyed a *preponderance* of military power over its potential adversary, but that meant leaving that adversary in an inferior position, thus encouraging an arms race. The Truman Administration was uncharacteristically unwilling to take risks, Leffler points out, when it came to exploring alternative courses of action. Prudence could also lead to excess. Because it was so difficult to assess the degree of risk involved at any given point, it was hard to estimate how preponderant power should be. The tendency, as a result, was to err on the side of safety, but that kind of “worst case” planning could also easily extend commitments beyond capabilities.

American statesmen knew the dangers of their nation's becoming an empire, as Leffler shows. They worried about overcommitment; they sought to learn from the experiences of the European empires that were just beginning to come apart at that time. But how were they to respond when frightened Europeans themselves invited the United States to include their countries within an American sphere of influence, in order to avoid incorporation into one controlled by Moscow? Was

Washington to take no action at all when the Europeans mismanaged what was left of their empires, as the French seemed to be doing in Indochina, and the British in Palestine, Egypt, Iraq, and Iran? And, most significantly, what if unexpected challenges in what one had assumed to be a peripheral area, such as Korea, ran the risk of undermining self-confidence in a more vital one, such as Japan or Western Europe, whether by reviving the impression that communism was somehow the wave of the future or by threatening to cut off the flow of resources that the more vital area needed for its economic recovery?

It is here, Leffler maintains, that “prudent” men became “foolish.” He sees the Truman Administration as having exploited the Korean emergency to build a bloated military force that took upon itself the principal, indefinite, and costly responsibility for defending Western Europe, the Mediterranean, and northeastern Asia. Nuclear-weapons stockpiles increased so rapidly that by the end of the 1950s the United States had thousands more warheads than it could ever have feasibly used, even in an all-out war (not to mention a number of highly polluting production facilities that would defy the cleanup efforts of subsequent generations). The search for a preponderance of power led to an obsession with overkill; credibility became an end in itself, without regard to the burdens of maintaining it.

Truman and his advisers also failed to draw the appropriate conclusions from what their own intelligence showed, which was that international communism had never really existed as a monolithic movement. The hand of Moscow was not necessarily what caused the outbreak of fighting in Korea, or China's subsequent intervention in that conflict, or Viet Minh challenges to French rule in Indochina, or Iran's nationalization of British oil facilities, or the festering anti-Western radicalism among young Egyptian army officers like Gamal Abdal Nasser. As did several of its successors, the Administration underestimated the strength of nationalism in Southeast Asia and the Middle East, thereby overestimating the susceptibility of those regions to Soviet and Chinese influence, and the need for the United States to defend them against this often mythical danger. The Administration also failed to recognize that efforts

to achieve and maintain preponderances of power always carry with them the seeds of their own undoing, whether through the weariness such efforts eventually induce or through the resistance they sooner or later provoke.

Leffler suggests, therefore, that the "wise men," in their prudence and foolishness, made the Cold War cost much more than it needed to, and—although there is no way to be certain about this without access to archives in Moscow and Beijing—may have prolonged it as well. Victory in the Cold War came in time, much as the "wise men" said it would, by exhausting an adversary that had also behaved imperially, but with far fewer capabilities and much less competence. There is growing evidence, however, that, like Updike's fictional hero, we may have exhausted ourselves, too, along the way. Leffler's long, somber, and meticulous account provides a persuasive explanation of how that began to happen.

A Preponderance of Power is not an easy or engaging book to read. Leffler seems at times to go out of his way to avoid using colorful quotations or dramatic imagery; as a result, his account will strike some readers as too dry, too abstract, too academic. His arguments about American "risk-taking" become, with frequent repetition, a bit overwrought; all nations take risks, after all, when they operate in hostile international environments, and as Leffler himself finally acknowledges, there are times when not taking risks can be as risky as taking them. And, as Leffler admits at the outset, his book cannot approach being a definitive account of the origins of the Cold War, given our still-limited access to Soviet, Chinese, and other communist sources.

Still, this book is without question a major achievement. It is a masterly work of synthesis, weaving together in a single coherent study the various and often contradictory trends in previous historical writing on the Cold War's origins. It is indefatigably researched: there does not appear to be a relevant archival collection, official or unofficial, that Leffler has not seen. And, most important, it is an intellectually honest work: unlike so many who have written about this subject, Leffler has not sought to impose any preconceived frame of reference on it. Instead, he has let his sources shape his conclusions, and that is a most refreshing de-

velopment in a field too long dominated by deterministic "schools" of historical interpretation. This is, in short, the best book anyone has yet written on the United States and the origins of the Cold War.

It comes as a bit of a shock when one realizes that more time has now passed since the Cold War's onset than between that event and the death of Queen Victoria. The great Soviet-American confrontation was a brooding and oppressive presence throughout most of our lives, and its legacy will surely be with us for a long time to come. As is often the case with legacies, though, the nature of this one is becoming clear only after its donor's demise. Melvyn Leffler's fine book will be an excellent place to start for heirs interested in determining what they have inherited. □

The Extinction of Darwinism

by Phillip E. Johnson

EXTINCTION:
BAD GENES OR BAD LUCK?
by David Raup.
Norton, \$19.95.

DAVID RAUP, a paleontologist at the University of Chicago, is a leading figure among the scientists who have rehabilitated catastrophe as a respectable concept in the scientific study of the earth's history. His book is a readable but state-of-the-art account of what scientists know about why dinosaurs and other fossil species aren't with us anymore. By concluding that species become extinct through bad luck rather than because they are unfit, Raup inadvertently raises some awkward questions about how those species got there in the first place.

Scientific thinking about extinctions has strayed far from the Darwinian principles that still define orthodoxy in the life sciences as a whole. According to Raup, the Darwinian theory that extinctions result from the slow and steady effects of biological competition is "appealing, and has been learned by generations of biology students."

"Extraordinary work by people who take their craft as seriously as their passion. Nothing in the field (if there can be considered one) approaches *YS* for sheer quality — or stunning erotic intensity."

J. Fielding
Literature North

Yellow Silk

JOURNAL OF EROTIC ARTS



"All persuasions; no brutality."

Louise Erdrich • Galway Kinnell • Sharon Olds • David Mamet • Marge Piercy • W.S. Merwin • Bharati Mukherjee • William Kotzwinkle • Jessica Hagedorn • Robert Silverberg • Jane Hirshfield • Gary Soto • Ntozake Shange • Marilyn Hacker • Eric Gill • Mayumi Oda • Judy Dater

YS, P.O. Box 6374, Albany CA 94706
\$30/year • Quarterly

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

OUTSIDE U.S., ADD \$6/SURFACE,
\$20/AIR PER YEAR, U.S. FUNDS.



Nonetheless, "its verification from actual field data is negligible." Raup goes on to say, without really arguing the point, that abandonment of the Darwinian explanation of extinctions does not discredit Darwin's theory that today's species evolved from earlier species through natural selection. To explain what lies behind that disclaimer—and why it can't be accepted at face value—I need to explain something about the place of extinctions in Darwinian theory.

Darwinian evolution is best known as a theory about the origin of species, but it is equally a theory about how species become extinct. The most influential interpreter of fossil history before the triumph of Darwinism was the great French sage Georges Cuvier, today forgotten in the English-speaking world but in his time renowned as the Aristotle of biology. Cuvier reported that there had apparently been profound catastrophes in the earth's history. Entire groups of creatures disappeared abruptly from the rocks and just as abruptly were replaced by new groups, which repopulated the earth.

Because catastrophic extinctions and sudden creations are outside the normal range of human experience, they seem elusive to scientific investigation. It would be much more convenient for science if important changes in the earth's history resulted gradually from the uniform operation over immense time periods of natural forces that we could observe in operation today. The motto of uniformitarian science is "The present is the key to the past." It is a triumphant motto, because with such a key in its possession, science

can in principle unlock all the secrets of the history of the earth. Scientists thus had a strong professional motivation to reinterpret the geological evidence according to rules that disallowed both catastrophes and sudden creations as scientific explanations.

The lawyer and geologist Charles Lyell established a rigorous uniformitarianism as the basis of geology, and Darwin extended Lyell's logic to biology. Species neither appeared nor disappeared suddenly, according to Darwin's classic *Origin of Species*. Rather, they evolved step by tiny step from earlier forms, owing to the accumulation of tiny favorable variations through natural selection. Species declined to extinction equally gradually, as they were supplanted by modified descendants or by competing species that were more proficient at surviving and reproducing. If Darwin was right, both the origin and the extinction of living forms occurred through the slow and steady action of forces—reproduction, inheritance, and competition—that we see operating in everyday life.

Creation by natural selection and extinction by natural selection are not two separate processes but two aspects of the same process. In Darwinian terms, superior fitness means superior ability at leaving descendants. If evolution has furthered the development of capabilities like strength, vision, and intelligence, it is only because organisms possessing these (inheritable) qualities have consistently left more descendants than have competing organisms that lack them. The more fit crowd out the less fit by definition, and there is no such thing as natural selection unless they do. In Darwin's words,

The theory of natural selection is grounded on the belief that each new variety, and ultimately each new species, is produced and maintained by having some advantage over those with whom it comes into competition; and the consequent extinction of less favored forms almost inevitably follows.

Darwin cited this logical relationship between evolution and extinction to refute one of the most formidable objections to his theory. "Evolution" implies a continuous process of change, but nature is organized in discrete groups that seem isolated from one another. How could the same organism be the ancestor of both an insect and a vertebrate except by miraculous transformation? Where in the living world are the intermediate links that ought to exist if continuous change occurred? The answer, Darwin wrote, was that

as natural selection acts solely by the preservation of profitable modifications, each new form will tend in a fully stocked country to take the place of, and finally to exterminate, its own less-improved parent or other less-favored forms with which it comes into competition. Thus extinction and natural selection will, as we have seen, go hand in hand. Hence, if we look at each species as descended from some other unknown form, both the parent and all the transitional varieties will generally have been exterminated by the very process of formation and perfection of the new form.

If extinction and natural selection did not go hand in hand, some of the parent forms ought to have survived to the present. It is therefore an essential element of Darwinism that species

continually became extinct *because* they were less fit than their descendants or other rivals. And because superior fitness itself emerges very gradually, extinction of a competing species should also proceed gradually. What is true of individual species should be still more true of groups of species—families, orders, classes, and so on.

Because of this logic Darwin insisted that Cuvier's theory of periodic catastrophes had been thoroughly discredited, and that, on the contrary, "there is reason to believe that the complete extinction of the species of a group is generally a slower process than their production." According to Darwin, the struggle for existence is so finely tuned that "the merest trifle would often give the victory to one organic being over another." He continued,

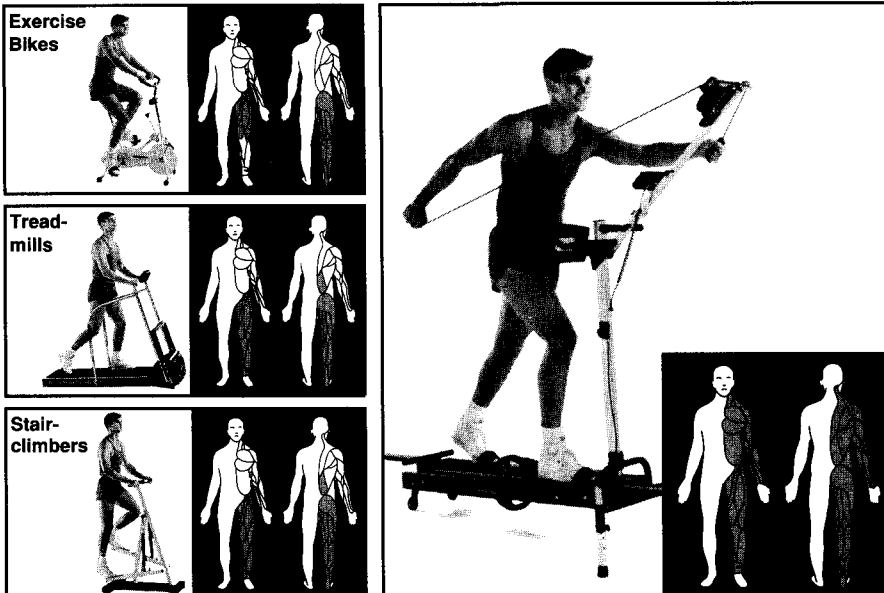
Nevertheless so profound is our ignorance, and so high our presumption, that we marvel when we hear of the extinction of an organic being; and as we do not see the cause we invoke cataclysms to desolate the world....

In short, Darwin maintained that earlier geologists had attributed extinctions to catastrophes not because that was a reasonable interpretation of the fossil evidence but because they were ignorant of the higher law of natural selection.

If one wanted to subject Darwin's theory to empirical testing, one way to do it would be to examine the history of extinctions. Does the evidence confirm that biological competition was frequently the cause of extinctions? Can the occurrence of a Darwinian extinction—by competition from a closely related rival—be confirmed in even a single case? To put the point the other way around: Have the paleontologists, despite their best efforts to see fossil history in a Darwinian light, found that Cuvier was much closer to the truth after all? The answers couldn't be clearer.

THE STORY starts with the famous "K-T" (Cretaceous-Tertiary) extinction of 65 million years ago. The K-T is not the biggest of the Big Five mass extinctions that mark the close of various geological ages, but it is the most recent, and the most fascinating from an anthropocentric point of view. It eliminated the dinosaurs, the ammonites, and a lot else, clearing

Only NordicTrack gives you a total-body workout.



Treadmills, exercise bikes and stairclimbers don't give you half the workout NordicTrack does.

If you're thinking about buying an in-home aerobic exerciser, consider this:

For the most part, most exercisers ignore the muscle groups in your back, your chest, your shoulders and your arms.

Meanwhile, NordicTrack exercises all the major muscle groups in both your upper and lower body.

NordicTrack's lower-body exerciser works your hip flexors, gluteus muscles, thighs, hamstrings, knee extensors and calves. Its upper-body exerciser works the extensor muscles of your back, your trunk, rotators, biceps, triceps, chest and upper back.

By doing this, NordicTrack quickly and comfortably elevates your heart rate to the fitness-building level.

And of course, it burns more calories than any other type of aerobic exercise machine.

Why settle for less than a total-body workout?

Get on track with NordicTrack.

Call today for a 30-day in-home trial!

NordicTrack
A CML Company

Call or Write for a

FREE VIDEO & Brochure

1-800-328-5888 EXT. 110B2

☐ Please send me a free brochure
☐ Also a free videotape ☐ VHS ☐ Beta

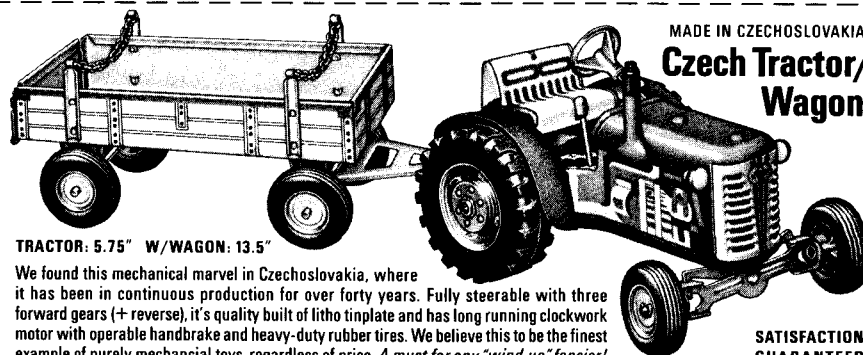
Name

Street

City State Zip

Phone ()

NordicTrack, Dept. #110B2,
141C Jonathan Blvd. N., Chaska, MN 55318



TRACTOR: 5.75" W/WAGON: 13.5"

We found this mechanical marvel in Czechoslovakia, where it has been in continuous production for over forty years. Fully steerable with three forward gears (+ reverse), it's quality built of litho tinplate and has long running clockwork motor with operable handbrake and heavy-duty rubber tires. We believe this to be the finest example of purely mechanical toys, regardless of price. *A must for any "wind-up" fancier!*
Shipping: \$6 each. In Nevada add 6% tax. Color: Red with Black and Yellow trim.
Payment by: Visa, MasterCard, American Express or check.
Lilliput Motor Co. Ltd. P.O. Box 447, Yerington, NV 89447
Call: 1-800-TIN-TOYS (846-8697) Fax: 702-463-5581

\$39.50

**SATISFACTION
GUARANTEED**

LILLIPUT

**BOOKS
ON TAPE®**
World's Largest Selection of Audio Books

Box 7900-AT, Newport Beach, CA 92658

ROBERT M. PIRSIG
MIDNIGHT RAIN
LILA
AN AUDIOBOOK

- Best Sellers on Cassette
- Full-length Rentals
- Call for Free Brochure

Reg. U.S. Pat. & T.M. Off.

(800) 626-3333

**Free Catalog
Bargain Books**

Save up to 80% on recent overstocks, remainders, imports and reprints from all major publishers. Choose from up to 8,000 titles including 600-1,500 new arrivals each month! Biography, History, Fiction, Politics, Art, Science, Gardening, Cooking—something for everyone. An immense selection and with more books at \$1.95, \$2.95, \$3.95 than you'll find anywhere else. Fast shipment, moneyback guarantee. Write for free Catalog:

HAMILTON
Box 15-631, Falls Village CT 06031

**The 11TH
Commandment**

Thou Shalt Not Pay Retail!

Lds. Cartier
18K Panther
Custom Diamonds
Retail \$17,300
Special \$9,990

SPECTACULAR SAVINGS
AT AMERICA'S FOREMOST
FINE WATCH DISCOUNTER

All famous brands including
Rolex • Patek - Philippe • Audemars
Omega • Cartier • Ebel • Chopard

SALES • SERVICE • ACCESSORIES
NEW • PRE-OWNED

No Sales Tax To Out-Of-State Buyers
DIAMONDS • PEARLS • ESTATE JEWELRY
Call for Shop•At•Home•Brochure

GRAFSTEIN & CO. Estab. 1939
National Mail Order Division
Xerox Towers - 7th floor
1851 E. First St., Santa Ana, CA 92705
(714) 835-6100 • NATIONWIDE SERVICE

SANTA ANA • BEV. HILLS • NEW YORK

the way for mammals to dominate the planet. The geologist Walter Alvarez (with his famous physicist father, Luis Alvarez, and others) startled the world in 1979 by attributing this mass extinction to the impact of a meteor or a comet, which caused a worldwide environmental disaster that disrupted the food chain. As Raup puts it, the first reaction of paleontologists schooled in Lyellian and Darwinian concepts was horror and disbelief: "It was like suggesting that the dinosaurs had been shot by little green men from a spaceship." Hardly more than a decade later, so much confirming evidence has piled up that Raup predicts that soon "it will be difficult to find anyone who ever doubted the impact-extinction link." In science as in war, victory has a thousand fathers; defeat is an orphan.

Was the K-T extinction (or were the Big Five as a group) an exception to a generally Darwinian pattern of gradual extinctions by competition? Raup thinks that environmental disasters triggered by large meteor impacts may have caused most extinctions other than those caused by human beings. There is some evidence of a connection between major extinctions and known meteor impacts, but Raup concedes that the evidence is far from conclusive. What inclines him to the meteor theory is primarily the difficulty of attributing extinctions to more mundane causes.

It turns out to be very difficult to kill off a numerous and wide-ranging species unless a catastrophic "first strike" has severely depleted its numbers and restricted its range. Even the spectacular environmental stress induced by the last great Ice Age produced a relatively modest number of extinctions, although the casualties included such popular favorites as mammoths and saber-toothed tigers. It seems that something far outside the ordinary run of environmental hazards is needed to kill enough individuals to threaten a widely distributed species with extinction, and meteor impacts may be the least unlikely of the known alternatives.

Maybe most extinctions were triggered by giant meteor impacts and maybe they weren't. If it is difficult to determine what did cause the bulk of extinctions, it is much easier to determine what didn't. There is no hard evidence that any observable extinctions

were caused by competition from closely related species. Raup notes that evolutionary biologists long emphasized competition as a cause of extinctions because the explanation "seemed self-evident," but when they actually tried to test the effect of competition, the results were negative. The only reason for attributing extinctions to Darwinian competition remains the theory itself.

Some groups survived mass extinctions, but this does not mean that they were more fit in any Darwinian sense than the groups that died out. Characteristics that would aid survival under normal circumstances would not necessarily be of any use under the extreme conditions of a catastrophe. For example, the only thing that identifies mammals as more fit than dinosaurs is that some mammals happened to survive the K-T extinction. When a prominent Darwinist attributed the survival of some groups in a mass extinction to their possessing "resistance to extinction," his statement added nothing to the bare fact that they had survived.

BUT THEN WHAT becomes of Darwinism? Raup answers that attributing extinctions to bad luck rather than bad genes does not discredit Darwin's theory of evolution by natural selection, because

Natural selection remains the only viable, naturalistic explanation we have for sophisticated adaptations like eyes and wings. We would not be here without natural selection. Extinction by bad luck merely adds another element to the evolutionary process, operating at the level [of] species, families, and classes, rather than the level of local breeding populations of single species.

The trouble with that disclaimer is that in Darwin's theory survival of the fittest and extinction of the less fit are the same thing, not two separable processes. Does Raup mean that natural selection produces variation only within the local breeding populations of single species? Then it doesn't produce new species—much less new families and classes, or innovations like wings and eyes. Or is he saying that natural selection continues to produce its creative effects beyond the species boundary? Then it does so by selecting the less fit species for increasing rarity and eventual extinction, just as Darwin

said. Raup's emphasis on extinction through bad luck implies a natural selection that only creates and never destroys—a logical impossibility, because it wouldn't be doing any selecting.

There is a way out of this logical impasse, but it is one I think Raup or any other empirical scientist would be reluctant to take. Only a minority of species are fossilized, and hence only a minority of extinctions are recorded. Approximately 250,000 fossil species have been catalogued. According to Raup's figures (based on estimates of average species longevity and standing diversity over the age of the earth), five billion to 50 billion species may have lived during the earth's long history, of which at most 40 million or so exist today. Who can say what may have extinguished the billions of species that apparently lived and vanished without a trace?

Perhaps only the visible extinctions went according to Cuvier, and the invisible ones were Darwinian. But withdrawing a subject from empirical investigation in order to protect a theory from falsification is hardly the scientific thing to do. Raup says that the study of extinctions was long neglected; it could be that the influence of Darwin kept it off limits. □

Brief Reviews



THINKING OF HOME: William Faulkner's *Letters to His Mother and Father* edited by James Watson. Norton, \$22.95. From 1918 to 1925 Faulkner had a job on the fringes of New Haven, Connecticut, spent six months in Canada as an RAF recruit, lived in New York and New Orleans, wandered along the Gulf Coast, and made a trip to Europe. His letters to his parents, back in Oxford, Mississippi, are worth reading, for the young man was observant and humorous and already had the novelist's interest in evocative detail and unusual character. By 1925 he was selling work

Answers to the January Puzzler

C	H	R	O	N	I	C	S	Y	L	P	H	S
U	O	O	M	A	N	E	T	B	E	E	C	H
M	O	L	E	S	S	P	I	C	A	N	C	E
S	P	L	A	C	E	A	R	U	S	T	E	D
H	E	S	P	E	R	U	S	S	T	A	L	K
A	R	G	E	N	T	L	G	I	R	D	L	E
W	O	R	S	T	R	E	A	D	J	U	S	T
A	D	O	N	I	S	T	T	E	N	T	S	C
R	E	U	I	R	A	T	E	A	R	I	C	H
A	I	T	C	H	N	E	A	R	S	L	A	E
B	A	S	K	E	D	N	U	M	B	E	R	S

"INITIATION"

Added letters spell BEGINNER'S LUCK. *Across.* 1. CH(RO)NIC 6. SY(a)LP-(e)HS (rev.) 10. M(AN)ET 12. BEECH (homophone) 13. MOLE (double def.) 14. S(PIC)A 16. P(L)ACE 17. US-TED 18. HES(PER)US 20. TALK (hidden) 22. A(R)GENT 24. GIR(D)L-E 25. WORST (homophone) 27. READ-JUST 29. A-DON-IS 31. TENTS (homophone) 33. RATE (anag.) 34. RICH (hidden) 35. A-ITCH 36. EARS (double def.) 37. A-SKED (a + anag.) 38. NUMBERS (double def.) *Down.* 1. CUMSHAW (anag.) 2. HO(O)P 3. ROLLS (double def.) 4. ASCENT (homophone) 5. IN(S)ERT 6. ST(a)IR 7. E(AS)T 8. PEN-TAD 9. SHED (double def.) 11. PA(U)LETTE 15. ELLS (anag.) 19. RODE (homophone) 20. SI(DEAR)M 21. ETC-HES 23. R(O)UTS 24. GATE-AU 26. S(t)NICK 28. TI(L)E 29. A-RAB (rev.) 30. S-AND 32. (o)SCAR

If the universe is expanding, why are there still only 24 hours in a day?

There's never enough time to read all the books you want and new books are coming out all the time. Books that deal with the connections between physics and religion, psychology and cosmology, biology and spirituality. How can you possibly keep up? Or even know which are the books you really want to read? Now you can with *MindField*!

MindField

A Quarterly Source Journal for Consciousness

Four times a year *MindField* brings you important ideas from books by authors like

• FRITJOF CAPRA • KEN WILBER
• ELAINE PAGELS • ALAN WATTS
• DANAH ZOHAR • LARRY DOSSEY
• STEPHEN LEVINE • LEWIS THOMAS

Subscribing is easy - just a toll free call and your Visa or MasterCard is all you need. *MindField* is \$6.50 per issue on the newsstand but a full year's subscription is only \$19.50 - that's like getting one issue **free!** And if you're not completely satisfied with your first issue, we'll cancel your subscription and refund your money.

First issue - Spring 1992

800 568-3657

Don't miss it - Call today!

or send check or money order for \$19.50 to
MindField Publishing, 270 Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10016

MindField: In an expanding universe,
it's the best way to expand your mind

"Get started on the Massey's RIGHT FOOT."
NAME BRAND SHOES from CASUAL to DRESS-UP

Style, Quality, HARD-TO-FIND SIZES

Massey's has more sizes and styles in stock than any other retail outlet. All are at, or below regular retail prices. We stock sizes (3-13, widths AAAAA-EEEE). You'll never sacrifice style or quality to get your fit.

Order with confidence. Our exclusive **31-day FREE Wear Trial** Guarantees your satisfaction. Examine, wear and enjoy your new shoes. If for any reason you are not 100% satisfied, return them for an exchange or a full refund. No strings attached. Call for your **FREE Spring 1992 Color Catalog**, then sit back, relax and shop.

FAMOUS BRAND NAMES:
Bally • Selby • Easy Spirit •
Evan-Picone • Amalfi •
Unisa • Naturalizer •
Keds • New Balance •
Trotters • Rockport •
and more!

1-800-462-7739 Massey Shoes,
Dept. MSA-01, 601 12th St., Lynchburg, VA 24506

You deserve a factual look at...

Israel's "Right to Exist"

Is it important that the Arabs acknowledge it?

The Israelis wanted the second phase of the Mideast Peace Conference to convene in the respective capitals of the involved parties. It seemed like a reasonable suggestion. After all, Jerusalem is only 150 miles from Damascus, Syria, and only 80 miles from Amman, Jordan. But the Arabs, did not accept that suggestion and insisted on a site as far away from home as possible. Why would they wish to impose such inconvenience on themselves? They believed that meeting with Israel in their respective capitals might by inference be considered as their recognition of Israel's existence.

What are the facts?

■ Despite decisive military defeats in the wars that they have launched against the Jewish state since the very day of its birth, the Arabs, in an almost unbelievable act of mental acrobatics, deny the existence of the country that has inflicted such severe and repeated punishment on them. When it becomes inevitable to mention the Jewish state it is referred to only as "the Zionist entity".

■ This non-acknowledgement of Israel's existence is not simply a matter of semantics. Arab maps do not show Israel, but a vast area, including Jordan, labeled as "Palestine". Cities such as Tel Aviv and Haifa simply don't exist. Arab school children, though imbued from earliest age with hatred of the Jews, have no "official" knowledge of the existence of Israel. They learn about it, one supposes, just as they learn about sex, by whispered comments in the schoolyard. Schedules of foreign airlines that show Israel on their route maps or that list Israeli destinations are not allowed in the countries. Foreign publications (among them, one regrets to report, such U.S. magazines as *Time* and *Newsweek*) print special editions for the Arab countries, since no publication carrying advertising of Israeli firms may appear in those countries. And, of course,

tourists of any nationality may not enter most Arab countries if their passports shows evidence that the holder has ever visited Israel, the "non-existent country". Not too many months ago, a U.S. Senator was barred from entering Saudi Arabia, our "faithful ally", because of an Israeli visa stamp that had been placed in his diplomatic passport.

■ As an inducement to Israel for yielding land that is absolutely indispensable for the country's defense, the Arabs now and then offer the possibility of the "recognition" of Israel's existence. The sad and almost incomprehensible aspect of that is that many well-meaning people in the U.S., in other countries, and, yes, even in Israel believe that this might be an acceptable bargain for Israel. But Israel's existence is in no way dependent on the recognition of any Arab state. It's simple: Israel exists because it exists. Therefore, supposing that any meaningful face-to-face meetings came about and if, say, a Syrian diplomat should ask Israel what it would be prepared to "give" if Syria would consider acknowledging Israel's existence, Israel should reply that Israel might in turn consider acknowledging Syria's existence. Or, Israel could declare a boycott of the Arab world and could offer to relax or to rescind such boycott in consideration of parallel gestures by the Arabs.

The bizarre concept of Israel's "non-existence" has been around for over forty years. Many good people, including quite a few in Israel itself, have been led to believe that Israel should bring substantial sacrifices, even to the point of imperiling its own security and survival, in order to get the Arabs to acknowledge Israel's existence. It is often said that Israel needs to be "recognized" by the Arabs in order to "normalize her condition". But need not the Arabs, too, live in "normalized conditions"? And Israel is often promised that, in return for yielding vital strategic territory to the Arabs, she would be assured of "safe and secure borders". But don't the Arabs also need borders that are safe and secure? The Arab countries and much of the world have come to believe that peace is only good and desirable for Israel. But it is surely at least as important for the Arabs, who have lived through and have been bloodily defeated in five wars with Israel — the "non-existent country". Peace and prosperity can and will come to this troubled region only when the Arabs accept the reality of Israel's existence and negotiate with her openly and in good faith.

This ad has been published and paid for by

FLAME

Facts and Logic About the Middle East

P.O. Box 590359 ■ San Francisco, CA 94159

FLAME is a tax-exempt, non-profit educational 501(c)(3) organization. Its purpose is the research and publication of the facts regarding developments in the Middle East and exposing false propaganda that might harm the interests of the United States and its allies in that area of the world. Your tax-deductible contributions are welcome. They enable us to pursue these goals and to publish these messages in national magazines and metro newspapers. We have virtually no overhead. Almost all of our revenue pays for our educational work, for these clarifying messages, and related direct mail.

Yes, I want to help in the publication of these ads and in clarifying the situation in the Middle East. I include my tax-deductible contribution in the amount of

\$ _____ A/39

☐ My contribution is in the amount of \$50 or more. Please send me your booklet containing 24 of the ads that you have published in national media over the last few years.

My name is _____

I live at _____

In _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mail to: FLAME, P.O. Box 590359, San Francisco, CA 94159

to New Orleans papers, with his first novel on the way to publication. He had also discovered the great professional secret—"What really happens . . . never makes a good yarn." His editor here suspects that he had known that for some time.

WISE CHILDREN by Angela Carter. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$20.00. Ms. Carter's very amusing novel records the intricate and often bawdy activities of four generations of an English theatrical family. Their great progenitor, Sir Melchior Hazard, is about to celebrate his hundredth birthday, an event that inspires his daughter Dora, age seventy-five, to reminiscence. Dora has a wickedly forthright style and a giddily promiscuous past as a music-hall entertainer teamed with her twin sister, Nora. Among other adventures, the two participated in a Hollywood movie production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Anyone who recalls the dreadful Max Reinhardt film of that play will be enchanted by Ms. Carter's burlesque re-creation of its extravagances. The novel contains many similar echoes of reality but is in no sense realistic. It is an exuberant comic fantasy extrapolated from the already fantastic theatrical world.

DOWN THE VOLGA by Marq de Villiers. Viking, \$22.00. Mr. de Villiers, a journalist and travel writer, followed the Volga from its presumed source (maps were vague, and his guide fell in) to its end, in the Caspian Sea. He did this in 1990, with the Soviet Union in such disarray that his unauthorized presence went unnoticed, which would not have been the case when he worked in Russia twenty years earlier. The trip did not involve any high adventures, but it did produce conversations with people in cities, villages, and farms all along the route. The farther Mr. de Villiers got from Moscow, the more talkative the river dwellers became, openly deploring the Communist past and worrying about the uncertain future. Where one town thought highly of *perestroika*, the next despised it—possibly on principle, for Mr. de Villiers learned that those towns had never been known to agree about anything. Many such historical bits are woven into the text, permitting the reader to understand that conditions in the Soviet Union are the outcome of centuries of disaster and

misgovernment. Mr. de Villiers gives a sad but most interesting description of a society in confusion and a country that one would not wish to visit for pleasure.

THE GATE OF ANGELS by Penelope Fitzgerald. Doubleday/Talese, \$19.00. Ms. Fitzgerald's novel is set in Cambridge in 1912, and begins with a satirical account of St. Angelicus college, an establishment that was a masterpiece of grim inconvenience when it was built and has not improved with the passage of five centuries. The reader has no sooner settled down to enjoy an academic spoof than the author detours into the trials of a poor working girl in Edwardian London, from there to women's suffrage, and finally to a dash of the supernatural. The writing is steadily entertaining, but the elements of the tale never cohere to any discernible purpose.

GIORDANO BRUNO AND THE EMBASSY AFFAIR by John Bossy. Yale, \$29.95. In the 1580s Catholic plots to assassinate Queen Elizabeth and place Mary of Scotland on the English throne frequently operated through the French embassy in London, where the English naturally installed a spy. The spy was a person named Fagot, who appears abruptly on the records and vanishes the same way. Mr. Bossy argues in this densely scholarly work that Fagot was in fact Giordano Bruno, the influential philosopher, polemicist, and former priest whose unorthodox ideas (he supported Galileo) eventually led to his execution, by fire, in Rome. This identification requires, among other points, acceptance of Bruno's ability to write in three different hands, none of which appear to have been examined by an independent handwriting expert. Enthusiastic students of the period or of Bruno may find the book exciting. Other readers are likely to find Mr. Bossy's stolid style unequal to his subject matter. True or not, what this affair needs is a touch of flamboyance.

THE CIVILIZATION OF THE GODDESS by Marija Gimbutas. HarperSanFrancisco, \$60.00. Ms. Gimbutas, a professor emerita of European archaeology at UCLA, describes the Neolithic old European society—that is, a peaceful, egalitarian, agrarian people who worshipped a universal creatrix and flour-

ished from the Caspian to Ireland until their world was overrun and destroyed by patriarchal invaders equipped with horses and weapons of war. The book is a sequel to *The Language of the Goddess* and, like its predecessor, depends upon the accumulation of evidence. The author describes what excavation has revealed of temples, houses, livestock, crops, and burials throughout the territory in question. Piece by piece she presents items that demonstrate that the same symbols, representing the same triple goddess (maiden, mother, hag, in a recurring cycle of growth, death, and regeneration), appear all across Europe. One may not always accept Professor Gimbutas's certainty on every point. The lack of recognizable fighting gear or fortifications among the followers of the goddess does not prove that they did not use something like the quarterstaff, while the preponderance of females in a number of cemeteries leaves one wondering what became of the men. The ultimate effect of the study, however, is to convince the reader of the existence of a basically unified culture quite different from that which followed. It is particularly interesting that Professor Gimbutas has found marks adorning Stone Age images and ceramics which duplicate the letters (assuming they are letters) of the Minoan Linear A script (assuming that Linear A is a script).

THE WORLD OF CHARLES ADDAMS with an introduction by Wilfrid Sheed. Knopf, \$30.00. Mr. Sheed quotes Addams twice in his graceful and affectionate tribute to the cartoonist, who once described his art as "mauling clichés" and professed a wish to be remembered for providing "a record of my times." Mr. Sheed is inclined to locate those times on some other planet, but the drawings collected in this deliciously gruesome book are decidedly suitable to our own. Addams took universal, indeed cliché concerns and alarms about the misplaced, the mistimed, the misdirected, the unexpected, and the inappropriate and pushed them to such macabre extremes that they became, and remain, unnerving, hilarious, and backhandedly consoling. Whatever thing goes bump in the night, Addams can think up a worse one.

—Phoebe-Lou Adams

DAMARK
INTERNATIONAL, INC.

**THE GREAT DEAL
CATALOG** SM

FREE Shipping & Handling!

SHARP

**286-12MHz Notebook Computer
with 20MB Hard Drive and
3-1/2" External Disk Drive**



- Includes external 3.5" disk drive
- Lightweight: only 4.4 lbs.
- 286 microprocessor running at 12MHz
- 20MB hard disk
- 1MB RAM
- 80287 math co-processor socket
- Backlit triple supertwist LCD, VGA display
- Resolution: 640x480
- Internal Ni-Cad battery
- 1 serial port, 1 parallel port
- Includes MS-DOS 4.01, LAP-LINK software
- 79 key keyboard
- Dim.: 11"W x 8.5"L x 1.4"H
- Factory New!

Mr. Sugg. Retail: \$3,195.00

DAMARK PRICE \$999.99

Item No. B-3628-204044 S/H \$49.50 **FREE**

Accessories:

• **Soft Carrying Case** DAMARK PRICE
Mr. Sugg. Retail: \$69.00 **FREE** \$59.99
Item No. B-3628-198626 S/H \$4.50

• **Extra Battery Pack** DAMARK PRICE
Mr. Sugg. Retail: \$149.99 **FREE** \$59.99
Item No. B-3628-200789 S/H \$4.50

• **Fax/Modem 2400** DAMARK PRICE
Mr. Sugg. Retail: \$499.99 **FREE** \$119.99
Item No. B-3628-200803 S/H \$5.00

FOR FAST SERVICE, CALL TOLL FREE

1-800-729-9000

Customer Service 1-800-788-7001



DELIVERY TO CONTINENTAL UNITED STATES ONLY.
Copyright 1992 DAMARK. All rights reserved.

ATLANTIC CLASSIFIED

AUDIO/VIDEO

OLD TIME RADIO on cassette. Send for free list. Old Time Radio, 706 Northstar, San Antonio, TX 78216.

BOOKS/PUBLICATIONS

YOUR BOOK PRINTED. Superior workmanship at low cost. Free information and samples. Pine Hill Press, 700 Sixth Street, Freeman, SD 57029. (800) 676-4228.

MANUSCRIPTS WANTED, all types. Company with 70-year tradition. "Author's Guide to Subsidy Publishing". (800) 695-9599.

GOOD USED BOOKS: Wide variety, intelligent selection. Libraries buy regularly; you can too! History, fiction, social science, literature, miscellaneous subjects. Send two dollars for listing of 25,000 titles and prices. Editions, Desk A, Boiceville, NY 12412.

POETRY CONTEST, \$1,000! Maximum 24 lines. Pacific Rim Publications, P.O. Box 34069, Department 265A, Seattle, WA 98124.

MEN ONLY! STOP SMOKING the easy way, without quitting. Call Smokers' Lib. (213) 466-6720.

MARXIST BIWEEKLY. Since 1891. \$4.00/year. "The People", (TA), P.O. Box 50218, Palo Alto, CA 94303.

BOOKLOVER'S SMORGASBORD. Free catalogue. Iron Kettle Books, 85-A Hancock Road, Williamstown, MA 01267.

PUBLISH YOUR BOOK! Join our successful authors. All subjects invited. Publicity, advertising, beautiful books. Send for fact-filled booklet and free manuscript report. Carlton Press, Department YKB, 11 West 32nd Street, New York, 10001.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

LEARN INTERIOR DECORATING. Home study. Develop your natural talent. Free career literature. (800) 362-7070, Department HB105.

CATALOGS

100% RECYCLED PAPER PRODUCTS for home and office. Over 77 products. Free catalogue from Atlantic Recycled Paper Company. (800) 323-2811.

COLLECTIONS/HOBBIES

AUTOGRAPHS, banners, political pins, leathers, baseball cards, sports memorabilia wanted. Highest prices paid. Stan Block, 128 Cynthia Road, Newton, MA 02159.

EDUCATION/INSTRUCTION

SPEAK SPANISH, FRENCH or any of 59 languages as Diplomats do using same U.S. State Department easy, self-study cassettes/textbook. Up to 50% savings! Call for free catalog. Audio Language Institute, (800) 722-6394.

HISTORY OF THE U.S.A. CHART. Full color timeline. 24" x 52" for home or school. \$19.95. It's amazing! Brochure? Hedgerow House, 36 Tennis Crescent, Toronto, Ontario, M4K 1J3, Canada.

SPEAK FRENCH or any one of 62 other languages, like a diplomat. 198 courses on audiocassettes featuring programs designed for U.S. State Department personnel. Call or write for free catalog. (800) 225-5400. Audio-Forum, Department 756, Guilford, CT 06437.

PARALEGAL GRADED CURRICULUM. Approved home study. Most affordable and comprehensive. 100 years of legal training. Free catalog. (800) 826-9228. Blackstone School of Law, P.O. Box 871449, Department A, Dallas, TX 75287.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

GET PAID FOR READING BOOKS! \$100 per book. Send name, address to: Calco Publishing, (Department C-202), 500 South Broad, Meriden, CT 06450.

OVERSEAS EMPLOYMENT: \$30,000-\$75,000+. All occupations! Free report. Employment International, Box 5730-YN, Lighthouse Point, FL 33074.

HOME TYPISTS, PC users needed. \$35,000 potential. Details. Call: (805) 962-8000, Extension B-20061.

INTERNATIONAL EMPLOYMENT: All occupations. High salaries. Tax-free. Free details! IE News, 70 Chartres, Unit A, Montreal, P.Q., H9A 1J7, Canada. Fax: (514) 421-6831.

FINANCIAL PLANNING

COMPUTER-ERASE BAD CREDIT free: instantly, legally. Add AAA credit "overnight"! Free details: Gold (AT), 13950 Ventura, Sherman Oaks, CA 91423.

GOURMET

GOURMET COFFEES ROASTED FRESH DAILY. 45 varieties/gift packages. Wholesale prices. Free shipping. Coffee Traders: (800) 435-3111.

GOURMET

FREE CATALOG! Southwestern foods and gifts: salsas, chips, chili. Simply Southwest, Department A2, 7404 Manual N.E., Albuquerque, NM 87110. (800) 447-6177.

HEALTH

CONTACT LENS REPLACEMENTS: Save up to 60%. Fast service. All brands. Guaranteed. (800) 833-7525, Department 600-12.

LITERARY INTERESTS

MFA IN WRITING AT VERMONT COLLEGE. Intensive 12-day residencies, July/January, on Vermont campus. Workshops, classes, readings, conferences, followed by non-resident 6-month projects in poetry and fiction, individually designed during residency. In-depth critique of manuscripts. Sustained dialogue with faculty. Post-graduate writing semester offered. Faculty include W.D. Wetherell, Lynda Hull. Contact: Roger Weingarten, MFA Writing Program, Box 764, Vermont College of Norwich University, Montpelier, VT 05602; (802) 828-8840.

MERCHANDISE

FINE LOOSE TEAS. Over sixty varieties. Write for newsletter: Upton Tea Imports, Box 159-C, Upton, MA 01568-0159.

READING STAND. Reduce fatigue, neck strain. Unique product for books, manuscripts. \$28.25. P.O. Box 5445, Huntington Beach, CA 92615-5445.

MISCELLANEOUS

GOVERNMENT SEIZED vehicles from \$100. Fords. Mercedes. Corvettes. Chevys. Surplus. Buyer's guide. (805) 962-8000, Extension S-20061.

INVENTIONS/NEW PRODUCTS/IDEAS WANTED: Call TLCI for free information/Inventors Newsletter. (800) 468-7200. 24 hours/day. USA/Canada.

AUTOGRAPHS BOUGHT & SOLD: Letters, documents, books, photos signed by historic individuals in all fields. Collections and single items purchased. Free sample catalogue. Catherine Barnes, P.O. Box 30117-D, Philadelphia, PA 19103; (215) 854-0175.

WATCH REPLICAS/ORIGINALS: Lowest prices! 2-year warranty. Exact weight. Goldplated. (404) 963-3872. Rolex-60%, repairs/trades.

MUSIC

CLASSICAL MUSIC LOVERS' EXCHANGE™ for unattached music lovers. Nationwide. Box 31, Pelham, NY 10803. (800) 233-CMLS.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS

CAXTON BOOK SEARCH, Box 220, Ellison Bay, WI 54210. Please send phone/address with wants. (414) 854-2955.

YESTERDAY'S BOOKS LOCATED FOR YOU by professionals. No obligation. Out-of-State Book Service, Box 3253X, San Clemente, CA 92674-3253. (714) 492-2976.

REAL ESTATE

GOVERNMENT HOMES from \$1.00, you repair. Delinquent tax property. Repossessions. Your area. (805) 962-8000, Extension GH-20061 for current repossession list.

RETIREMENT LIVING

RETIREMENT IN PENNSYLVANIA: Foxdale Village, a Quaker life-care community. Thoughtfully designed cottages complemented by attractive dining facilities, auditorium, library and full medical protection. Entry fees from \$38,000-\$105,000, monthly fees from \$1,045-\$1,925. 500 East Marylyn Avenue, Department N, State College, PA 16801. Telephone: (800) 253-4951.

SERVICES

THE PHANTOM WRITER: Scripts, plays, novels, short stories, essays, and poetry. Complete anonymity guaranteed. (212) 254-5905.

PSYCHOTHERAPY VIA TELEPHONE by New York psychotherapist/author. Resolve stress, depression, fear. Free consultation. (212) 673-6256.

STAMPS/COINS

FREE giant bargain stamp catalog. Full of all the latest offerings on worldwide stamps, accessories and supplies, baseball cards, postcards and banknotes. Plus, you'll receive stamps on approval. Buy only what you like, return balance. Satisfaction guaranteed. Jamestown Stamp Company, Inc., Department E22AT, Jamestown, NY 14701-0019.

TRAVEL

TRIBAL TRIPS: Overlanding, camping, deluxe cities. Spring: Cameroon/Ethiopia: Offbeat Himalayas. Capers, Box 2789, Beverly Hills, 90213.

FREIGHTER CRUISES: Deluxe, exotic, inexpensive. TravLTips Association, Box 210A2, Flushing, NY 11358. (800) 872-8584.

IF YOU PREFER THE ROAD LESS TRAVELED BY, join like-minded folks for interactive workshops at Vermont inns. Experience the real Vermont. Topics include ecology, arts, antiques, gardening, innkeeping, fishing and the natural world. May to November calendar. For a program brochure, write: Vermont Off Beat, 2 Church Street, Box 14, Burlington, VT 05401. (802) 863-2535.

VACATION RENTALS

RENT A HOME INTERNATIONAL, INC.: 25,000 villas, apartments. Europe, Mexico, Caribbean, USA including Hawaii. (800) 488-RENT.

NEAR BAR HARBOR: Individually designed housekeeping cottages. Brochure. Kenneth Hutchins, Box 393A, Southwest Harbor, ME 04679. (207) 244-3831.

CAPE HATTERAS vacation rentals. 100+ luxury beachfront homes! Free color brochure. Hatteras Realty, Box 249, Avon, NC 27915. (919) 995-5466.

ITALY/TUSCANY: Spacious country home, three bedrooms; also comfortable apartment. Medici town nearby, magnificent views, convenient Florence, Siena. Tansey: (719) 564-4208; CP4 Cortona, AR/52044, Italy. (39) 575-62512.

TUSCANY: American rents quiet, comfortable apartment in hilltop villa near Perugia, Siena, Florence, from \$525 per week. Patricia Farina, Sant' Egidio, 52044 Cortona, Italy. Telephone: 011-39-575-603509.

CLASSIFIED ORDER FORM

RATES: Word Ads: \$5.60 per word (minimum 15 words). Display Ads: \$460 per column inch. *THE ATLANTIC's* guaranteed paid circulation is now 450,000. Your classified ad will be reaching a greater audience than ever before. All advertisements must be accompanied by check or money order payable to *THE ATLANTIC* and must be received no later than March 5th for the May issue.

Send us your ad copy (please type or print) with your payment and the coupon below.

Please insert my ad _____ times, beginning with the _____ issue.

Heading _____

Enclosed is my check for \$ _____

Company Name _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Telephone _____

Authorized Signature _____

DO NOT send classified ads, payments or related correspondence to *THE ATLANTIC's* publishing office in Boston, this causes needless delay. Mail all materials and payments to:

The Atlantic

Classified Department

P.O. Box 1510, Clearwater, Florida 34617

National (800) 237-9851 ♦ Local (813) 443-7666

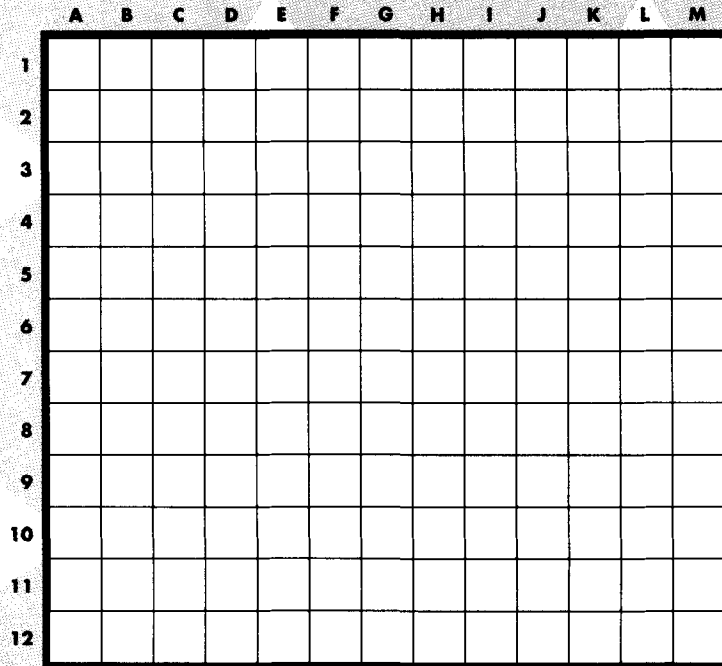
THE PUZZLER

BY EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON

VALENTINE

Letters of clue answers, when put in the designated squares (1A being the upper-left corner), will spell out some lines from a classic film. Each letter in the quotation appears in two clue answers. The first letters of clue answers identify the speaker and source of the quotation. Solvers are encouraged to blacken diagram squares containing no letter. Answers include five proper words.

The solution to last month's Puzzler appears on page 107.



CLUES

1. Blasted metal container (12C, 1L, 2H, 8D, 10E, 2A, 7F)
2. Teacher tests some pens? (3C, 8G, 6M, 9I, 1H, 3M, 5D, 7K, 6G, 11H)
3. Cat's weight (10J, 6D, 1I, 9D, 12M)
4. Standard one has bad mark (8B, 11D, 5M, 3B, 9L)
5. Thousands of hot food spots (10C, 7I, 5L, 3H, 2I, 11L, 8D, 9J)
6. Fake drone by insect (4M, 9G, 2K, 10A, 12H, 7M)
7. 0 or 12½¢? (2G, 4L, 5F, 7K, 8C)
8. In hearing, Arab skillfully starts off (2E, 4J, 9C, 5L, 6M, 9E, 12F)
9. Islander wrong about lashes (9J, 1A, 11I, 8F, 2H, 12A, 6H, 4B)
10. Farm kid with soft chest (10M, 3H, 4E, 12J, 9I, 8J, 7G)
11. Sing about it, Grammy winner (12E, 9A, 2I, 9L, 3G)
12. One kind of bracelet per tribe (4I, 7F, 11E, 3B, 1F, 11L)
13. Power-hungry one in rant (3A, 5B, 10E, 2J, 7H, 11G, 2E, 1B)
14. Cover unhorsed jockeys (7A, 8K, 11H, 6F, 2A, 12D, 6D, 8L)
15. Rapid work in screen (8M, 12J, 1H, 5M, 2D)
16. Want to hurt town (1C, 9D, 8G, 10L, 10C, 3K, 11M, 7G)
17. Follow old Turkish VIP (4E, 2F, 6G, 10I)
18. Grains grow in the sound (3C, 6A, 12M, 2J)
19. Win Chekhov's pet (2L, 9A, 12B, 4D, 8J, 1I)
20. Neighbors while eating spread (10D, 8A, 9G, 1D, 3G, 11E, 6I, 9M)
21. Flower with male element (12C, 7A, 5D, 2K, 5B, 9B, 3K, 12H, 8H)
22. Short and fat! (10F, 2D, 4J, 10A, 8A, 1G)
23. Test fish with club (7C, 10L, 6A, 10J, 1M, 8C)
24. Mark my contrary quality? (7E, 12B, 3M, 1L, 1B, 12F, 2B, 4G)
25. Handles Freemason badly (3A, 4I, 6E, 5H, 7L, 10D, 2B, 11K, 3L)
26. Spoken for cardinal (12L, 2G, 1M, 6E)
27. Feel into it, you say? (11G, 4B, 7H, 10K, 1A, 4D)
28. Bird near the river, riding (*two words*) (11D, 8F, 1J, 6F, 1D, 7I, 5H, 12I, 6B, 8K)
29. High times in pronounced grass stupor (4M, 11K, 1K, 9C, 7E, 4G, 3L)
30. Doctor's vow about backward bards (12G, 1C, 7C, 4A, 6B, 10M, 6H, 6J, 11J)
31. Vocally attack a land (4L, 1E, 8M, 9M, 12A, 5I)
32. NW locale's housing half of your reptiles (*two words*) (6L, 10H, 11A, 5E, 10K, 6I, 5J, 9E, 4A, 3F)
33. Spied, I'd heard (5A, 1K, 10B, 8L)
34. Tree's true start (12L, 9K, 12E, 3F, 6J)
35. Sheep, you said (10H, 2L, 2C)
36. Argonauts' new bark (7B, 9B, 7M, 12G, 6L, 11M, 1E, 11B, 5I)
37. Root for subway run (11C, 8B, 2F, 10B, 12I)
38. Solitary disbeliever's holding mass (11J, 2M, 11B, 8H, 2C, 5E, 12K, 11I)
39. Note thin wood (2M, 5F, 12D, 7L, 1G)
40. Sun with 502 rays (11F, 11A, 1F, 9K, 12K)
41. Go back in errant plan (10F, 5J, 11F, 7B, 11C, 5A, 1J, 10I)

NOTE: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, send an addressed, stamped envelope to The Atlantic Puzzler, 745 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass. 02116.

WORD WATCH

BY ANNE H. SOUKHANOV

car bra *noun*, 1. a close-fitting cover to protect the front end of an automobile from insects, flying gravel, and the elements. Also called *front-end mask*, *sports-car snood*. "The third category of customers in the so-called performance market is interested in 'ground effect' items which make the car look as if it could go fast: spoilers and air dams. They are also big buyers of louvers for hatchbacks, sports *car 'bras*, [and] sun roofs" (*Automotive Marketing*). 2. a radar-absorbing carbon-fiber nose cap used on the front end of an automobile to resist and confuse police radar. Also called *nose bra*, *nose mask*, *stealth car bra*. "Required accessories: vanity license plate, sun roof, CD player, car phone—two lines, please—car fax, and . . . a *car bra*" (*USA Today*).

BACKGROUND: We have citations dating from 1986 for the first sense of *car bra*, but the item itself has been on the market for as long as 25 years. The term acquired its second meaning in recent years, after a carbon-nickel composition was incorporated into the original *car bra*'s foam center. The added compound absorbs radar microwaves until the vehicle comes within close range, thus giving the driver a chance to spot speed traps and slow down before being clocked.

dance with (the) wolves *idiom*, to repudiate self-centered, greed-directed values as part of a spiritual, ethical, and moral rebirth: "He's the man who discards his corrupt white man's values and takes on those of a primitive but more soulful culture in closer harmony with the Earth. He's the man who *dances with wolves*, the natural man, the new Green hero of the Green '90s" (*The Washington Post*).

BACKGROUND: The idiom *dances with wolves* derives, of course, from Kevin Costner's 1990 film of the same name. The citation above, our first for

Here are a few of the words being tracked by the editors of The American Heritage Dictionary, published by Houghton Mifflin. A new word that exhibits sustained use may eventually make its way into the dictionary. The information below represents the first stage of research, not the final product.

the phrase, comes from an article by the film critic Hal Hinson titled "Hollywood's New Hero—Stars Warm to the '90s: No More Mr. Ice Guys." The English language has a long tradition of appropriating book titles, whole or in part, and according them figurative meanings: think of *Frankenstein*, *Jekyll and Hyde*, and *Catch-22*. In recent years it has appropriated movie titles as well. Other examples include *Rambo*, *Star Wars*, and *home-alone kid*.

passion pop *noun*, a new fruit that is a cross between the passion fruit and a weed called the maypop: "One virtue of the *passion pop*, aside from its taste, is that it grows at least as far north as Georgia" (*Roanoke [Va.] Times & World News*).

BACKGROUND: The *passion pop* is the size of a tennis ball, with yellow, green, maroon, or pur-

ple skin. It has a cottony white rind around lemon-yellow pulp, with a sweet-and-sour taste akin to that of passion fruit. The *passion pop* may become an alternative crop in areas where winterkill has damaged citrus plantings. It is expected to be available to farmers within two years.

Rembrandt *verb, slang*, to frame for a crime: "But to her thousands of supporters, which include feminist groups, a bevy of lawyers, numerous Milwaukee cops, and, lately, the editorial board of Milwaukee's leading newspaper, [she] was . . . 'Rembrandted,' in the parlance of the street" (*Vanity Fair*).

BACKGROUND: This punning verb appeared in a recent article titled "Was Bambi Framed?" about the jailbreak and recapture of a woman ac-

cused of murdering her police-officer husband's first wife. The names of famous people, such as *Hitler* and *Stalin*, have long been given broader application. A prominent recent example is the verb *Bork* or *bork* (to block unceremoniously), stemming from the 1987 U.S. Supreme Court confirmation process for Judge Robert H. Bork, which ended in his defeat. The use of this verb surged during and after Clarence Thomas's controversial Supreme Court confirmation hearings, which may even have boosted it toward a permanent place in the vernacular. *Bork* is now commonly cited without any accompanying textual gloss, and has begun to appear in lowercase (like *lynch*, after Captain William Lynch, and *guillotine*, after the physician Joseph Ignace Guillotin)—both signs of staying power. It may also be that the name *Bork*, "pronounced like a mildly suppressed burp," as one columnist put it, is intrinsically suited to this sort of shift, much more so than a less phonetically remarkable name such as, well, Thomas.

shoulder surfing *noun, slang*, the theft of computer passwords or access codes, such as long-distance telephone access codes, by reading the numbers over the shoulders of authorized users: "How do outsiders discover a company's codes? By 'shoulder surfing,' 'dumpster diving' and stealing calling cards" (*Investor's Business Daily*).

BACKGROUND: *Shoulder surfers* operating in the telephone marketplace are typically found in airports, train stations, and other crowded areas. In some instances they position themselves on balconies above phone booths and use binoculars to read callers' access numbers, which they later sell for \$5–\$10 each. Such fraud now costs long-distance companies some \$1.5 billion a year—triple the damages incurred in 1985.

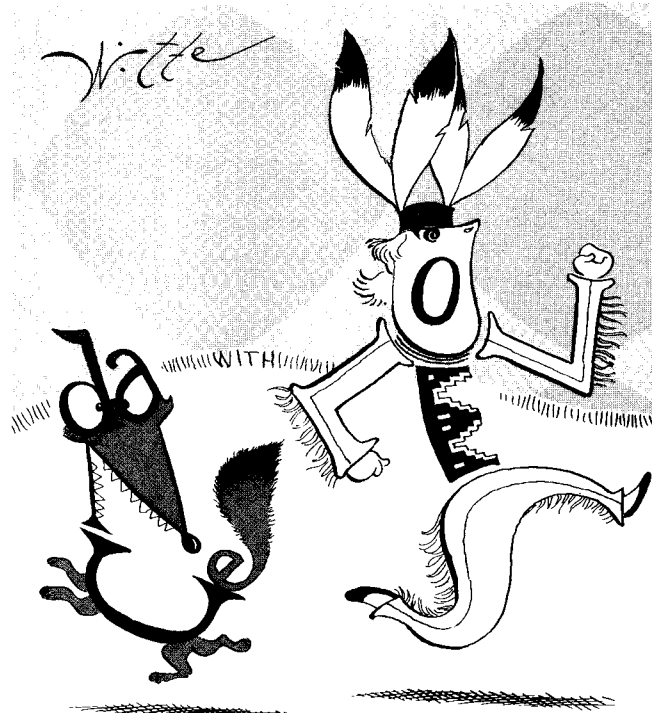


ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL C. WITTE

The Millers would rather concentrate on R&R than on S&P, P/E, IPOs, OTC, NYSE...



The feeling is mutual.

For all of you who would really rather spend your time living than investing, the Selected family of no-load mutual funds can help.

You see, with professionals managing your investments, you save time. And without any sales charges, you also save money. So call toll-free for our prospectus with more complete information, including management and 12b-1 fees and expenses, and please be sure to read it carefully before you invest.

The Selected Funds. Today's simple way to invest.



For people who'd rather
invest money than time.

C A L L 1 • 8 0 0 • 4 A • N O • L O A D E X T. 2 4



A GRAND CHORUS. RECEIVED

To send a gift of Grand Marnier® liqueur (except where prohibited by law) call 1-800-243-3787.
Product of France. Made with fine cognac brandy 40% alc/vol (80 proof). ©1991 Carillon Importers, Ltd., Teaneck, NJ.

JAN 15 1992